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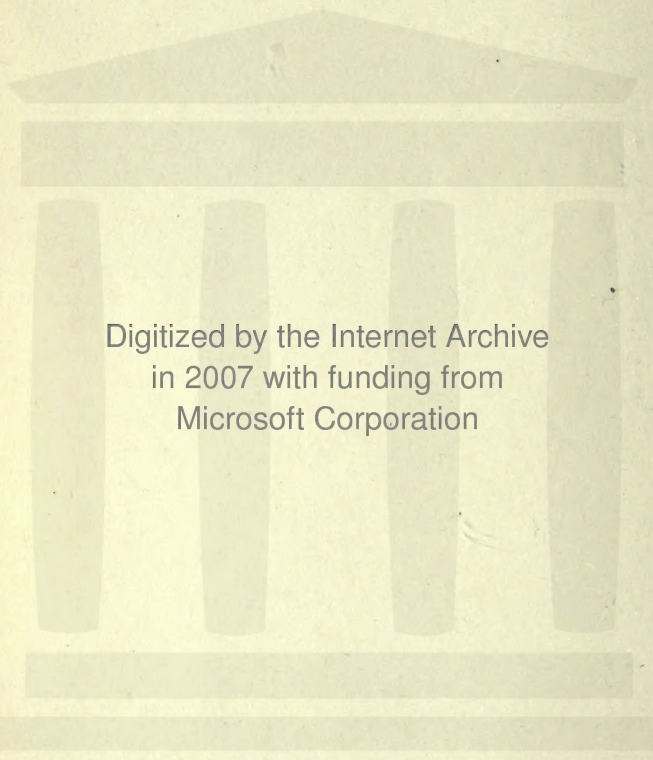


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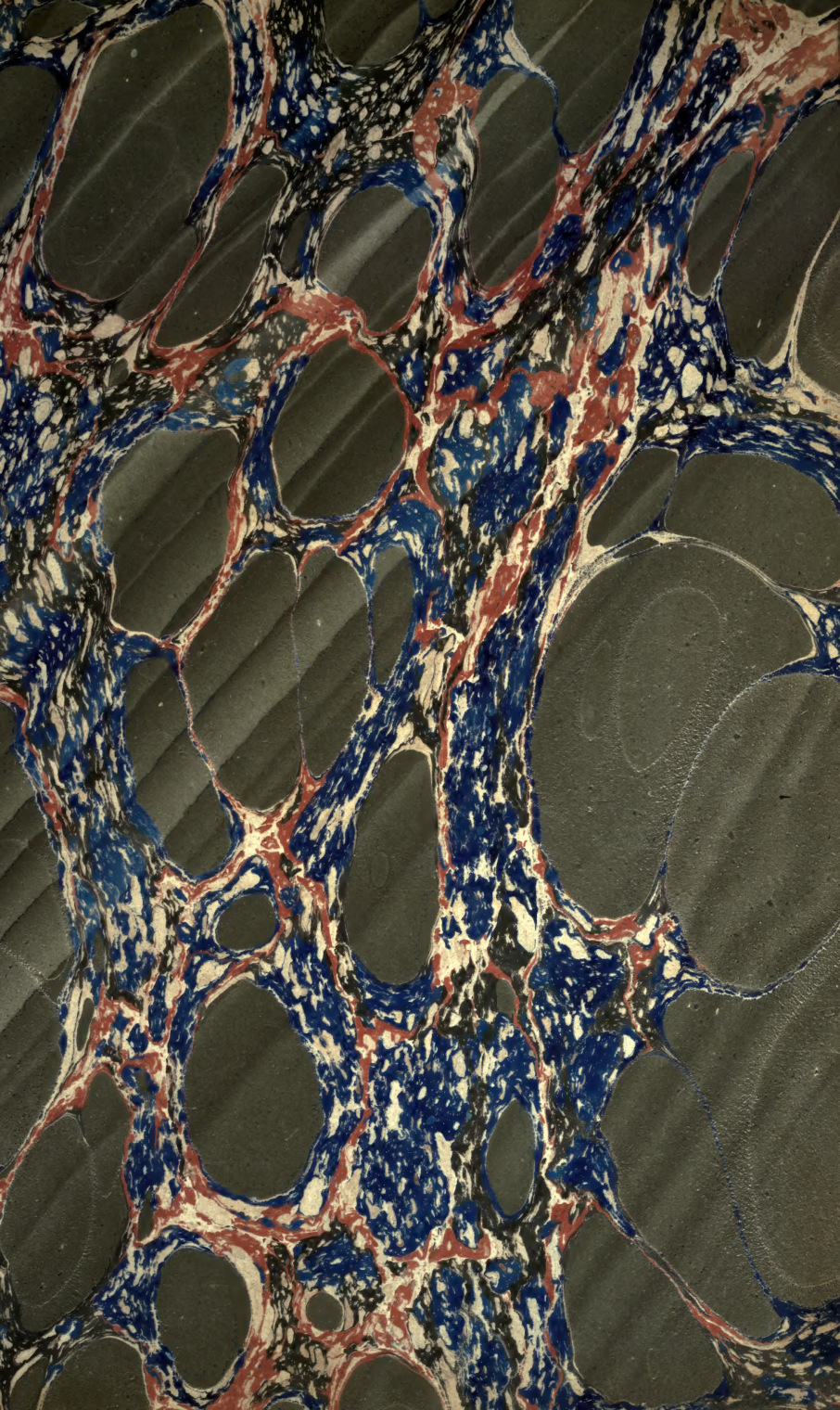






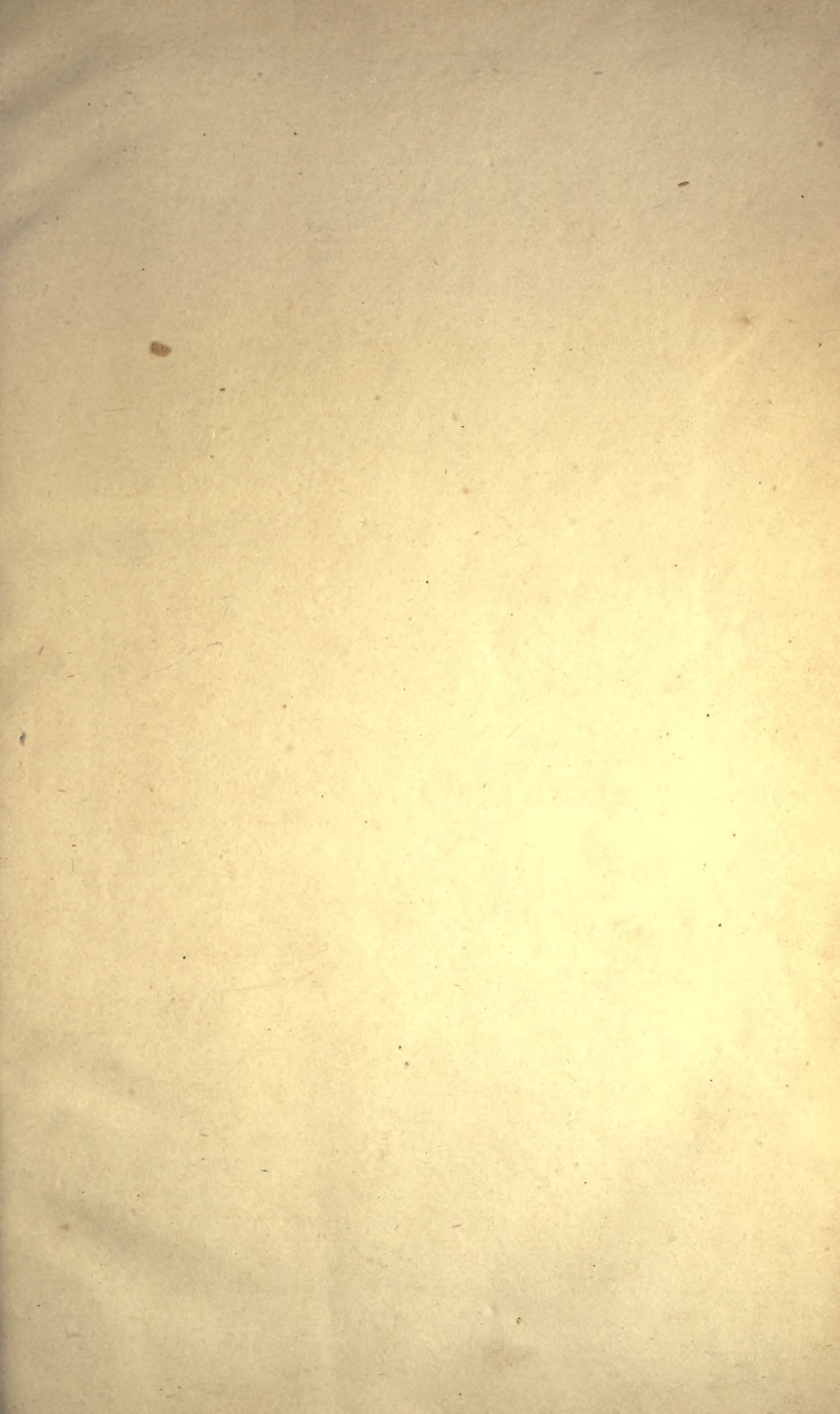
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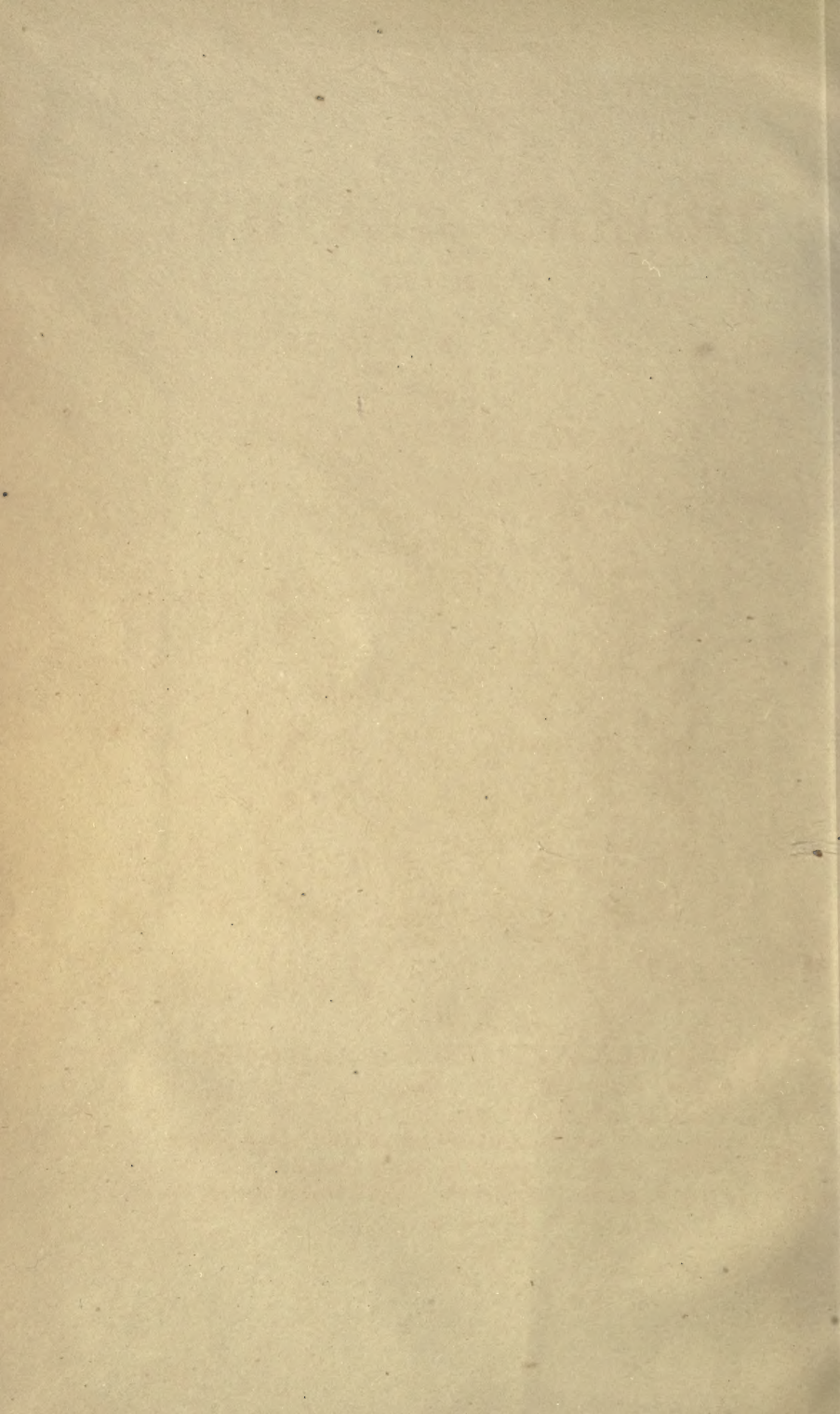
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THE  
DUBLIN REVIEW.

MARCH, 1847.

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ART. I.—*La Regola e le Costituzioni delle Religiose nominate Sorelle della Misericordia.* Roma: 1846.

IN a quiet and retired street on the southern side of our metropolis, the visitor will observe a house of considerable size, removed a few yards back from the buildings in its vicinity. It is rendered still more remarkable by a row of tall trees growing immediately in front, and imparting to it an air of semirural seclusion. The appearance of these trees, which almost completely intercept the view of the street, will lead him to suspect that the building is tenanted by persons of very different tastes and dispositions, from those who ordinarily dwell in the broad streets of the fashionable quarters of a great city. There are few of these who do not wish to see the dress, the appearance, the equipages of the passers by, and it sometimes happens that they are not unwilling to be seen themselves. But the inmates of the house to which we allude, are not, it will easily be seen, of this description; and if the observer has any further doubt upon the matter, it will be at once dispelled, if he notices the constant succession of poor careworn and seemingly afflicted creatures that present themselves at the door. This will effectually convince him that it is not inhabited by any of those gay and thoughtless children of fashion, who with the selfishness but too common to their class, seek their own happiness alone, and have little concern or solicitude for the cares and miseries of others, nor by any of those numerous men of business, who

are just and honest in their dealings with their fellow-men, but keep their tenderness and affection for the members of their own immediate family. It is not to the homes of these that the poor child can come to apply for the priceless gift of knowledge, that unlike the other gifts the wealthy bestow, make not the giver poorer than he was before. It is not to the homes of these that the suffering afflicted mother can apply for help, for him or her whose health and well-being are dearer to her than her own. It is not from such as these that the poor friendless female can seek protection; for, alas! either the pampered menial drives her with scorn from the threshold, or if admitted, some greater evil than distress and poverty often awaits her within their doors. He will also perceive the countenance of the needy applicant to brighten with the smile of hope and satisfaction as they come and go, and thence be led to conclude by obvious inference, that their petition has been received and their wants attended to, in a spirit very different indeed from that modern legislative relief, which holds with un pitying hand the scales between the claims of utter destitution upon the one side, and the stern threats of despairing famine upon the other, and will give the one only just as much as will save society from the dangers of the other. He will perceive that it is not one of those institutions which have been established according to the cold maxims of political economy for the mitigation of social misery; and if he asks some one child of the many he will see either entering or coming out, repeating perhaps to her companion the lesson of her catechism she has just received, or accosts one of the poor women who meet him at the entrance, and inquires the name and occupations of those to whom the mansion belongs, he will be answered joyfully and with some expression of wonder at his seeming ignorance, that the house about which he is so curious and solicitous, is a convent of the Sisters of Mercy.

Before we conduct him to the interior of this establishment, we must premise a few words of notice on the good and holy woman to whom it owes its existence. Mrs. Catherine McAuley, was born at Stormanstown House in the neighbourhood of Dublin, on the 17th of September in the year 1778. She was the eldest of a family of three children. At a very early age she had the misfortune of losing her father, who was a truly edifying and religious

Catholic. Among his other practices of piety, he was accustomed to gather round him on Sundays and Holidays the poor children who lived in his neighbourhood, for the purpose of instructing them in their catechism. His daughter, though young when he died, was yet old enough to recollect this circumstance, and the recollection was always wont to exercise a salutary influence on her in after life. His wife, who had no great liking for this sort of occupation, and who was far from being animated with a kindred spirit, often remonstrated with him on what she was accustomed to consider the unsuitableness of such an employment for a person of his age and condition. But no remonstrance could induce him to abandon the good work in which he found great pleasure, and which he found to be attended with great advantages. If the religious instruction of the poor be even in our days a work of decided utility, how much more useful must it have been when the religious institutions of the country were but beginning to emerge from the pressure of those restrictions, to which they had been subjected by the intolerance and enactments of the preceding centuries. Whatever may have been the loss of the poor children in the vicinity of Stormanstown House when their kind benefactor died, greater still was that of his afflicted family; and when in a short time his wife followed him to the grave, the three children became orphans indeed. Their extreme youth, while it lessened in some measure their sense of the affliction, made that affliction the more calamitous. On the death of their parents, a Protestant gentleman in Dublin, who was some connection or at least a friend of the family, took compassion on the children, and assumed the responsibility of their education; and whatever means they had, which were not considerable, were applied to their subsistence and instruction. Brought up in this manner, in the midst of a Protestant family, and secluded from all intercourse with the members of the religion to which their parents belonged, the consequences to the younger children may be easily conjectured. Catherine the eldest, having been more perfectly imbued with Catholic principles, or at least having more of Catholic feeling, though she knew little of Catholic doctrine, was in some degree able to resist the influences to which she was exposed. She was not a Protestant, but still could scarcely be called a Catholic. She had received no religious instruction since her father's death, and seldom



if ever went to a place of Catholic worship. The memory of her father, and her affectionate veneration for his virtue, would now and then come strongly on her mind, to endear the faith of which he was a member. But such a sentiment, however it may have encouraged her to persevere, could scarcely produce conviction; and she grew up to the age of womanhood, without any fixed or decided religious opinions. If an observation was made in company and in her presence reflecting on Catholics or their practices, it always gave her pain, and she was often forced to listen with silent indignation, to remarks, which from ignorance, she was unable to refute.

Feeling however each day more and more the insecurity of her spiritual condition, and the want of some spiritual assistance, she resolved to try, if by her own study and examination, she could determine which of the two religions had the most cogent arguments in its favour, and to which she could with most safety entrust the guardianship of her spiritual interests. Having a sincere regard for the persons in whose house she lived, and who had always treated her personally with uniform kindness and attention, she sought to ascertain whether she could with a safe conscience embrace their creed, and join them in religious communion. She read their books, heard their explanations, discussed with them the several points in which they differed, and endeavoured to persuade herself of the truth of the Protestant religion. But, alas! the more she read, for she had a strong and vigorous understanding, and the more she thought and studied upon the subject, the stronger did her doubts become. The earthly and interested motives in which Protestantism had its origin, the violence, contradictions, and mutual dissension of its authors, the want of those salutary ordinances, which the experience of her own heart told her were necessary for spiritual improvement, demonstrated most convincingly, that the spirit which produced what is called the Reformation, and which animated the reformers, could not have been the spirit of God. Whatever inclination she may at any time have had to become a Protestant, utterly died away within her in the progress of the inquiry.

Baffled and disappointed in this direction, she turned her attention to the consideration of Catholic doctrine. She procured some books, and read them with the most serious and profound attention. It has been already stated

that she always cherished a secret partiality for the religion of her parents, and was therefore rejoiced to find, that the objections she had so often heard urged against it, had their source either in ignorance or misrepresentation. Having also a strong and instinctive yearning after piety, perfection, and usefulness to her fellow-creatures, she found to her great delight, that her most sanguine desires in this respect admitted of being realized. The antiquity of its institutions, which she could so easily trace back to the apostolic times; the universality of its diffusion, which marked it as the one that was alone able to fulfil the divine injunction of baptizing and teaching the nations; the holiness of its members and the efficacy of its sacramental observances, which promised to realize the highest aspirations of her devotional fervour, made the most powerful and favourable impression upon her mind, and dispelled most of the doubts that had hitherto obstructed her religious convictions. Those who have been trained up from infancy in the habitual performance of religious duty, and whose minds by a special grace of God not often valued as it ought, have been developed and directed by the teaching of His Church, can never adequately conceive the torture and the terror of the sincere inquirer after truth in such a trying and critical position—a position in which the interests of eternity and very often the interests of earth, are depending upon the conclusiveness of an argument, or the firmness of a resolution. When the soul, urged on by the power of truth, or attracted by the influence of grace, is held back by the force of past opinions, to which it is often publicly committed; of old habits which it has long indulged, of inveterate prejudices which it has imbibed in childhood, and which have fettered it through life; and when the whole moral and intellectual nature must be subjected to an entire and terrible revolution. The agony of the inward process, terrible as it is, becomes often aggravated by difficulties of a more worldly character, when the dictates of conscience can be obeyed only at the risk of giving offence to valued friends, of separating from cherished connections, of being subjected to obloquy, and censure, and ridicule, and imputation of the most unworthy motives, and from those perhaps whose good opinion it had always been an object of the most anxious ambition to merit and secure: This is an ordeal for which every sincere inquirer must be more or less prepared. They are the pangs of the



second birth, by which he is to be made a child of God ; and the purifying process by which he is to be prepared for his spiritual regeneration. In it, as in a searching fire, the wood, hay, or stubble, is to be purged away. But however painful the ordeal, or steep and rugged, and strewn with tribulations, the narrow path that leads the traveller heavenward, it is the way to immortality, and the sufferings endured are not to be compared to the unending weight of glory to which it will conduct him hereafter.

While this change was taking place in the religious opinions of the subject of our notice, an important alteration was made in her temporal condition. She had been from the period of her parents' death, an inmate in the house of the kind friends who had undertaken the responsibility of her and her sister's education. There she became acquainted with an old gentleman and his wife who were frequent visitors. These were but lately returned from abroad, and had no children. The kindness of heart, and cheerfulness of disposition that distinguished Miss McAuley, soon attracted their attention, and gained their esteem and love. Not satisfied with enjoying her society occasionally, they wished to have her always with them, and proposed to her to take up her residence altogether in their house, and become their adopted daughter. The advantages of the proposal to one in her position, were too manifest to be rejected, and in a short time she removed entirely to their residence, which was beautifully situated in a small village a few miles to the north of Dublin. Neither of the parties had any reason to regret the consequences of this arrangement. They were to her, all that the fondest parents could be ; and her grateful and devoted attachment led them to forget that she was but their adopted child. But neither the advantages of her new position, nor the comforts she enjoyed, nor the attentions which she received from her kind friends, could relieve the anxiety or quiet the troubles of her mind on the great subject of religion. There was a void in her heart that no earthly happiness could fill ; and a want that nothing she had yet enjoyed could satisfy. She resolved on becoming a Catholic, let the consequences to her temporal interests be what they might. Her adopted parents had used no undue influence, and were probably ignorant of her determination, but the consequences were too important to her own eternal interests, and whatever their



conduct in her regard might be, she resolved on taking without delay the necessary steps to become in reality, as she was already in desire, a practical Catholic. From a feeling which will be easily understood, she had a difficulty in disclosing to them her partiality for that religion. Yet without making this disclosure, it was by no means easy for her to accomplish the object she had at heart, for her residence was some miles from the city, and her kind friends would scarcely permit her to be absent for an hour. But anything was preferable to the agony of suspense. One day she alleged some reason for going into town alone, and leaving the carriage at the door of a milliner's shop where she had purchased some trifling articles, and where she ordered it to wait, she went to the Catholic chapel which was in the immediate neighbourhood. Breathless with haste, and trembling with the excitement of her feelings, she applied at the residence of the clergyman, and was introduced into the presence of the late Dr. Betagh. No one could have been better suited to the occasion. When the agitation of her feelings permitted her to make known the object of her visit, and the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, he gave her the advice she needed, removed the remaining objections she entertained, and desired her to come on the earliest convenient day to see him again. Many were the difficulties she encountered in accomplishing her purpose—difficulties which she could have easily avoided as the issue proved, by openly and promptly avowing her resolution. This however she wished to put off to the last moment, and it was not until she had made her first communion that her friends were made aware of the step which she had taken. They would of course have preferred her remaining of the same religious persuasion as themselves; but as her conscience and her convictions led her otherwise, they allowed her the same liberty, as they would have wished, in similar circumstances, for themselves. Thenceforth she continued to go to mass, and they to church, without any diminution of their mutual esteem and affection.

Thus at liberty, she soon proved by her piety and regularity, how deeply she appreciated the religious opinions she had embraced. She was diligent in the observances of religion, and indefatigable in her exertions to relieve the wants and necessities of the poor. She had little indeed of her own to give, beyond a kind word of advice,

or an affectionate expression of sympathy; but she was often the ready and cheerful instrument of distributing her benefactor's bounty. Her adopted parents were good and charitable people, and she was usually the channel through which their charity was distributed. But her care was not limited to mere material wants. She took pity also on the spiritual ignorance of those she relieved; and remembering her father's usefulness, she was anxious to prove herself in all things worthy of his virtues. She collected the poor children of the neighbourhood in the lodge which was placed at her disposal, and devoted to their instruction whatever leisure time she could spare. She soon drew around her those who hoped to derive relief and consolation from her advice. Every one who had distress to be relieved, or affliction to be mitigated, or troubles to be encountered, came, and to the best of her judgment she told them what to do. Her zeal made her a kind of missionary in her district. In these works of usefulness and charity she continued for several years; during which time she was rendering herself each day more and more dear to her adopted parents. In the course of time, the increasing infirmities of age began to undermine the constitutions of the latter, and they departed this life within a short interval of one another. Miss McAuley had the inexpressible consolation to see them both follow her example, and become Catholics on their dying bed. For this she had prayed with many sighs and tears, and when her prayers seemed hopeless, they were, by a special favour from above, crowned with complete success. Their sense of her worth and affection, and of her long and meritorious services, was proved after their deaths, for it was found that they left her sole heiress of all their property, which was considerable.

If a young lady with a large fortune at her disposal, remains unmarried, it will seldom be for want of persons to solicit the honour of her hand. Miss McAuley was soon honoured with the attentions of more than one aspiring individual. These proposals and addresses she at once rejected; and declared to all whom it might concern that her firm determination was to lead a single life, and disclaim for ever any intention of marriage. Her real objects were known only to the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, a Catholic clergyman in Dublin, who possessed her confidence, and to whom she had communicated her real in-



tentions. These intentions were to devote her whole means to the relief of the needy and the destitute, and to establish some permanent institution for the mitigation of their sufferings. This project she had revolved in her mind, even when there seemed no human probability of its being ever carried into effect; and now when God gave her the means of doing so, she resolved on commencing the good work without delay. The Rev. Mr. Armstrong remarked that it had been formerly too much the custom for Catholics to place their charitable and religious institutions in some obscure street, or narrow lane, that was almost inaccessible; that it would be desirable to make a change in this respect, and place them so that all might see and be edified, that thus they might not be less advantageously circumstanced as regarded the publicity of their benevolent institutions, than their Protestant fellow-countrymen. In compliance with these suggestions, it was resolved to take, not a house already built, which there would perhaps have been some difficulty in accommodating to these purposes, but a plot of ground, and erect thereon an edifice that would be not only holy in its use, but consecrated to God and to his service from its very foundations. An eligible situation presented itself in Lower Baggot Street, and was purchased. A plan and estimate of a building to answer the proposed objects was procured, and the work was commenced immediately.

Whilst the new building was in progress, and being prepared for the purposes to which it was to be applied, Miss McAuley was employed in preparing herself to accomplish them, with every probability of success. One of the principal objects she contemplated, was the education of the poor, and while the works were going on, she resolved on becoming acquainted with the system of instruction that was adopted in the best regulated schools. The Kildare-street system was then in active operation, and though its other faults were many and considerable, there can be little doubt, that the system of literary instruction employed, was a considerable improvement on that which had been pursued before its time. Miss McAuley made several visits to the principal school in Dublin, in order to acquire a practical knowledge of its details, that she might subsequently be able to make them available and introduce them into her own.



When the building in Baggot-street was prepared for her reception, she took up her abode in it. She gave accommodation also to a few poor but respectable young women, to whom it was a temporary advantage until suitable situations could be procured them. Some ladies, who had kindly volunteered to help her in the schools, seeing the good she did, and imbibing a portion of her zeal, expressed a willingness, with the consent of their friends, to devote themselves entirely to the objects she had in view. After a short experience of its working, it was resolved to draw down a blessing on the entire establishment by placing it under the divine protection. Miss McAuley had a particular devotion to the festival of our Blessed Lady of Mercy. The 24th of September, on which it is celebrated, was approaching, and she wrote to the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, for permission to have the small chapel, which she took care to have ready for the occasion, solemnly blessed, and a somewhat religious character imparted to the duties in which she and her associates were engaged. This prelate, who had been from a very early period her sincere friend, and who has proved himself ever ready to sanction any good work by which the glory of God or the salvation of souls is to be promoted, consented without hesitation. On the appointed morning her little chapel was blessed, and her undertaking placed under the protection of our Blessed Lady of Mercy.

Every generous undertaking will experience more or less of opposition. On the very morning on which her little chapel was blessed, she heard the first murmurs of disapproval. The object and constitution of the Institution were canvassed in no indulgent spirit, and censured in no very complimentary language. The words in which the censure was expressed, were whispered loud enough to reach her ears. Depressed very much by the disapprobation which her institution seemed to receive, and fearing in her humility lest it might be an indication from God that her intentions, however well-meant, were not approved by Him, she sought advice from her ecclesiastical superiors, to guide her in the difficulty she encountered. Her kind friend, the Archbishop, was the person to whom religion bade her have recourse, and whose authority was to be in her regard even as the authority of God. If he approved her undertaking, it mattered little what others should say or

do. If he objected, it would be a sign that her views were not inspired by God's Spirit, and that they were consequently to be abandoned. Accordingly she sought an interview, and laid before him the nature and the objects of her benevolent foundation, and the method by which these objects were to be accomplished. She neither wished for fame, nor sought distinction; nor did she wish to interfere with the usefulness of any others that might be labouring in the same field. She offered to resign into his hands all right to the house she had erected, and give him full permission to employ it for whatever religious purpose he pleased. For herself personally she asked but for the poorest apartment in it, and the merit of labouring in any capacity, however humble, in carrying out his benevolent intentions. No one could have better appreciated the generosity of such an offer than he to whom it was made. From the day of her conversion, he had been the witness of her zeal and piety. He knew her worth, and had no difficulty in perceiving that her conduct, throughout, had been influenced by the purest and the most devoted charity. Her proposal of committing the establishment to the care of one of the religious institutions in Dublin, he answered by a most decided negative. He was convinced that the spirit to which it owed its existence, would best preside over its subsequent exertions, and ensure its ultimate success. Every good work, he said, was like the divine Author of our religion, a sign to be contradicted; and for trials of some sort or other, she ought always to be prepared. In accordance with these sentiments, he gave his most earnest encouragement to the undertaking, and took the preliminary steps to place it on a footing of efficient and permanent stability. He gave the inmates permission to assume a distinctive religious dress, and visit the sick, both in private houses and in public hospitals. As an instance of the good sense with which Miss McAuley made her knowledge of the world subservient to the interests of religion, we may allude to the manner in which she established a kind of right for herself and her associates to visit the public hospitals of the city, as since that period they have been in the constant habit of doing. One of the physicians attached to Sir Patrick Dunn's hospital, was her intimate friend, and profiting by this circumstance, she sought permission to see the sick wards and the treatment of the patients, along with some of her female



friends. No objection was made; and while they were passing through the apartments, she as it were incidentally mentioned that she should be very anxious to visit the patients occasionally with her young friends, to give the sick and dying whatever consolation they might be able to communicate, and hoped no objection would be made to a repetition of their visits. The reply was most satisfactory, and thenceforward they were constant and regular visitors. Not being personally acquainted with the managers of the other hospitals, she went in her own carriage, and requested as a favour to be admitted to see the internal arrangement and accommodations. What might have been refused her if she had gone on foot, was immediately granted when she presented herself in a fashionable equipage. When she had succeeded in establishing a kind of right, by the frequency of her visits, she dispensed with the equipage, and never afterwards made use of it. It was soon after sold, the servants were dismissed, and the saving thereby effected in her domestic economy, was applied to the relief of the poor, the suffering, and the afflicted.

The establishment in Baggot-street was now making itself extensively useful. The ladies who had the charge of it, not only attended the sick, but had a large school for the education of poor girls, an orphanage, and a place of refuge for poor destitute females. But notwithstanding its varied and comprehensive usefulness, it was yet in a somewhat anomalous position. A Catholic visitor, however he might value its services, and be edified by the piety of its members, would have missed the peculiar religious character that should ever pervade such communities, and the religious organization that alone could give stability and efficiency to their operations. It was at best but the creation of individual charity, presided over by private zeal, and dependant for its continuance on the will of her to whom it owed its existence. It was therefore highly desirable that the Church should take it formally under its protection, invest it with a more sacred character, and provide for its future permanence. No one could be more sensible of these defects than Miss McAuley herself, and no one more ardently desired to have them remedied. She applied repeatedly to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, to give to her and her associates whatever religious form and character he deemed



advisable; and it soon became absolutely necessary that something should be done towards this end. Many well disposed Catholics began to take offence at the unusual form which the establishment had assumed. It was neither a convent nor a private dwelling-house; it was neither a religious community, nor yet a public institution. Remonstrances were made to the foundress, by those who were friends, as well as by those who were by no means friendly; sometimes in language of kind and well-meant expostulation, and not unfrequently in terms of unqualified disapproval. She often received, by post, letters written in the most opprobrious style and addressed in the most insulting manner. Her position was rendered so unpleasant, that it was fully time to do something to rescue her from the pain of such repeated and unmerited annoyance. For her own part, she could have borne it all in patience, and found strength and consolation in prayer, like Him who was Himself insulted and reviled, and who said to His followers, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and speak evil against you, falsely, for my name: rejoice and be glad, for your reward is exceedingly great in heaven." But she would not that those who were united with her in the sacred work of charity, should also suffer; nor that the institution which she had laboured so long and anxiously, and at such expense, to perfect, should be injured in the public estimation, and be thereby obstructed in its career of usefulness. But God, who permitted her to be thus tried for a season, had chosen her for His own wise ends, and wished that her virtue should be thus made perfect. When the fitting time arrived, He took care that those trials should cease, and that the great object for which she had longed and prayed, should be brought at length to a successful termination. One day, when the horizon of her hopes seemed more than usually clouded, and her mind depressed by the difficulties that encompassed her, the archbishop sought an interview, and announced to her his intention of complying with her wishes, respecting the future and permanent condition of the establishment. It was deemed advisable to have the new institute totally unconnected with any other, to have it governed by its own rules, and designated by its own distinctive appellation. What more appropriate designation could be selected, to express at once its character and

purpose ; than that which it was then determined to give it, THE INSTITUTE OF OUR BLESSED LADY OF MERCY?

An order of mercy had already existed in the Church, founded by St. Peter Nolasco in the 13th century. Like that which in after times was to receive the same name, this order was called into existence by that spirit of charity and compassion, which urged holy men to relieve the necessities and mitigate the sufferings of their afflicted fellow-creatures. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Christians who lived along the northern shores of the Mediterranean were much exposed to the predatory attacks of the Moors. These, from their superior skill in nautical affairs, and the number and size of their ships, were able to bid defiance to any force that the Christian states of Europe could bring against them. Their fleets rode triumphant on the waters from Jaffa to Gibraltar, and on more than one occasion carried terror and dismay along the coasts of Spain and Italy. Sometimes they contented themselves with cruising outside the harbours, lying in wait for such merchant vessels as were coming out or going in. Not unfrequently they made sudden descents upon the coasts, and, after plundering the houses, carried away into slavery the wretched inhabitants that they seized. The condition of these Christian slaves, in the homes of their barbarian masters, was for the most part truly deplorable. Servitude, even in its most favourable aspect, is a hard and hapless lot ; but when religious oppression and enmity are infused into the bitter cup of social degradation, the draught must be one of veriest wormwood. The man that had been inured to labour and hardship from his childhood, may have struggled firmly and devotedly with his fate ; but, alas ! imagination may picture, but the pen refuses to record, the hard and horrible doom that awaited the weaker sex in the household of the infidel masters to whom they were assigned. To avert in some measure these evils, St. Peter Nolasco and his associates united themselves in a religious institute. Among their warmest friends they had the honour of numbering a Spanish king, the noble-hearted James of Arragon. To his munificence they were indebted for a fine convent at Barcelona. The name of this meritorious institute, which, in consequence of the altered condition of Europe, had deviated very much from its first form, was adopted by Miss McAuley, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, for her own.



The rules and constitutions, however, by which it was to be governed, were derived from a different quarter.

They adopted measures without delay for introducing the observances of a religious life among the new aspirants after perfection. The necessary permission being obtained, Miss McAuley and two companions entered the Presentation Convent of George's Hill, in Dublin, to learn the duties and practices of religion, and when their noviciate was performed, to return to Baggot Street, and give to the remaining members the benefit of the instructions they had received. In that convent they received the religious dress in the month of December, 1829; and at the expiration of one year they made their religious profession. To the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they added a fourth of devoting themselves during the period of their lives to the service of the sick and the poor. In the meantime they had provided for the continued efficiency of the house in Baggot Street, and taken precautions against any interruptions of its usefulness during their temporary absence.

While Mrs. McAuley (for thus we must henceforward designate her) was spending her noviciate at George's Hill, a distinguished member of the Irish Church, since raised to the episcopacy, was engaged in examining the rules and constitutions of several religious communities, with a view to compile a suitable code for the new Institute of Mercy. The Rule of St. Augustine was adopted as the basis, but several clauses were introduced, and changes made, which the altered circumstances of the times and the peculiar objects of the new institute required. These, after being carefully revised and examined by the competent authorities, were submitted to the archbishop, and proposed for the observance of the convent. The three religious, including Mrs. McAuley, that were professed in George's Hill, returned home in December, 1830, immediately after their profession. In the January of the following year the religious dress was given to the six sisters that had been conducting the establishment in her absence. In January, 1832, these also were admitted to their profession, in the first ceremony of that description that took place within the walls of the new convent.

The good effected by the new order, and the services it was actually rendering to the ignorant, the destitute, and the sick in Dublin, began to attract the attention of the



public, not only in that city but elsewhere. Applications began to be made from other localities, praying for an extension of its services to them. In the year 1835, a Convent of Mercy was established at Tullamore. In 1836 one was founded at Charleville, in the county of Cork; one in 1837 at Carlow, and one in the city of Cork in the same year. Twenty years have not yet passed since the house of Baggot Street was established as a religious institute, and at this moment its filiations have spread themselves over the united kingdom, and established large and flourishing communities even on the continent of America.

Having thus made our reader somewhat acquainted with the circumstances that led to the establishment of the House of Mercy in Baggot Street, it is time that we fulfil our promise of showing him the practical working of the institute, and describing to him, as far as we are able, the varied occupations and mode of life of those who have devoted their lives, and consecrated their faculties and their means, to the great object of relieving and instructing the poor.

Having passed the poplar trees already mentioned, and gained admittance into a spacious hall, the first object that strikes him on his entrance is a number of young women assembled in a room at one side. These are either servants unemployed, who have lost their situations through the ordinary changes of society and the vicissitudes of life, or young women who are desirous of gaining a livelihood in that capacity through the influence and kind interference of the ladies of the establishment. Until they prove successful, they present themselves at a stated hour, and for a considerable time each day, to receive instruction in their moral and religious duties. This is an object of very great importance. Many of these poor girls have been sent into service at an early period of their lives, under the stern pressure of necessity; some even, sad to say, without having received the elementary religious education which the Church desires to be given to all her children—several, perhaps, for such things have occurred, without having ever received the sacraments. Even those who have been so fortunate as to receive the ordinary religious instruction in early life, have much need to renew again their first impressions. If with the most gifted and the most favoured it is advisable to do so, how much more is this the

case with those who have been exposed to the deteriorating action of the world in its roughest form—who have been often forced to forget or to neglect their most sacred duties in the frequently desperate struggle for subsistence, or been compelled to do violence to their holiest convictions, at the bidding of masters and mistresses of religious opinions different from their own? No period and no opportunity are to be found more favourable for correcting, as far as possible, these manifold evils, than whilst they are out of employment; and hence they are most anxiously made use of by the good ladies of the community, one of whom is specially appointed for this purpose. She takes care to instruct them when ignorant, to stimulate them when negligent, and to require their punctual attendance at the necessary religious duties. She is also commissioned to introduce them to such persons as may be seeking for servants, and who are afforded in the house the necessary opportunities of speaking to those they may wish to employ, and of examining their respective papers and testimonials. The vast scale and amazing extent to which this work of charity is carried on, may be inferred from the fact, that the number of servants, who have been thus prepared and provided for has amounted to as many as five hundred annually.

But there is a class of poor servants that requires even more than this kind interference in their behalf. The majority of those who are employed in that capacity have some friend or relative to whom they can apply for aid, and from whom they may receive a shelter during the period that elapses between the losing of one situation and the obtaining of another. And it is an interesting and a honourable trait of the Irish character, that even the poorest is willing to give the shelter of his garret or his hovel, and, if necessary, even the scanty pittance of his board, to a relative in need. Some servants, too, there are who have been so thoughtful and prudent as to make a little saving against such contingencies. But, making all necessary allowance for these, there are, and must be, many who have no reserve against the day of want, who have no relative to afford a momentary refuge against misery and starvation, and who, if no merciful hand be stretched out in time to save them, must be abandoned to a fate too melancholy to contemplate. For such as these the House of Mercy has a home, where they are protected from desti-



tution; and from a fate far more pitiable than destitution; where they are sure of a refuge in the hour of their temporary distress; where they are received with more than a mother's welcome when circumstances render it necessary that they should leave their situations for a time, and before they obtain another. The visitor will be shown in a large and spacious wing of the building, specially set apart for that purpose, the several rooms prepared for their reception—the refectory, where they receive their meals of wholesome and substantial food—the lavatory, where they are employed during the day in the useful occupations of washing and preparing linen—the drying room, in which the latter is made ready for use—and the dormitory, spacious and well-ventilated, in which, after their daily labours are done, fifty poor girls are accommodated with clean and comfortable beds, and in which they can retire to rest at night secure from the dangers, and fortunately exempted from the miseries, that are the bitter portion of others.

But the good effected by the institution is not limited to that which has been already described: for the heart of the benevolent visitor will thrill with a vivid feeling of satisfaction, on being introduced by his conductor into the large room extending the entire length of the building, and in which three hundred poor children receive, from the ladies of the establishment, the priceless advantage of a good literary and religious education. The blessings of religious education to the poor, he will be already aware of: it will be unnecessary to impress them upon his mind. For what benevolent mind will fail to acknowledge its advantages to the poor, the means which it affords them of improving their condition in the world, the higher and purer tone of feeling and opinion which it so powerfully tends to develope, the bright gleams of holier light which it sheds on the dark and troubled stream of their after lives, and the greater security it gives of their realizing the ends of their existence here, and attaining to a brilliant destiny hereafter? If the preparation of even one immortal spirit be a work of such high merit and surpassing excellence as religion assures us it is, how great must be the merit and usefulness of those who are the means of instructing so many unto justice?

It may be supposed, and will be readily admitted, that the many and various works of mercy already mentioned, are of themselves enough to occupy the time and attention



of the religious, and would be in themselves alone enough to command the respect and admiration of the public. But will it be believed that they are only a part, and the least laborious and repulsive part, of the good which the ladies of the establishment are in the daily practice of performing? and that they are not content with the many abundant means of usefulness to their fellow-creatures which are afforded them in their own institution, but that they are bound each day to visit the sick and poor in their own houses, and give them such charitable relief as they may stand in need of for their bodily wants; and what is yet more precious, and yet more rarely administered, the kind sympathy and merciful consolation which the poor sufferer, as he tosses to and fro in the agony of his pain, is so seldom fortunate enough to find? However acute his torture, or loathsome his disease, however squalid his hovel, or miserable his bed, the Sister of Mercy is bound to seek him, and to speak to him, and to pray with him and for him, that with his sufferings such issue may be made, as that he bear them patiently to the end, and that through many tribulations he may enter into his rest. It matters not whether the summer noon-day sun pours down his flood of light and heat, making the very pavement on which she treads almost burning to her feet; or whether the wild storms of winter envelope her with their snowy mantle, and piercing icy chill—through snow and rain, as well as in the hottest summer heat, she must go on her blessed mission of mercy to penetrate the narrow and filthy lane, to climb the dark and broken stair, and often in the corner of some lone and neglected and obscure garret, to speak her kind word of consolation to the sorrow-stricken child of want, on his passage to eternity. If there be, as religion says there are, ministering angels, hovering round the bed of the departing Christian, whether that bed be a wretched pallet of straw or a bed of down, must they not record with satisfaction that word of consolation, and the prayer with which it is accompanied, and bear them exultingly to their Master's throne as the pledge of coming glory to the dying sufferer in whose behalf they are uttered?

There is often danger of infection and contagion to themselves in the discharge of this meritorious duty. In the feculence of the lanes and fetid atmosphere of the houses which they are daily called upon to visit, the lurking fever oft lies in wait for its victim; but the motive

which urges her to the fulfilment of her benevolent mission is one for which even the contagion of pestilence has no terrors, and which no dire disease that ever preyed upon the wasted form of humanity is capable of diverting or frightening for an instant, from the bedside of him who is afflicted. Nay, even when wife and child have fled appalled from the wretched pallet on which the husband or the parent lay, and in the selfishness of terror have left the stricken victim of pestilence to die in solitude and alone, the Sister of Mercy has been found to come, and in the sustaining power of her self-sacrificing love, to watch over his last moments and soothe the sufferings of his agony. It is not many years ago since this zeal was fearfully tried, and many of those whose eyes will look on this page will remember the terror and alarm of the year 1832. It was the year of the cholera. For months before, its gradual approach had been regularly and diligently announced in the public journals. Every stage of its progress, from its birth in the reeking swamps of Java, had been observed and noted; and as it came nearer and nearer, travelling each day almost with the regularity and stated measure of a human traveller, it filled every breast with dismay, as the time approached when its actual presence might be expected. It will be remembered also, how, after weeks of direst apprehension, it did come at length, and take up its abode for months amongst us, carrying terror and dismay into the mansions of the wealthy as well as the hovels of the poor. It was an awful and impressive time. The dearest friends passed each other almost without saluting in the streets, fearing lest the seeds of death might be communicated by even the hand of friendship. The wholesomest food was refused by even hungry lips, lest it might prove the occasion of disease. The dearest members of each household were wont to gather trembling round their domestic hearth in the evening, fearing lest the agonizing shriek of the cholera might be heard in the house during the night, and before morning some fondly cherished member of the family circle be laid out upon his funeral bier. Those whom business or necessity led out into the open streets, looked with trembling anxiety around them, lest the hand chairs, on which the sick were borne to the hospital, should come upon them unawares; and when they, as often was the case, did present themselves at the corner of some narrow lane unexpectedly, shrunk hastily and



abruptly to the other side, as if a poisonous reptile had come suddenly upon their path. But the hospitals, where the pestilence had fixed as it were its empire—where the cry of the sucking infant was wildly mingled with the moans of the expiring mother—where the stout, strong man made the very iron bedstead upon which he lay tremble, as his writhing frame quivered in the fearful paroxysms of his malady—where pestilence in its most terrific form pointed to the purplish features, clay-cold limbs, and whispering accents of its crowded victims, and laughed to scorn the subtlest skill of the physician,—there, in the very sanctuary of disease, what desperate devotedness could have ventured, or what self-sacrificing zeal consented to enter? Yes, even there the Sister of Mercy was generous enough to go; and not only to enter, but for months together to take up her abode entirely there, and true to the example of Him who laid down His life for others, was found to give herself a willing victim upon the altar of charity. Oh! it must have been a touching and a noble sight, worthy of the holiest times of the ancient martyrs, when in the spring of 1832, a few days after the cholera broke out in Dublin, the venerable bishop of the city presented himself to the community in Baggot Street, and solicited in behalf of the afflicted poor the benefit of their invaluable services. He needed no powers of persuasion to effect his purpose. One and all, they offered to go wherever their services were wanted; and throwing themselves on their knees before him, received his parting advice and blessing. They left their house that very day, and took up their abode entirely in the public hospitals. There they continued during the prevalence of the calamity, attending the sick, performing towards them those kind offices which they required, enabling them by their affectionate sympathy to bear their sufferings with patience, and in the agony of their last moments inspiring them with sentiments of religious resignation. So great was their devotedness, that one of the good ladies, from the assiduity with which she prayed with the sick and dying, contracted an infirmity in her knees, under which she laboured for many months, and from which she was healed with difficulty. A zeal so intense, and a charity so devoted, was worthy of its reward even in this life; a kind Providence seemed specially to watch over them. While hundreds were dying around them, they seemed to bear as it were a charmed



life. Not one of them all fell a victim to the malady. Society and religion were to enjoy for some years longer the benefit of their services. Yet what nobler fate could have befallen any of the pious sisterhood; or what more glorious crown could await her, than that which would have been her blessed recompense had she fallen upon the field of her labours, and died the martyr of her charity?

The visitor may wish to know from whence this intense, absorbing, and comprehensive benevolence proceeds, and how the flame of such a charity is nourished and sustained. If he be a Catholic, he will scarcely ask the question; or if he does, he will be at no loss to supply the answer. If he be a stranger to the nature and objects of a religious life, and unacquainted with the devotional exercises, by which the spirit of that state is preserved even to the hour of death in the freshness of its original fervour, he will be able to form some idea of them on being conducted into the small chapel appropriated to the religious exercises of the community. It forms part of the body of the building, and communicates with the apartments by several doors. Yet he will perceive on entering, that it is very far from being destined to any domestic purpose. The floor is neatly carpeted. The walls on each side are occupied by stalls of carved wood, similar to those that he may see in the paintings of old conventual churches, and which by a simple and intelligible contrivance, may be adapted to the double purpose of sitting or of praying. The wall at the far end, is concealed from view by an altar and its customary decorations, which fill the entire space from the ceiling to the floor. If his eyes be drawn from the contemplation of the rich ornament and elegant design of the tabernacle that adorns the centre, it will be to rest with feelings of mingled curiosity and wonder upon the silver lamp, that even in the glare of the noon-day sun, he will perceive suspended from the ceiling, and diffusing its light around. Night and day that light is never extinguished. It is the well known Catholic indication of the incarnate Godhead, that under the sacramental veils, is ever residing and dwelling corporally upon that altar. There He has taken up his abode among men, not indeed in that visible human form, which during the period of his mortal life he exhibited to the eyes of his friends and disciples, which for thirty years dwelt beneath the humble roof of Nazareth, and which during the years of His public ministry, went

about every where doing good, but in that other mystic but not less real form, which by a miracle of love ineffable He has contrived for being always amongst us. On that altar the offering of Calvary is each day renewed in the Eucharistic sacrifice. At the foot of that altar may be often seen the religious of the community presenting themselves, to be united with him in the sacred and honoured intimacy of the Eucharistic communion. There at an early hour in the morning, ere yet the tired votaries of pleasure have recovered the effects of their yesterday's amusement, or the busy children of the world are awake for their ordinary duties, they may be seen coming to give to Him in their morning orisons, the first fruit of their thoughts and affections. There too they may be seen frequently at other times presenting themselves, to renew in His divine presence the fervour of their first resolutions. When they are called to the homes of the poor, or the bed of the sick, or the fireside of the sorrowful and afflicted, on whom tribulation have rushed like a tempest, terrible and heartrending in its consequences, they come there too, to beg of Him whose eye is ever mercifully and benignly beaming on them, that their errand may be one of usefulness, and that His hand may guide them on their path and bring them back with safety. Then too on their return they present themselves again, to repeat the offering of their homage, and renew the promise of their fidelity. Is it strange that hearts so pure, so single-minded, so devoted, so unceasingly sustained and nourished with sustenance from above, should go on in their way rejoicing, and continue for years together with undiminished zeal and undecaying fervour, their glorious and enduring work of mercy?

Mrs. McAuley had the satisfaction of seeing her institute extended during her lifetime to other countries, and of knowing that it was formally and canonically sanctioned by the holy See, in a rescript bearing date the 5th of July 1841. This took place a very short time before her death. The cares and troubles attending the foundation of her several establishments, the many journeys to which she was thereby subjected, and the anxiety of providing all things necessary for the several communities, would have been sufficient to break down a constitution even stronger than her's; on her return from Birmingham, which was the last filiation in which she was engaged, it was seen by her in-



creased debility and exhaustion, that the term of her usefulness was near at hand. After struggling with her infirmities for some time, she was at length obliged to confine herself to her room. She never left it again alive. She was desirous to continue still to encourage her spiritual daughters by example, to the punctual fulfilment of their meritorious duties, but her divine Master, by depriving her of the necessary bodily strength, showed that such was not His will. Yet though unable to take a part in their labours, her patience under suffering, and her resignation to God's will, were an example and an instruction. It was natural that she should feel much solicitude for the future welfare of the order that had come into existence under her maternal care, and expressed many an anxious thought for its future prosperity; but she also felt that she was but an instrument in the hands of God, and that if He called her away before it was nurtured into strength, He would Himself preside over its after destinies, and conduct it to a successful termination. She would have wished to witness its course of usefulness, and devote herself with even more than her wonted zeal to the promotion of its objects, and however ardent her desire to be dissolved and to be with God, she was satisfied and anxious, if it were so ordered, to labour for years to come. But the measure of her good works was already full. She had worked well and diligently, and devotedly in the vineyard, and it was time that she should receive the rich reward of her services and fidelity. Though her debility in the last stage of her illness was very great, she does not seem to have suffered much bodily pain; and to the sisters who were in attendance she would often say, "Oh! if this be death, it is very easy indeed." She preserved her faculties unimpaired to the last, and a very short time before her death, was able to transact some business of considerable importance. It was the last act of her mortal life. Some time before, she had received the last rites of the Church, with every mark of the most profound reverence, and having commended herself to God, and taken leave of the afflicted sisterhood, she calmly exchanged this world for a better.

Enclosed within the buildings of the convent is a small cemetery. A few shrubs and evergreens have been planted here and there; and on a fresh morning in the spring or summer, a few flowers set at regular distances, fill the surrounding air with their sweet fragrance. A large



cross is erected in the centre, and some graves are seen in its immediate vicinity. Beneath that cross lie the mortal remains of the holy woman whose virtues and good works we have endeavoured though imperfectly to describe, and in those graves the remains of some who took part in her early labours. Their noblest epitaph is the orphan's prayer. Their most enduring monument, the ORDER OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

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ART. II.—*A Treatise on the Physical Cause of the Death of Christ, &c.*  
By WILLIAM STROUDE, M. D. London, Hamilton and Adams,  
33, Paternoster Row, 1847.

THE thoughtful work which we have placed at the head of the present article, contains so great a variety of matter, and that of great interest, that it is as well to intimate at once that we purpose to confine our remarks upon it to the physical subject specified in the title page. Our intention is to treat, in the first place, of the *Blood*, physiologically, and to collect the various discoveries and theories to which modern science has given rise; while we are thus engaged, we shall have little occasion to refer to Dr. Stroude's work, but the physiological consideration of the blood will not, in fact, be an unfit introduction to our observations on the explanation given by Dr. Stroude of the physical cause of the death of our blessed Lord. At the same time, our preliminary remarks will be more particularly scientific, and be therefore, of necessity, expressed in technical language, which may render them less intelligible to those of our readers who have in no sense made a study of physiology. The physical cause of our Lord's death is a subject which will interest all, and we have treated it with less technicality: it is a subject, too, adapted to the season of Lent and Passion-tide, and it will not be other than a recommendation to the view taken by our author, if it proves, that the physical cause which instrumentally effected the consummation of man's redemp-

tion was the "natural effect" of the "agony" endured by our Saviour for our sake.

We begin, then, with the *Physiology of the Blood*.

It is, of course, well known that if fresh blood be stirred with a piece of stick, (1.) the fibrine which exists in it in a free state will adhere to the stick in a colourless stringy mass, and may thus be separated; that the fluid, if filtered,\* will be divided into (2.) the red corpuscles of the blood, and a transparent fluid, consisting of (3.) water, holding in solution the albumen and the various inorganic substances which exist in the blood; and that from this solution, if treated with an acid, (4.) the albumen will be precipitated. Again, if fresh drawn blood be set by itself in a narrow vessel, it will spontaneously separate into a fluid and a firm mass; the former consisting of the watery solution above mentioned, and called the *serum*, the latter of the fibrine and the red corpuscles, and called the *crassamentum* or clot. Once more, in acute inflammation, as in pericarditis or pleuritis, there is effused from the congested blood vessels of the serous membrane that portion of the blood which is capable of escaping through the coats of the blood vessels, viz., the liquor sanguinis or the fluid part, consisting of the water, the albumen, and the fibrine, while the red corpuscles are retained. Here, then, are a variety of topics connected with the blood, which have naturally engaged the attention of physiologists, and on which recent discoveries have thrown much light. We purpose to treat of these in the following order: 1. The blood in its normal state, both as regards its chemical and physiological parts, and as regards the change which it undergoes, from the bright scarlet colour of the arterial to the dark and almost black colour of the venous blood. 2. We shall take notice of those rare cases in which there has occurred an effusion of the red corpuscles of the blood; and 3. The phenomena of coagulation. And we here make a general acknowledgment of our obligations to Mr. Paget, whose Reports supply most of our materials, and whose words we shall incorporate in

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\* The red corpuscles of the *frog's* blood will not escape through the pores of fine filtering paper.



what we have to say, when our subject and our readers may gain by our so doing.

1. *The Composition of the Blood.* As our readers, though acquainted with the analysis of the blood by M. Lecanu, may not have it at hand for reference, we will subjoin it, in order that we may have before our eyes the details which may call for observation. M. Lecanu gives the result of two analyses, and they are as follows :

|                                                 |              |              |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| Water, ... ..                                   | 780.145      | 785.590      |
| Fibrin, ... ..                                  | 2.100        | 3.565        |
| Albumen, ... ..                                 | 65.090       | 69.415       |
| Red particles, ... ..                           | 133.000      | 119.626      |
| Fatty crystallizable matter, ... ..             | 2.430        | 4.300        |
| Oily matter, ... ..                             | 1.310        | 2.270        |
| Extractive soluble in Water and Alcohol, ... .. | 1.790        | 1.920        |
| Albumen combined with Soda, ... ..              | 1.265        | 2.010        |
| Chloride of Sodium,                             | }            |              |
| — Potassium,                                    |              |              |
| Carbonates of Potash and Soda, ... ..           |              |              |
| Phosphates of ditto                             | }            |              |
| Sulphates of ditto                              |              |              |
| Carbonates of Lime and Magnesia,                | }            |              |
| Phosphates of Lime, Magnesia and Iron,          |              |              |
| Peroxide of Iron,                               |              |              |
| Loss, ... ..                                    | 2.400        | 2.586        |
|                                                 | <hr/> 10.000 | <hr/> 10.000 |

It is obvious that as the materials from which the various tissues of the body are nourished, are conveyed to them by the blood, we ought to find all these materials in the blood. From an examination of the above analyses this will be found true, and the extremely small quantity in which those substances exist in the system which do not occur in the analyses, will account for their omission. Of the fifty-four or fifty-five simple substances, twenty have been found in the organic world : of these, iodine and bromine occur only in marine animals and plants ; aluminium in plants alone, and that, too, rarely : the other simple substances not yet mentioned are, fluorine, manganese, silicium, copper, and lead. The first exists in the ivory and enamel of the teeth ; the second and third in the hair ; and it is quite recently that the existence of the two last in the human body has been established. They are not found, according to Signor Cattanei di Momo, in the

bodies of new-born children or infants, but M. Barse has discovered them in the adult, and his statement is confirmed by M. Rossignon's account of the sources from which one at least of them is derived, viz., the copper: he has found this metal in many articles of vegetable and animal food, as in gelatine from bones, sorrel, chocolate, bread, coffee, succory, madder, and sugar. The ashes of bread yield from 0.005 to 0.008 per cent of this metal.\*

In order that the albumen of the blood may be preserved in a state of solution, the blood must have an alkaline reaction: the source of this alkalinity has been made the subject of special enquiry by Enderlin in Liebig's laboratory. He has carefully analyzed the ashes of the blood, and his results will form a suitable supplement to the analysis of M. Lecanu. It is worth observing that, in the course of his enquiries, he confirms the identity between the ashes of the *blood* and the ashes of *flesh*, thus supplying an additional corroboration of the propriety of the designation of the blood by Bordeu, as *chair coulante* — the flesh *in potentia* of Galen. We will relate the conclusions of Enderlin in the words of Mr. Paget.

The solution of the ashes of the blood in hot water formed a very alkaline fluid, which, in all cases, contained alkaline phosphates and sulphates, chloride of sodium, and sometimes chloride of potassium. But from various tests (which Mr. Paget has repeated and verified) Enderlin proves that,—1. The alkaline reaction of the ashes cannot be due to an *alkaline carbonate*, for both the ashes and the precipitates from a solution by nitrate of silver and chloride of calcium may be dissolved in acids without the development of gas. 2. The alkaline reaction cannot depend on the presence of *caustic alkali*; for then the solution could not be, as it is, neutral after the addition of a solution of neutral chloride of calcium. 3. The absence of alkaline carbonates and of carbonate of lime in the ashes of the blood, proves that its albumen cannot be in the form of a salt (albuminate) of soda; and furnishes additional evidence that there are no alkaline salts of lactic, acetic, or fatty acids in the healthy blood; and, lastly, proves that the blood can contain no alkaline carbonate.

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\* However, in his last Report, Mr. Paget concludes that this question must still be left open.



4. The alkaline character of the blood ashes, and of the blood itself, must therefore be due to the phosphate of soda, and the presence of the *tribasic phosphate of soda* in the *ashes*, proves, according to Enderlin, that it must be in the same form (3 NaO., P. 2, O. 5.) in the *blood* itself; for this salt alone remains tribasic after a red heat,—the common phosphate of soda would yield pyrophosphate after incineration.\*

The following is Enderlin's analysis of the ashes of the blood:

|                                     |     |     |     |        |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| Tribasic Phosphate of Soda,         | ... | ... | ... | 22.1   |
| Chloride of Sodium,                 | ... | ... | ... | 54.769 |
| ———— Potassium,                     | ... | ... | ... | 4.416  |
| Sulphate of Soda,                   | ... | ... | ... | 2.461  |
| Phosphate of Lime,                  | ... | ... | ... | 3.636  |
| ———— Magnesia,                      | ... | ... | ... | 0.769  |
| Oxide of Iron, with some Phosphate, | ... | ... | ... | 10.77  |

The albumen, therefore in the blood, is not in the form of an albuminate of soda, but is in combination with the tribasic phosphate and chloride: the former salt possesses in a high degree the power of dissolving proteine compounds and phosphates of lime, and it is probable, therefore, that it is the solvent of both these constituents of the blood.

The mention of *proteine compounds* suggests some reflections which are pertinent to the consideration of those elements of the blood which stand first in the analysis given above, and which the present state of chemical science appears to challenge. There cannot be a more objectionable distinction than that which is now so generally made between inorganic and organic chemistry; and the adoption of the term *proteine*† for the formula 40 C, 31 H, 5 N, 12 O, the basis of the albuminous compounds, almost looks like giving up in despair the philosophical distinction between chemistry and biology or physiology—i. e., between the two domains in which reign respectively the properties and the laws which we call chemical and vital. There is a *line* between them, but it

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\* Mr. Paget in his last report says, that M. Wartz has prepared albumen in a state of purity, and soluble without any alkali.

† Liebig has lately thrown doubt on the actual existence of *proteine*; he has failed to produce it.—*Ibid.* p. 4.

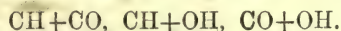
is hitherto ill defined; a border *territory*, common to both, appears, and only appears, to exist, and to it has been given the name of organic chemistry—an expression which, in reality, is self-contradictory. Indeed, discoveries have gradually been made which have made chemists suspicious that the distinction they have laid down between organic and inorganic chemistry is illusory. Was it said that dualism, or the binary principle of combination, was characteristic of inorganic chemistry? The discovery of cyanogen presented an exception, as a quasi-simple salt-radical, and of kakodyle, as a quasi-simple metal or base. Was it thought that analysis alone was applicable to the examination of organic compounds? M. Wöehler succeeded in the synthetical production of urea, the cyanate of ammonia. The sources of the erroneous views which gave rise to the faulty distinction of which we are speaking, may be traced to the neglect of two important considerations; first, the analysis of organized compounds was referred at once to the ultimate elements, and not to the immediate binary (or, at most, ternary) compounds into which those elements are first grouped; and, secondly, it was forgotten that in every organized tissue there is a *mixture* of many *compounds*, and consequently, even supposing the compounds were binary on *chemical* principles, yet, since mixture is *physical*, and admits of any, the most unlimited, proportions, the analysis of a tissue into its elements must necessarily exhibit them under an aspect irreconcilable with the law of chemical combination. Our first observation is well illustrated by the example of nitre, adduced by M. Auguste Comte; “if,” he says, “the same process had been pursued in the case of nitre as in that of organic substances, and an attempt had been made to reproduce the salt by the direct combination of oxygen, azote, and potassium, it would have been equally unsuccessful with the attempt to reproduce organic substances by the direct combination of their ultimate elements.” Let the task which Enderlin undertook—the analysis, namely, of the ashes of the blood—be considered in this aspect: if the same “destructive operation” had been employed as in the analysis of fibrine, he might indeed have discovered the relative qualities of the ultimate simple elements, and have drawn up an empirical formula for their expression, but he would never have succeeded in the synthetical process by which the salts which form those



ashes must then have been ascertained, and an intelligible result produced. Our second observation is perhaps sufficient to prove that, in our present state of knowledge, we are wholly unable to apply the principles of proximate analysis to organic substances; but to assume that what is beyond our reach is untrue, and to construct new sciences on that assumption, instead of bearing constantly in mind the unity of each great science, and resting satisfied with the task of collecting facts until we are able to trace their harmony with that unity towards which we see them tend, is unjustifiable.

It is more than probable that the singular process by which Liebig has arrived at many of his ingenious theories, namely, the *manipulation of formulæ*, may lead to valuable conclusions on the proximate analysis of organic substances; but it must be employed by the master minds among chemists; in their management it may be a powerful instrument of discovery, in that of others (and its apparent easiness will tempt many to abuse it) it will be puerile.

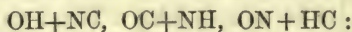
The antecedent probability that the chemistry of organized, is reducible to that of unorganized substances, is shown by the author we have quoted above, M. Comte, and we will borrow his observations. It is scarcely necessary to protest against his system as a Philosophy. So far as his conclusions are positive, we may in the main accept them; but when, content with external nature, he denies religion, he is simply like a blind man denying the existence of colour. Let us regard then the vegetable kingdom, of which the essential elements are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. These three elements are capable of being united in three primary forms of binary composition, namely, CH, CO, and OH. The vegetable tissues contain all three of these elements, and these binary compounds must therefore be united into secondary compounds, which (omitting any indication of specific number) may be exhibited by the three general formulæ;—



Our present knowledge of chemistry enables to discern in each of the terms of these formulæ, two distinct substances; under the CH, we recognize carburetted hydrogen (C, 2H.) and olefiant gas (2C, 2H.); under the CO, we have carbonic oxide (CO.) and carbonic acid (C, 2O.);



under the OH, water (OH.) and the deutoxide or peroxide of hydrogen, (2O, H). By the substitution of these known substances, severally, in the formulæ, each pair would produce *four* binary compounds of the second order, and the three pairs, *twelve*; and as each of the twelve would, in accordance with analogy, present three forms, those of neutralization, and the two extremes of reciprocal saturation, our binary compounds will be increased to thirty-six. Nay further, it is only lately that so many as *two* distinct substances have been recognized under each primary pair, and the extremely probable supposition that there may exist a *third* primary compound of carbon and hydrogen besides the two already known and specified above; and that the same will hold of the other pairs, supplies us with no less than eighty-one binary compounds of the second order, and it would be hard indeed if these were not enough to express the proximate elements of vegetable substances. A similar process applied to animal chemistry, in which Azote plays so conspicuous a part, leads to a still more remarkable result. If our readers are disposed to discover for themselves the number of binary compounds of the second order, which the present state of chemistry would supply by the various combinations of the four elementary substances, it is only necessary to remind them 1. that, as all *four* elements exist in the animal substances, we shall in this case as in the former, have only three general formulæ, viz:—



and 2. that while OH, OC, HC, severally represent two primary compounds (as above stated), NH represents but one, viz., ammonia, (N, 3 H); NC but one, viz., cyanogen, (N, 2 C.); and ON, no less than five different compounds, viz., the protoxide and deutoxide of nitrogen or nitric oxide, (NO and N, 2 O), hyponitrous, nitrous, and nitric acid, (N, 3 O; N, 4 O, and N, 5 O).

With respect then to the organic substances which enter into the constitution of the blood, we must be content to confess that our real knowledge of them is wholly inadequate. The line between chemistry and physiology is definite in theory, but indefinite in practice. Thus much is plain, the laws and properties which form the special study of the physiologist, are as distinct from those of chemistry, as those of chemistry are from the laws and

properties of physics. And this consideration will go far towards elucidating a very obscure part of natural study. It has been confessed that from their chemical analysis, not only do fibrine and albumen contain the same organic elements, but contain them in the same proportion, and it becomes matter of surprise how they can possess such characteristic differences as they do in fact exhibit. Explanation of the difference there is none, any more than there is explanation of the law of gravitation, but the phenomenon ceases to be *strange*, in the sense of being irreducible to our scientific knowledge, when it is recollected that though these substances consist of *physical* elements combined according to the law of *chemical* equivalents, they are also subject to the higher laws of *physiology*. Physical laws are modified by chemical; witness the law of the diffusion of gases, by which their obedience to the physical law of gravitation is modified, and their specific gravities now supply the rule of their diffusion:\* in like manner chemical compounds acquire new properties by subjection to physiological laws.†

We may cease therefore to feel it *strange* that fibrine should differ as it does in fact from albumen. The production of the latter is a chemical process. The process of digestion, strictly so called, is so. The conversion, says Dr. Carpenter, of the azotised animal and vegetable substances into albumen, can scarcely be viewed in any other light; for the change of form and of external characters is

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\* The diffusive volumes of gases, bear an inverse proportion to the square roots of their respective specific gravities.

† They lose indeed in persistence what they acquire in dignity, but this is only in accordance with the universal analogy of nature. The inanimate stone persists, it does not die, for it has no life to lose; the tree maintains its vigour for centuries, but dies at last; the animal dies soon, but while it lives it possesses the higher functions of locomotion and sensation, and in its degree, of reason; man, whose prerogative it is to have a soul (over and above the life of plants and other animals) and the capacity of faith, foregoes the physical persistence of the rock, the organic longevity of the tree, the acute sensation, the rapid locomotion, the inimitable contrivance of the brute, yes, and the intellectual brilliancy of the world's philosophy, which differs in degree rather than in kind from the intellect of brutes, to embrace the "foolishness of God." Great privileges are purchased at a high cost, and the privilege of the Christian is purchased by the sacrifice of the man.



in no instance so great, as that which starch and gum undergo during their conversion into sugar, which is well known to be of a strictly chemical nature. The albumen, thus formed, becomes one of the most important and characteristic ingredients of chyle. And as soon as it is taken up by the lacteals and brought within the influence of living tissues, it begins to admit the operation of biological or physiological laws. By an act of elaboration, says M. Burggraeve, peculiar to the *living organism*, the albumen is partially converted into two products, fibrine and caseine. With the latter we are not at present concerned: the former exists in the lymph, the chyle, the blood, &c.; the basis of muscles is coagulated fibrine; it exists in a free state in the blood, and differs from albumen by the power it has of spontaneous and filamentous coagulation. That is to say, fibrine possesses a property of *life* which as albumen it had not, and the question to which we are next led is, by what means is this change effected? and our attention is drawn to the third constituent of the blood as it stands in the analysis of Lecanu.

There can be no question but that the gradual conversion of the nutritive materials into fibrine commences as soon as they are taken up by the lacteals, and by the time they have passed through the mesenteric glands and are received into the general circulation from the thoracic duct, fibrine, which at first was absent, is found in considerable quantity. But it is the blood which we are considering, and in what way this change, begun elsewhere, is continued in the circulating fluid.

The red corpuscles of the human blood discovered by Malpighi, vary in size from  $\frac{1}{4545}$  to  $\frac{1}{3279}$  of an inch, the average being  $\frac{1}{3687}$  of an inch. They are circular in shape, like pieces of coin, with depressions in the centre of each of the flattened sides. In different animals they vary in size, but not unconditionally in proportion to the size of the body; it is *in each great division* of the animal kingdom, that the size of the body with few exceptions determines the size of the red corpuscles. In omnivora they are largest, and in carnivora larger than in herbivora. In reptiles the largest and thinnest yet known occur; and of animals which possess a temporary branchial apparatus, those in which it persists longest, have the largest red corpuscles; their size in the Batrachia is well known. The red corpuscles vary also in shape. As in man, they are

circular in all mammalia, with the exception of the Camel tribe, which, with the other vertebrata, has elliptical red corpuscles. These facts are comparatively notorious.

Every fact of physiology affords matter for wonder and admiration, and is an additional evidence of the truths which natural theology is capable of illustrating. Our readers will deduce numerous instances of this kind for themselves; there is one, however, connected with the red corpuscles of the blood, which is remarkably interesting; the provision, namely, made against the violence of the circulating fluid, when it reaches the soft structure of the brain. The tortuous course of the carotid and vertebral arteries, is a provision against the same danger, and diverticula moreover exist for the reception of the blood when arrested in its too rapid course to the brain, (such are the thyroid gland and the choroid plexuses,) in order to *give time*; but besides, the capillaries of the cerebral mass are not more than half the diameter of the red corpuscles. The effect of this is, that the corpuscles are arrested, they are obliged to elongate themselves, and the friction they undergo, checks their rapidity and the nervous mass is preserved from injury.

It has been much questioned whether the red corpuscles are nucleated cells. They are confessedly so in birds, (which have the smallest elliptical corpuscles, those of the camel tribe excepted, measuring  $\frac{1}{2000}$  by  $\frac{1}{4000}$  inch, and being six times as long as they are thick,) and the lower vertebrata. Here the nucleus is seen, about one fourth of the size of the corpuscle, attached to the wall of the delicate elastic membrane which forms the external cell. Henle is of opinion, that in mammalia the nucleus disappears in the perfect state of the cell, by absorption. Dr. Barry holds that the young blood corpuscle in all vertebrata is a mere disc, with a depression in the centre; that in mammalia this form is persistent, in other vertebrata the disc becomes a nucleated cell. Mr. Wharton Jones, in denying the existence of a nucleus in the red corpuscle of the mammal, suggests, by way of explaining its apparent existence, that it is due to the thickness of the wall of the corpuscle and its consisting of two layers, the outer one transparent, colourless, and resisting; the inner one softer and less resisting: between the two or perhaps in the inner layer, the colouring matter is contained.\*

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\* Paget's Report, 1842-3, p. 5.



The *function* of the red corpuscles is no less a subject of interest and speculation. Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Wharton Jones, agree in regarding them as "floating gland-cells." Dr. Carpenter believes that their office is to convert albumen into fibrine, elaborating it in their interior, and then after the manner of gland-cells, dissolving and discharging their contents. Mr. W. Jones regards them as the chief carriers of oxygen and carbonic acid. That the last opinion is true, without excluding the first, is highly probable. "It is not so reasonable to suppose," remarks Mr. Paget, whose words we have often used on the strength of our general acknowledgment, "that the effects of respiration are finished in the lungs, as to believe that the influence of the oxygen dissolved in the blood, is accomplished during the general circulation, through the medium of those cells with which it is continually in contact, and which might be compared to floating gland-cells."\* We conclude, therefore, that the red corpuscles are, by means of the oxygen derived from the atmosphere, the agents by which physiological properties are imparted to the albumen during its elaboration into fibrine; and we may add too, that the presence of oxygen is necessary for exciting the tissues to the selection of those constituents of the blood which are required for their nutrition. Hence it is evident, that the blood both supplies aliment to the tissues, and the necessary stimuli to their vital actions. The remarks of Professor Mulder, on the vehicle of oxygen to the tissues are worthy of consideration, not as contradicting the above statements, but as supplementary to them. He has discovered in arterial blood two new compounds, one containing *two* equivalents more of oxygen than the formula of proteine, the other *three* more; he calls them the bin-oxide and the trit-oxide of proteine. They are formed by the oxidation of the fibrine of the blood, or at least of that compound of proteine which in coagulation appears as fibrine, as often as the blood passes through the lungs;† according to this view, one way in which oxygen is conveyed to the capillaries of the general system is by these oxides; in the capillaries the oxygen is consumed, and the proteine compound, the oxy-proteine,

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\* Paget's Reports, 1841-2, p. 12.

† Ibid. 1843-4, p. 4.

returns by the veins de-oxidized and in the simple form of fibrine. The formulæ for these newly-discovered compounds are, of the bin-oxide 40 C. 62 H. 10 N. 14 O; of the trit-oxide 40 C. 62 H. 10 N. 15 O.\*

Some interesting conclusions have been drawn by M. M. Andral and Gavarret, on the proportions of fibrine and the red corpuscles in the blood. The energy of constitution has no constant influence on the increased proportion of fibrine, but it has on that of the red corpuscles. In herbivora the natural average of fibrine is highest, in carnivora the lowest, and the same be said of the proportion of water in the blood; while on the contrary, the highest average of the red corpuscles is found in the carnivora, and in the herbivora the lowest. In the inflammatory state the quantity of fibrine is increased, but the red corpuscles are not directly influenced by it.

The remaining constituents of the blood do not call for any particular remarks. The source from which the fatty particles are derived is well known. Huber's experiments on bees, proved that they were able to form wax from sugar and pure honey; and Dumas himself, who at first opposed Liebig's inferences from this fact, has, with M. Milne Edwards, confirmed their accuracy. The old view that sugar and starch are converted by digestion into fatty matter is therefore established. These fatty particles exist in their maximum quantity in the lacteals; in the thoracic duct, whence they are conveyed into the circulation and immediately to the lungs, their quantity is at its minimum. They have in part undergone elaboration into a higher compound; and it may be asked whether the elaboration of the globules which remain is not continued in their passage through the pulmonary capillaries, by the influence of the azote of the inspired air.†

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\* Dr. Ludwig has just discovered a principle isomeric with the bin-oxide, in those ill-defined animal constituents of the blood called extractive matter.

† The quantity of azote in the expired, is the same as that in the inspired air, but this does not exclude the probability of an interchange; and it may be necessary for the system to get rid of elements which have for the time served their purpose in the economy, and to receive a fresh supply of the same element. If chemical laws do not require this, physiological laws may. That nitrogen is exhaled, and therefore, (since the quantity of nitrogen is



We have seen above the important part which soda performs in the circulation; it, by its tribasic phosphate, renders the serum of the blood alkaline, and keeps the albumen in solution during its transformation into fibrine. From this arises the necessity of common salt or chloride of sodium as an article of food. Another most important purpose subserved by the soda of the blood, is its constituting the base which, combined with a peculiar organic acid, (*bilic acid* or picromel,) forms bile, a true secretion from the blood and essential to life.\* When it is remembered that the blood supplied by the hepatic artery is not directly concerned in this secretion,† but that it is from the venous blood of the portal system, (which receives the blood of that artery after it has supplied its nourishment to the liver,) that the bile is secreted, the question suggests itself whether it is not in consequence of the diminished demand for the soda as a solvent of albumen, that the blood in the venous system is able to part with it for the formation of bile. The organic acid which abounds in carbon, is in carnivora derived probably from the waste of organic tissues; in herbivora, from the food directly *as well as* from the waste of the tissues, seeing that these could not alone supply the great quantity of carbon their bile contains. The liver is to be regarded as an organ similar in function to the lungs; by both the blood is purified, and the impurities separated by the former are formed into an important secretion; after this they become no longer serviceable to the economy and are excreted by the kidneys.

We proceed now to the *nature of the change* which takes place in the blood after being exposed to the atmosphere by respiration. The cause of the change in colour from the dark venous to the bright scarlet of the arterial blood, has given rise to many attempts at explanation.

The subject of respiration is too extensive to enter upon at present: it is necessary however to bear in mind in

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not increased in the expired air,) that its place is supplied by fresh nitrogen, is evident from the volatile animal matter which is exhaled from the lungs, in consequence of which the vapour breathed into a close bottle will become putrid.

\* See Schwann's experiments in Paget's Reports, 1843-4, p. 30.

† Dr. Carpenter's Human Physiology, § 660.

what way the atmospheric air is altered after being expired from the lungs. 1. It is heated, and is raised to the temperature of  $97\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ — $99\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , the natural temperature of the body varying from  $98^{\circ}$  to  $102^{\circ}$ , or, in England, being  $99^{\circ}$ . 2. It is saturated with watery vapour. 3. The oxygen is diminished in quantity. 4. The carbon is increased. 5. It contains some volatile animal matter, exhaled from the blood. The quantity of nitrogen is the same in the expired as in the inspired air, unless M. Milne Edwards is correct in saying that there is a larger quantity absorbed in winter.

These facts supply data on which theories have been built to explain the phenomenon now under consideration, when coupled with the changes which are observed in the blood itself, which are as follows:—1. The union of the oxygen with the blood raises its temperature by one or two degrees. 2. The arterial blood is of less specific gravity than the venous by one to three parts in a thousand. 3. The arterial blood has more fibrine than the venous: that is, the oxygen has contributed to the elaboration of fibrine, and consequently, the arterial blood is more quickly coagulable. To these may now be added the more recent discoveries of Mulder related above, the formation, namely, of the bin-oxide and trit-oxide of proteine in the arterial blood.\*

Liebig was of opinion that the colour of the blood depended on the *iron* which it contains: in venous blood he maintained that it existed as a protoxide, in arterial as a peroxide. The experiments, however, of Mulder, go to prove that the elementary composition of the colouring matter is the same, whether obtained from venous or arterial blood, namely, C. 44, H. 44, N. 6, O. 6, Fe. 2, and he agrees, for this and other reasons, with Scherer and Nasse, in rejecting the theory of Liebig, but he differs from them in the theory he would substitute. *They* ascribe the change in colour to a change of shape in the

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\* None of these alterations appear *essential*, and it might be asked, why then is venous blood incapable of supporting life? May not the answer lie in the distinction we have above insisted on, between chemistry and physiology? Physiological products have a certain period of life, and when that period is elapsed, the effete particles must be replaced by others which have not yet been subjected to physiological laws.



red corpuscles, and they prove by experiments that by the addition of either distilled water or carbonic acid to arterial blood, the biconcave form of the red corpuscles becomes biconvex, and the colour is changed from red to black. If we are to ascribe the change in colour to this change in form, the diminution in the specific gravity of the blood after passing through the lungs and the loss of carbonic acid, would both lead us to ascribe the alteration in form not to the admixture of water, but to that of carbonic acid in the venous blood. The theory which Mulder himself advocates is the following. In the passage of the blood through the lungs the red corpuscles become invested with a thin layer of white and imperfectly transparent oxy-proteine or buffy coat. This may arise from one of two causes; either the fibrine-proteine of the liquor sanguinis by becoming an oxy-proteine acquires an increased plasticity and is thereby deposited in a thin layer on the corpuscles, or else the outer layer of the investing membrane itself of the red corpuscles is oxidized, and in this way the oxy-proteine is formed. In either case there is produced on each corpuscle a *buffy coat*, as in the coagulation of blood with an excess of fibrine; and its contents acquire a bright red colour, as is the case with dark blood when contained in a vessel of milk-white glass. In the systemic capillaries, the oxy-proteine is consumed in nutrition, and the dark colour is restored. The other phenomenon also which accompanies the buffy coat in coagulation occurs here: the corpuscles are not only buffed but *cupped*, for when they appear dark their shape is biconvex, but in the arterial blood it becomes biconcave. With respect to the iron of the blood, Professor Mulder supposes that it exists in hæmatine, in the same way as iodine does in sponge, or arsenic in kakodyle.

2. We have less space for our second subject than we had anticipated. That which will occupy us last, obliges us to compress our present remarks as much as possible. Perspiration is a secretion from the blood: *insensible* perspiration is always taking place in health; and it becomes sensible under exertion, in active exercise or mental emotion. But in perspiration the red corpuscles do not escape in ordinary cases: some persons have questioned the possibility of their escape, but there are well recorded facts which make its possibility certain. Dr. Stroude quotes

Dr. Milligen's explanation of the phenomenon: he says—

"It is probable that this strange disorder, (*diapedesis* or sweating of blood,) arises from a violent commotion of the nervous system, turning the streams of blood out of their natural course, and forcing the red particles into the cutaneous excretories. A mere relaxation of the fibres could not produce so powerful a revulsion. It may also occur in cases of extreme debility, in connection with a thinner condition of the blood."—*p.* 380.

Dr. Stroude has collected a number of cases which establish the reality of "bloody sweat," *p.* 85, and in Note III. at the end of his work. We have not room to do more than refer our readers to them, and to quote his application of his facts to the solemn subject of our Lord's agony in the garden. The physical cause of our Lord's bloody sweat will be made clearer by the considerations which will soon engage our attention in speaking of his crucifixion. Suffice it at present to say that it was the natural effect of our blessed Lord's mental agony: Dr. Stroude's words are,—

"The statement that the agony of Christ was a violent conflict between opposite mental emotions, and that his sweat was literally mixed with blood in a half coagulated state, is strongly confirmed by the consideration that St.\* Luke, the only sacred writer by whom the awful scene is described, was a physician, and that the terms which he employs, and which occur in no other part of the New Testament, are strictly medical."—*p.* 387.

This last assertion he proceeds to corroborate by authorities. We content ourselves by referring to Dr. Stroude's work itself, and proceed to our third point, in considering which we shall have to speak again of the events in the Garden of Gethsemani.

3. As the subject which we have so hastily dismissed, illustrates the *first* of the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, the topic which we have now to treat will illustrate the *last* and consummating one. And writing these lines, as we do, on the Festival of the Commemoration of the Passion of our Lord, (12th. Feb.,) we would desire, under the patronage of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows and of Mercies, that the language of science may speak nothing

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\* We take the liberty of prefixing this title.



rude or unbecoming. So guarded, both writer and reader may address themselves to the facts of science unfearingly: "And the priest said: Lo, here is the sword of Goliath the Philistine, whom thou slewest in the valley of Terebinth, wrapped up in a cloth behind the ephod: if thou wilt take this, take it, for there is none other but this. And David said: There is none like that, give it me."\*

How few among the crowds that thronged Jerusalem at the Passover, under the pontificate of Caiphas, were conscious that the Antitype of the Paschal Lamb was there, Emmanuel, the Son of Mary! As he traversed the city in the guise of a poor man, without a certain dwelling-place and dependent upon charity: when in the thoroughfare he meekly gave way to others, or was carelessly, perhaps rudely, thrust aside by the worms he made: how did he differ in outward circumstance from the poor man *we* meet in every street, or the labouring man in rough apparel, from whose contact our fastidiousness shrinks, and whose salutation we count it a condescension to acknowledge? Who but Mary saw in him with unwavering faith, the Father's Eternal Son? And in the very midst of his Passion, when he was haled to Calvary, how would the more part regard the clamour that followed him, but as a street disturbance; the commoner sort and the idlers would join the mob from curiosity; the men of business or leisure, would hardly count it worth their while to ask the matter, or if they did, would think it little concerned them that an impostor† and a madman,‡ along with two thieves, was on his way to execution; and when the noise had died away, they would forget it all. How many were there who were wholly ignorant of what was doing in the Judgment Hall and on the scene of man's redemption, till they heard of it afterwards in connexion with an increasing sect which the better orders persecuted and despised. All that was outward was of the earth, all that came before the senses was such as the senses could recognize: and, if you will, reason, that would condescend so low, might admire the meekness, the endurance, the sympathy, the forgiveness of injuries, the filial tenderness, of the Nazarene, and be disposed to judge him innocent with Pilate; but that

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\* 1 Kings xxi. 9.

† St. John vii. 12.

‡ St. John viii. 48.

faith alone that sees her God and Saviour in the consecrated Host, confesses him also on the Cross.

But to what end are these observations? To this: that so far as the circumstances of the crucifixion meet the eye, so far, unless there were reason to the contrary, we should expect them to fall in with those general laws of nature with which we are acquainted. Now there are two circumstances which have been abused by misbelievers to discredit the gospel history: first, from the rapidity of our Saviour's death some have argued that he was not really dead at the time he was taken from the cross; and, secondly, the flow of water and blood has been regarded as inexplicable. Physiology enables us distinctly to explain the last phenomenon; the phenomenon itself could not have happened unless death had preceded, and the explanation of the phenomenon further involves the necessity of sudden and immediate death.

The volume placed at the head of the present article undertakes to set in a clearer light than has hitherto been done, the physical cause of the death of our Lord; and Dr. Stroude's application of the science of physiology illustrates remarkably the following general rule. The Holy Scriptures describe events in a language which adapts itself to every age. They state facts in their simplest aspect, and in a way, therefore, level to the least advanced stage of scientific knowledge: but the simplest aspect of a fact includes within it its remotest causes, and, consequently, science in its progress towards perfection finds in the simple narrative an application of its latest discoveries. Men, according to the age in which they live, will regard the events of Scripture in different lights; those which are simply miraculous, as the raising of Lazarus, will at all times be viewed in the *same* light; others, which are *strange* and inexplicable by natural causes only because science is not sufficiently advanced so to explain them, will be received by simple faith; and if the unbeliever (arguing with the same deficiency of scientific knowledge) objects to them as unnatural, the believer will find no difficulty in referring them to the former class of simply miraculous events; and this, though not accurate, will be a provisional safeguard to his faith. It does not, therefore, surprise us when we find some events supposed to be miraculous, which the advance of science proves to have been in accordance with the system of nature. On the



contrary, the occurrence of such cases is an additional evidence of the veracity of the narrative: a strange, unheard of occurrence is recorded, which for eighteen hundred years bears the antecedent marks of improbability; still it stands in the simple history, and it is believed by simple faith, and at last the labours of the physiologist, experiment and observation shed the light of science on the (physically) obscure event, and the inspired narrator is proved to have related a *fact* from its very improbability.

In addressing ourselves to Dr. Stroude's volume, we must begin with disclaiming it as a *theological* work. Dr. Stroude is not a Catholic. So far, then, as the work is doctrinal, we do not look for instruction: but, on the other hand, the Church has from the first assimilated the physical or metaphysical truths which aliens from her fold have elicited, while it is from her alone that they can learn the way of salvation. They are her unwitting pioneers; she alone possesses the Faith and the Sacraments which can make them wise and happy. At the same time, who is there who will not respect the pious Protestant who uses the portion of truth which still remains to the sect in which, by God's permission, he was born, and praise his efforts in the defence of those fragments? This respect and this praise we gladly pay to Dr. Stroude; and is there not many a Catholic, who, profiting by his labours, will requite the obligation by a *Pater* and an *Ave*, that the reward of good Cornelius may be also his. The only proof of *fragmentary* truth well used, is to embrace the *whole* truth, when proposed by the Church of the living God, which is its pillar and its ground.\*

But we must return to our physiology, and as the subject which is now before us is one of universal interest, our scientific readers will bear with us if we enter more into detail in order to make ourselves generally intelligible.

The blood consists of (1.) water holding (2.) albumen in solution in process of elaboration into (3.) fibrine by the operation of the (4.) red corpuscles. These four constituents are in the blood. The red corpuscles, by conveying the oxygen of the atmosphere throughout the circulation, and by that means endowing the materials of nutriment with living

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\* 1 Tim. iii. 15.

properties, and quickening the tissues to separate these materials for their own repair from the blood, entitle the blood to the character of vitality—"The life of the flesh is the blood."\*

When we speak popularly of life, we use the word in a sense totally unconnected with the notion of a *soul*: we say that trees possess life, that is, organic life, and brutes certainly possess life, that is, animal life, in as distinct a sense as man. In this connection, life expresses the properties of an organization under the influence of its natural stimuli,—heat, air, water, and food. Organized bodies have a definite period of duration, and when that period is elapsed, there follows naturally the disintegration of the organization. This is also expressed in truer language thus: Almighty God, by His immediate providence and agency, sustains the creature He has made for the certain period which His wisdom has determined; at the close of that period He withdraws that preserving power, and the creature dies. His providence may prolong or shorten the period, but the rule is plain: *The days of our years are threescore and ten years.*† The death of the whole animal in this sense is called somatic death. Man differs from other animals in that somatic death is accompanied by the separation of his soul from his body; the destruction of the merely animal  $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$  by the separation of the  $\pi\nu\epsilon\upsilon\mu\alpha$ ‡ But, besides this *somatic* death, which affects the whole body, every tissue of which the body is composed has a period of life of its own assigned to it, and, at the end of that period, dies. For brevity's sake we will just refer to the deciduous or milk tooth: it is developed, grows, its fang is absorbed, and is itself cast off. This death has no special name; for lack of a better we will use the words *textural death* to express it. External violence may, of course, produce this textural death prematurely: if such violence happen to an essential organ (as the heart) somatic death ensues; if to a part which is not essential to the economy (as in the amputation of an arm) somatic life may continue. This textural death is essential to life: every motion calls some muscle into

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\* Lev. xvii. 11.

† Ps. lxxxix. 10.

‡ See the expressions of the four Evangelists in recording the death of our blessed Lord.



action, and in every action the muscle is partially disintegrated, that is, a part of it undergoes textural death, and the repair is effected by the blood. The blood itself possesses this textural life, and its particles are subject to this textural death. "Textural" is a bad word to apply to a fluid, and "molecular" might be better; but the meaning we wish to convey is plain, and it is more simple, if possible, to express the same phenomena by the same word.

It appears, therefore, that in some cases textural death does *not* involve somatic death; in others it *does*; and that somatic death, though it is necessarily followed very *soon* by the death of every tissue, is not of necessity *immediately* followed thereby. Somatic death has taken place, and still observation has proved that *for a time* particular glands go on separating their proper secretion from the blood; and the muscles exhibit their last act of textural life in that spontaneous contraction which produces the stiffness of death (*rigor mortis*) seldom beyond seven hours, but sometimes as much as thirty hours, after death; and lasting ordinarily from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.\*

This textural life and death explain the phenomenon of the *Coagulation of the Blood*.

If we bear in mind that of the main constituents of the blood, the water and the albumen, which it holds in solution, are only chemical compounds, and therefore lifeless, whereas the red corpuscles and the fibrine are elevated to a vital character, we shall naturally look to these last for any manifestation of the life which still continues in the blood. Nor do we look in vain: in the act of coagulation (1.) the red corpuscles arrange themselves in columns, like piles of halfpence; and (2.) the fibrine, which is the really important agent in the act, and exists (not in solution, but) in a free state, gradually contracts into a kind of sponge-work, and carries with it in its contraction the more solid red corpuscles entangled in its meshes, while the fluid serum is left behind; in this way a firm red clot or crassamentum is formed in the centre of the albuminous solution or serum, increasing in firmness until the vitality of the fibrine is exhausted by its textural death. In common language the serum, from its appearance and fluidity,

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\* Dr. Carpenter's Human Physiology, § 389.

is called the *water*, and the clot, from its colour, is called specially the *blood*.

In certain conditions of the system, the fibrinous part of the blood and the red corpuscles are not in their due proportion. In inflammatory fever the fibrine, in idiopathic fever the red corpuscles, are in excess; in chlorosis the red corpuscles are in defect. The first and last cases agree in this, that, in proportion to the red corpuscles, the fibrine is in excess. When blood in this condition coagulates, there is found, "not unfrequently"\* in chlorosis, a colourless layer of fibrine on the upper surface of the clot, with no red corpuscles in its meshes, and always in the case of inflammation. In inflammation this effect, called the *buffy coat*, is increased by circumstances, observed partly by Mr. Wharton Jones, partly by Mr. Gulliver. The former had remarked that the red corpuscles of inflammatory blood have an unusual attraction for each other, which occasions their coalescence in piles and masses:† so that, by this character, the state of the blood may be detected from the examination of no more than a single drop of the fluid. The more vigorous the textural life of the blood, the longer will the coagulation be delayed,‡ and the more time, therefore, the red corpuscles will have to sink by their specific gravity, before the contraction of the fibrine. Mr. Gulliver has observed that the rapidity of their sinking depends on the rapidity and completeness with which they aggregate in rolls and clusters;§ and this again will depend on the vigour of their textural or molecular life. Every circumstance, therefore, in inflammation (in which condition the vital powers are abnormally

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\* Dr. Carpenter's Human Physiology, § 591. c.

† Dr. Carpenter, Ibid. § 588. Mr. Paget has connected this fact with the theory proposed by Professor Mulder, (and related above,) with regard to the oxy-proteine compounds found in arterial blood. Mulder's theory accounts for an increased plasticity in the red corpuscles, and their increased plasticity explains the phenomenon of aggregation mentioned in the text. Paget's Reports, 1843-4, p. 8. May it not, however, be asked whether Mulder's theory does not apply to *arterial* and not to *venous* blood? or does the exposure of the blood to the atmosphere supply the answer to this objection?

‡ Burggraeve, Histolog. p. 182.

§ Paget's Reports, 1845-6, p. 6.



excited) contributes to the formation of the buffy coat: and the more intense the inflammation, the more actively will these circumstances operate. Gravitation will make the lowest part of the clot the firmest, from the greater quantity of the red corpuscles, while the contracting power of the fibrine will experience less resistance at the upper part, and will produce a *concavity* on the surface. We express these two phenomena of inflammatory blood in coagulation by speaking of the clot as *buffed* and *cupped*.\*

It may naturally be asked, whether this process of coagulation takes place after death *within* the heart and blood-vessels. We cannot answer this question better than by quoting from Dr. Stroude's work the observations of Mr. Paget.

"In all cases it must be remembered, that the coagulation which takes place in the body, is much slower than that which ensues in blood drawn from it, either during life or after death; so that a quantity of uncoloured fibrine is found in the heart and uppermost vessels of the dead body in many cases, in which it is most probable that had the blood been drawn during life, it would not have presented a buffy coat."

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\* Since writing the above, we have received Mr. Paget's last Report (for 1845-6.) and we must not omit some interesting remarks by Dr. Polli. He supposes in inflammatory blood two modifications of fibrine, to the influences of which he ascribes the increased length of time which inflammatory blood requires for coagulation. In the first degree of inflammation, he supposes a mere increase in the quantity of fibrine; in a higher degree, fibrine is found with a special modification in its vitality, the effect of which is, slower coagulation of the blood, and to this therefore he gives the name of *Brady-fibrine*. This, like ordinary fibrine, increases by its presence the specific gravity of the liquor sanguinis; not so, however, the other modification of fibrine which exists in more acute inflammation; in this, which he calls *Para-fibrine*, the fibrine is rarified to such a degree, that it more than balances the effect of the fibrine and brady-fibrine, and in consequence their common abstraction from the liquor sanguinis increases the specific gravity of the serum. To this para-fibrine he ascribes the great delay which sometimes happens in coagulation, and indeed his belief is, "that no blood is really incoagulable out of the body till it decomposes." The diminished Sp. G. of the liquor sanguinis, evidently favours the subsidence of the red corpuscles, the ready formation of the buffy coat, and the increased thickness of this coat.

That is, from the length of time before coagulation, the red corpuscles sink by their greater specific gravity, and occupy the depending parts; and *when* the fibrine coagulates, it forms a polypus-looking mass above the mass of red corpuscles.

“In the majority of cases, the blood does not coagulate in the body for the first four hours since its rest has commenced. In many, it remains fluid for six or eight or more hours, and yet coagulates within a few minutes of its being let out of the vessels.”—*p.* 405.

What becomes of the serum? Again the same physiologist shall speak :

“I have never found clear serum, such as I could suppose to be separated from the blood in its coagulation, collecting in any part of the body after death. I suppose that it gravitates to the dependent parts of the body, and is there imbibed by the adjacent tissues, which are thus rendered moister and more œdematous than those in the upper or anterior parts. All that I have seen, leads me to think that in the very great majority of cases, all the blood remains fluid till the heart ceases to act—that then it gradually coagulates in the same manner in which it would out of the body, only much more slowly; that the colouring particles, descending more and more deeply in direct proportion to the time occupied in the coagulation, leave a certain portion of uncoloured fibrine above them; and that, just as happens in blood drawn from the body, the serum is in part separated during the coagulation of the fibrine, and in part squeezed out by the contraction of the clot. The clot, I suppose, is detained in the place in which it forms, either by its adhesion to the adjacent structures, or by being supported by the parts in which it is, as it were, modelled; and the serum, as it separates, flows down to the more depending portions of the body, and is there either retained in the vessels, or infiltrated into the adjacent porous tissues.”—*Ibid.* *p.* 405.

We are now approaching the most solemn event, to which we desire, without presumption, to apply the results of our physiological science. In the death of our blessed Lord we find, (1.) that the event was sudden; (2.) that, on the soldier piercing his side, “blood and water” flowed therefrom, that is, blood separated into its two parts by coagulation—the more solid and coloured part, which we call “blood,” and the clear serum, called “the water.” Both these circumstances call for explanation.

The explanations which have hitherto been considered



the most satisfactory, are those of the two Gruners and Richter. They will be found in the Fifth of Bishop Wiseman's Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. But they cannot be considered conclusive. The younger Gruner confesses it, by being obliged to suppose our Saviour *faintly alive* up to the time of the lance's stroke, else the "blood would not have flowed;"\* his father, again, is *anxious* to prove that "the words used by St. John to express the wound inflicted by the lance are often used to denote a mortal one," &c.; and Richter observes that "the abundant gush of the blood and water must be considered *preternatural*."† The water has been supposed to have been lymph from the pericardium, but the cause of its effusion into the pericardium has been omitted, and indeed no probable one exists. Vogler‡ supposes it to have been serum separated from the blood, but how came it separated so shortly after death? and, supposing it separated, how is it that it was found so situated as to follow the stroke of the soldier's spear? These are all objections which must occur to a physician; and satisfactory answers to them have not hitherto been given. Dr. Stroude has made many judicious and conclusive remarks on this subject in the fifth Note appended to his work, in proof, that is, of the unsatisfactoriness of the accounts hitherto proposed.

It is necessary to observe that, great as the physical sufferings of crucifixion were, the fact that the principal commentators, both ancient and modern, have looked for additional causes over and above these, to account for the rapidity of our Lord's death, proves, that they regarded these sufferings, by themselves, an insufficient cause.§ Dr. Stroude does not indeed give full weight to the aggra-

\* Bishop Wiseman's Lectures, vol. i. p. 271.

† Ibid. The works quoted by Bishop Wiseman, to which we have not immediate access, are "Caroli Frid. Gruneri, (i. e. Filii,) Commentatio Antiquaria Medica de J. C. morte vera non simulata." The work of the father, Christian Gruner, "Vindiciæ Mortis J. C. veræ," and "Georgii G. Richteri, Dissertationes quatuor Medicæ," Götting. 1775.

‡ Physiologia Historiæ Passionis. Helmst. 1693. Bishop Wiseman's Lectures, Ibid.

§ See Dr. Stroude, Chap. iii. and p. 47.

vating circumstances which augmented those sufferings in the crucifixion of our Lord: he seems to forget the *wanton* cruelty which he met with from the soldiers, and the brutal violence of the smiters, the spitting, the buffeting, the mocking and the crown of thorns, as well as the probability that Pilate, in his very wish to release him from *death*, sought to raise the people's pity by exaggerating the preliminary legal sufferings: he does not give its due weight in this respect to the preceding agony in the garden: nor to the history of the carriage of the cross: neither does he give their due weight to the Meditations of Saints, who have, by grace, penetrated deeper than the surface of the sacred narrative; nor to such living representations of the Passion of our Lord as are seen in the *Addolorata*.\* No doubt the mental anguish of our blessed Lord's human soul *far* exceeded any, the most excruciating, bodily tortures: yet these tortures *were* most excruciating. No doubt the most insignificant pain borne by our Lord for men, the smallest drop of his blood shed for us, had been enough for our redemption:

“Pie Pelicane Jesu Domine,  
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,  
Cujus una stilla salvum facere  
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere,”

are the words of St. Thomas, and express the consensus of the Doctors of the Church: but it was his will to suffer, and his motive was Love.

Neither was the cause, conjoined with the bodily sufferings which our Lord endured, simple *exhaustion*. Dr. Stroude errs in his description of the life of our Lord: he will not have “fasting and mortification” form a part of it,† nor that

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\* Dr. Stroude is a physician and a religious man. Is it not worth his while, for his soul's sake, to undertake a visit, (as has been done before now for a like purpose,) to this wonderfully privileged woman, and see so clear an evidence for the faith, which at present is not his? The church in which alone this promised continual gift of miracles remains, surely challenges his obedience. Some of the aggravating circumstances we have alluded to, will be found in *Medulla asceseos seu Exercitia S. Ignatii, à Bellecio*, p. 348; and in that wonderful little book of St. Alphonsus Liguori, “Jesus hath loved us,” Richardson, Derby, 1845.

† Dr. Stroude, p. 71.



“ His pale weak form,  
Was worn with many a watch  
Of sorrow and unrest,”

still it is Catholic truth that the human nature of our Lord was absolutely pure and perfect,\* and that there was nothing sickly, vitiated or imperfect in it: and it is no less true that the “Seven Last Words” indicate the full possession of the faculties of mind and body, as constituting His human nature, to the last moment of life.† The same is apparent from physiological considerations, though it seems abrupt to introduce them here: anything which renders contemporaneous the death of the body and the death of its component tissues, precludes the coagulation of the blood. The reason is plain: coagulation is an act of textural or molecular life; if the blood has lost this life contemporaneously with the cessation of the circulation, this effect of its life cannot take place. Now there are circumstances under which somatic and textural death happen simultaneously. 1st. When death is produced by a sudden shock, as, by lightning: in this case, the *whole vitality of the system is destroyed* at once: even external marks of violence, as being something *partial*, are not necessarily found; and the blood does not coagulate.‡ 2nd. in the case of death by exhaustion. The same cause exists here: the *whole vitality of the system is spent*, the vitality of the parts no less than of the system, somatic and textural death are synchronous; and again, the blood does not coagulate.§ 3rd. We might speak of the cases of necræmia, in which the whole system and the blood are simultaneously depraved, but it is enough to refer our readers to Dr. Williams, on the Principles of Medicine, p. 385, quoted by Dr. Carpenter, § 592.

It is clear then that to ascribe simple exhaustion to our blessed Lord, would render unintelligible the phenomenon of the effusion of the blood and water from his pierced side: and our difficulties are still unsatisfied.

But when physiological science presumes thus to approach the sacred body of our Lord, and ventures to speak

\* Dr. Stroude, p. 70.

† Ibid. p. 72.

‡ Dr. Stroude, p. 146, and Dr. Carpenter's Human Physiology, § 386.

§ Dr. Stroude, p. 148.

of the external facts which veiled the mysteries of redemption, in language which sounds technical and strange; let it not be forgotten that the effusion of "blood and water" is a mystery no less than a fact. St. John bears special testimony to this effusion,\* not only as the certain proof of our Saviour's death and as a testimony to His real humanity,† but as showing forth the mystery of the Church's origin, His spotless Spouse. The soldier with his spear "opened" the side of Jesus on the cross, and so "the door of life was opened wide and thereout gushed the Church's Sacraments, without which sacraments there is no entrance into life. The blood was shed for the remission of man's sins: water is mixed with wine in the chalice of salvation, and water is the laver of baptism. Here was indeed the door of the ark of Noah, and by this door all the creatures entered that were saved: that ark is the Church. Again, Eve was taken from the side of Adam as he slept, and her name signifies 'life,' and she is the mother of all living. So the second Adam, bowed his head and slept upon the cross, and from His side was formed His spouse, the antitype of Eve before Eve sinned."‡ Again, "Behold a mystery inscrutable is consummated: water came forth and blood; not by mere chance, not without a meaning, gushed these fountains forth, but as the well-springs of the Church. They, who have been initiated into the faith, know that it was hence that flowed, their regeneration by water, their nutrition by flesh and blood: hence sprang that two-fold mystery, and when thou approachest that admirable chalice, draw near as to the very side of Jesus, and drink therefrom."§

We have seen (1.) that the coagulation which produced the "blood and water," could not have taken place if the blood had continued *within its proper vessels* (the heart and arteries) within a smaller space of time than four hours, at the very lowest computation; whereas the interval between our Lord's death and the commencement of the Jewish sabbath at sunset and at the vernal equinox, was only three hours, and of these three hours not more

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\* St. John xix. 35.

† 1 St. John v. 7. Note, Douay Bible.

‡ St. August. Lection. vii. viii. in Fest. de Lanceâ et Clavis.

§ St. Chrysost. Lect. ix. in Commemorat. Passionis, D. N. J. C.



than two can be assigned\* before the blood and water were poured forth: even supposing the coagulation could have taken place, the “water” would have disappeared by infiltration into the dependent parts: (2.) we have seen that simple *exhaustion* would exclude the possibility of coagulation.

The blood therefore that flowed from the “opened” side of our blessed Lord, must have been (1.) *out of* its proper vessels, and besides, (2.) in a *situation* whence it might easily† flow through the wound, and follow the soldier’s lance.

With respect to the *situation*; the pericardium, the membranous bag with which the heart is invested, obviously satisfies this condition. Dr. Stroude’s remarks on this subject are as follows:—

“The wound was a stab to the heart. This agrees with the prediction of Zachariah quoted by St. John, ‘They shall look on him whom they pierced;’ for in this passage both the Hebrew and Greek terms signify a fatal wound, and in the Old Testament the meaning of the former is almost always that of stabbing to the heart, a practice familiar to the ancient Israelites, on which account mention is so often made in that portion of Scripture, of smiting *under the fifth rib*; so that the prediction might with perfect propriety have been rendered, ‘They shall look on him whom they pierced to the heart.’”—p. 128.

The probability that the position of the heart would be selected is confirmed by the intention of the blow, which was, at least in part, to insure the death of our Lord. Under God’s Providence the blow was permitted to supply demonstrative evidence that he was indeed dead.

With respect to the effusion of the blood *out of its proper vessels*, we must observe that the time required for coagulation under *such* circumstances, is more than comprised in the two hours’ interval, which can be assigned between our Lord’s death and the opening of his side. We quote Dr. Stroude’s authorities:—

“‘When blood,’ says Mr. Wilson, ‘passes in a free stream into

\* Dr. Stroude, p. 155. 406.

† Compare with this the observation of Bishop Wiseman in a note to his fifth Lecture, on the *size* of the wound in our Saviour’s side. The *freedom* with which the “blood and water” came forth, is an additional proof that the opening must have been considerable.

a basin, and is allowed to remain at rest, it begins to jelly or coagulate in three minutes and a half.....In blood taken from a healthy person, the coagulation is generally completed in seven minutes, and in twelve minutes, (although it will sometimes take a longer time,) the mass will be very firm. Soon after this, a transparent watery part will be perceived transuding through the pores of the coagulum, the coagulum at the same time contracting itself, leaving the sides of the basin but still preserving its original shape, &c..... Mr. Hewson and Mr. Hey of Leeds, prove that the coagulation and separation of the blood take place most readily when that fluid is kept in a temperature nearest to its standard heat, viz. 99°. The period at which concretion takes place, observes Mr. Thackrah, is commonly from three to eight minutes after the blood has been taken from the body. The subsequent effusion of serum is from one to three hours.”—p. 412.

Effusion into the pericardium may ensue from the rupture of a blood vessel, or some peculiar condition of the pericardial capillaries; but the few cases of this kind on record imply, as might have been expected, local debility or disease, which is incompatible with the perfection of the body of our Lord, and this cause therefore is inadmissible.\*

There remains one other alternative. The necessary conditions for rapid coagulation are supplied by supposing that the blood of our Lord had escaped into the pericardium; the temperature of His sacred body would contribute to the same effect,† and the situation would agree with the soldier’s stroke.

*Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem, My soul is sorrowful even unto death*, were the words uttered by Jesus in the garden of Gethsemani: his sorrow was enough to break his heart: Gethsemani was a prelude to Calvary; his sufferings in Gethsemani amazed his *soul*, “*Tristis est anima mea, My soul is sorrowful*;” it was overwhelmed with consternation and distress; and he withdrew from his disciples and fell on his face and prayed, “My Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me.” “In the days of his flesh,” says St. Paul, “with a strong cry and tears he offered up prayers and supplications to Him that was able to save him from death,” and, for the time, he *was* saved, “he was heard for his reve-

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\* Dr. Stroude, p. 153.

† Ibid. p. 154.



rence,"\* for "there appeared to him an angel from heaven strengthening him,"† "and encouraging him to suffer the more for the love of man and the glory of his Father."‡ Consternation and agony, such were the conflicting emotions which assailed our Saviour's human soul; the former *depressing*, the latter *energizing*; the former enfeebling the action of the heart, the latter making it act with vehemence, and forcing in so extreme a case a bloody sweat from the pores of his skin. It was when the angel came, that agony succeeded consternation; not till then did his sweat become as "clots of blood dropping to the ground." And fearful was the agony which in the chill night, when others needed a fire of coals to warm them, bathed our Saviour in a sweat of blood. But the agony for this time passed away, to be renewed with still more vehemence on Calvary.

And on Calvary his soul again was assailed, first with consternation, and then with agony; and not his soul alone, but his *body* now was racked with excruciating pain; and moreover, as the B. Virgin revealed to St. Bridget, when he saw his *mother*, he was more grieved for her than for himself.§ No angel was sent now; but, on the contrary, "The Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all." He, whose very essence was simple holiness, now suffered on the cross as though he had sinned, being "made a curse for us,"|| and calling the sins of man his own: "Far from my salvation are the words of *my* sins."¶ If, in the lower degree, in the garden of Gethsemani, the hour's agony of our Lord produced a bloody sweat: now that it lasted three whole hours, and the sun was darkened as in sympathy, we may well look for the natural issue of the agony arising from such aggravated suffering. For a time, for three hours, the divine sustained the human nature; at last, when all was accomplished, that aid was withdrawn, and nature was permitted to have its course: "Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?"—*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*—pro-

\* Hebr. v.

† St. Luke xxii.

‡ St. Alphonsus.

§ St. Alphons. *Jesus hath loved us*, Ch. 13.

|| Gal. iii. 13. "Non sine tropo," Justiniani.

¶ Ps. xxi. 2. See Justiniani in Epist. B. Pauli. in Galat. iii. 13.

claimed the crisis, the nearest approach to the pain of loss of which our Lord was capable, who was never more than in his abandonment the object of the Father's complacency; the heart of Jesus burst, and his blood, as of a victim, was poured forth; a few seconds more gave time for the two last words, "Consummatum est," "Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum," which announced the conflict over, and the restoration of the beatific vision which for a moment had been suspended:

"The soul that seemed  
Forsaken, feels her present God again,  
And in her Father's arms,  
Contented dies away."

The physical cause of the death of our blessed Lord was, therefore, we conclude, the agony or conflict between the desire of deliverance from the sense of the divine abandonment, and the desire of enduring it for our sake; and the natural result of that agony, namely, the rupture of his sacred heart.

We have seen that *other* accounts do not satisfy the Gospel narrative—we must show that the account we have just given from Dr. Stroude *does*.

1. It accounts for the *rapidity of the coagulation*: for the blood, while retained within the body, but not within its proper vessels and therefore no longer acted on by the coats which are natural to it, will coagulate in the same way as it does when drawn from the body into a basin; and the more rapidly in consequence of the sustained temperature.\*

2. It accounts for the *rapidity of our Saviour's death*. The rupture, probably of the *left* ventricle, opened a passage to the blood into the pericardium; the blood, there confined, stopped the circulation by compressing the heart from without, and induced almost instantaneous death:† yet not necessarily so instantaneous as not to afford time for the last words of our blessed Lord.‡

3. It accounts for the flow of the blood, separated into its "blood and water," from the wound of the spear in our

\* P. 88, proved by cases, p. 89, &c.

† See Dr. Stroude, p. 155, and Note v.

‡ Proved by cases, p. 126.



Lord's side—i. e., it satisfies the condition of *situation*.

4. It accounts for the *quantity* of blood and water, implied by St. John's narrative. In one case of instantaneous death from effusion of blood into the pericardium, from the rupture of a diseased aorta,\* "the pericardium contained about a quart of blood and water, or of blood separated, though indistinctly, into serum and crassamentum.† In another case the effusion amounted to five pints, and in another to three quarts.‡

A "broken heart" is not a mere metaphor. Its immediate cause§ is "a sudden and violent contraction of one of the ventricles—usually the left, (because the stronger, and therefore contracting more energetically ||) —on the column of blood thrown into it by a similar contraction of the corresponding auricle. Prevented from returning backwards by the intervening valve, and not finding a sufficient outlet forwards in the connected artery, the blood reacts against the ventricle itself, which is consequently torn open at the point of greatest distention, or least resistance, by the influence of its own reflected force." Among the causes of rupture of the heart, we find enumerated by Dr. Hope and Dr. Copeland: "Considerable efforts, paroxysms of passion, external violence, violent mental emotions, especially anger, fright, terror, unexpected disappointment, intelligence abruptly communicated, anxiety, sudden and violent muscular efforts, or prolonged physical exertions of any kind, particularly *in constrained positions*."¶ If this be so, was not the cause adequate to the effect in the final agony of our Lord? and if the consequences of that supposed effect alone satisfy the conditions of the Gospel narrative, may we not, with Dr. Stroude, regard *rupture of the heart*

\* We have excluded the possibility of the effusion of blood on the cross into the pericardium, proceeding from this or like causes, because aneurism or anything which includes *disease* is inadmissible.

† Dr. Stroude, p. 152.

‡ Ibid. and p. 408.

§ Ibid. p. 88.

|| Page 89. "It is only strong muscles which undergo rupture, from the energy of their own contraction." Dr. Hope.

¶ Ibid.

from mental agony, as the physical cause of the death of Christ?

We hope that we have done Dr. Stroude's argument justice with respect to the main subject of his work ; while we confess that there is much more in it worthy of consideration, but to which it was beside our purpose to refer.

We conclude with an evidence in favour of Dr. Stroude's view, quoted indeed by himself, but little valued by him.\* Catholics will be glad to read the following passage from the Revelations of St. Bridget. Our blessed Lady says :

“ When his death drew near, and his heart was *broken* (rumpe-retur) through the vehemence of his griefs, then trembling seized his limbs, and his head, after lifting itself a little began to bow. His mouth was seen open, and his tongue all bloody. His hands were drawn back a little from the nails that bored them, and the weight of his body rested more upon his feet. His fingers and arms some how stretched themselves, and his back was applied straitly to the cross. And some said to me, Mary, thy Son is dead ; and others, He is dead, but He will rise again. As they spake, there came one with a lance, and thrust it with such force into his side, that it well nigh passed right through even to the other side ; and when the spear was withdrawn, its point was red with blood. Then, when I saw the heart of my own dear Son so pierced, I felt my heart too, as it were, pierced through and through. Our Lord replies, ‘ Yes, when my heart was *broken* (rumpebatur) on the cross through vehemence of grief, thy heart was wounded at the sight as by the sharpest sword, and willingly wouldst thou have had it cleft in twain, had I but willed it so.’ ”

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ART. III.—*The Poetical Works of William Motherwell. With a Memoir*, by JAMES MACCONECHY, Esq., 8vo. Second Edition, Enlarged. Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, 1847.

**A**MONG the host of claimants for poetical reputation whom the literary vicissitudes of the last twenty years have raised up and cast down, the name of William Motherwell appears for a long time to have passed almost

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\* Dr. Stroude, p. 397.



without notice, and, far from having attained to early or extensive popularity, can hardly be said to have attracted in any marked degree the attention of the general public. Perhaps indeed, under all the circumstances, it would be hard to expect a different result, even had his merits been of a higher order. It is not easy for a purely local author to force his way through the exclusiveness of the great world of literature; and even had the opportunity offered, Motherwell does not appear to have possessed that stamp of character which would have enabled him to improve it permanently and efficiently. His poems originally appeared at intervals in local periodicals, almost all obscure, and many of them of brief and precarious existence, and the first collected edition was offered to the world without any of those indescribable, but well-understood, technical advantages which would have overcome the obstacles in the way of its success.

Nevertheless, in despite of all these disadvantages, the neglected poet has always had a circle of admirers, limited, perhaps, but constant and sincere; and it is pleasant to observe that his name has insensibly forced its way into notice. A new edition of his poetry has been called for at home; in America it has already been twice republished; and although we are far from adopting the exaggerated estimate of the author's merits formed by some of his admirers, yet we have no doubt that his poetry has at length come to be appreciated, and that he is destined to maintain a high and permanent place among the most respectable of the Minor English Poets. Although we fear the interest of the subject may appear in some degree almost antiquated, yet we are sure we need not offer any apology for devoting a few pages to a brief account of his life and writings.

The edition now before us is not a mere reprint of the volume published during the lifetime of the author. Besides the biographical memoir, (which, though it leaves much to be supplied in such a life as Motherwell's, yet contains a sufficiently interesting account of the most important facts of his history,) the volume comprises twenty additional pieces, some of them among the best in the entire collection. Most of these were found among the papers which the author left behind him; and the editor informs us that he has in his possession many other fragmentary poems, "in different stages of advancement, some

being more and some less finished," which he holds out a hope of publishing at some future time.

The life of Motherwell is marked by little of the romantic interest which usually attaches to the history of literary men. He was born in Glasgow, in the year 1797, of a family which would seem to have been anciently of some importance, though at the time of his birth it had fallen to the rank of middle life. He was educated at Edinburgh, partly under the care of an eminent English master named Lennie, who has communicated some interesting particulars regarding his youthful studies, partly also at the High School of that city, but chiefly at a grammar school in Paisley, where a branch of his family resided. From the testimony of one of his surviving school-mates, it would seem that his talents, even thus early, were highly appreciated; but, from the "small Latin and less Greek" which his after efforts display, it is natural to conclude that his application to school studies was limited and irregular. His school friend remembers, that "what Motherwell was most remarkable for was his gift of spinning long yarns about castles and robbers and strange out of the way adventures, with which, while his master imagined he was assisting his class-fellows in their lessons, he would entertain them for hours, day after day, like some of the famous story-tellers in the Arabian Nights, and these stories were retailed at second hand by his class-fellows to those who had not the privilege of hearing them from himself."\*

From all this it will readily be gathered that, as far as regards classic literature, Motherwell was an under-educated man. Later in life he attempted to remedy the defect of his early studies by entering the Greek and Latin classes in Glasgow College; but the effort does not appear to have been made with much earnestness or success. The want might in some degree have been supplied by assiduous cultivation of the modern languages; but, although he was himself painfully sensible of its existence, neither his tastes, nor perhaps his opportunities, led him to adopt these studies as a means of supplying the void. A still more remarkable trait in one of his peculiar temperament is the singular indifference, if not absolute disrelish, which he entertained, not alone in boyhood, but even in maturer

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\* *Memoir*, p. xix.



years, for historical reading. His attainments in this important branch of literature were at all times miserably slender; and the want is easily traceable in his poetry, which is singularly destitute of historical as well as classical allusions. Indeed, if he can be said to have cultivated literature as a study at all, his attention was confined almost exclusively to the imaginative departments; and the illustrations with which his poetry abounds will be found to have been drawn, for the most part, either from imagination, assisted by his own observation of the great book of nature, or from the rich treasure-house of the older poets of our own language.

Beyond these, and a few similar facts illustrative of his early habits of mind, the account of Motherwell's boyhood contains little that is in any way characteristic, with the exception of one incident, which is too remarkable to be overlooked, especially as it gave occasion to one of the most exquisite ballads in the whole range of Scottish poetry. We allude to the romantic and devoted attachment which he formed, almost in childhood, for one of his school-mates of his own age, and which, though the parties never met in after life, Motherwell appears to have carried with him to the grave. We are sure that there are few of our readers who have not heard or read the exquisitely simple but touching ode to "Jeannie Morrison," in which this tale of childish "true love" is immortalized. Though written, it is said, before the age of fourteen, it was not published till the last years of his life, when it was purchased by the proprietors of an Edinburgh Magazine for the paltry sum of thirty shillings. There is nothing in the most finished of Burns's ballads with which it will not bear an honourable comparison.

Soon after he was withdrawn from the grammar school of Paisley, he was placed in the office of the sheriff-clerk in that burgh. The following particulars of this portion of his life are derived from Mr. Sheriff Campbell.

"When I first knew William Motherwell, he was a very little boy in the Sheriff-clerk's office here. I had observed his talent for sketching figures of men in armour and otherwise, and amongst the rest one of myself, upon a blotter which I had occasion to use when sitting in the Sheriff-court. I gave him a few ancient documents to copy for me, and in place of an ordinary transcript, I received from him with surprise and satisfaction, a *fac-simile* so perfect, that except for the colour and texture of the paper, it would have been difficult

to distinguish it from the original manuscript. Finding him a smart and intelligent boy, I asked him to give me a statement in writing, of certain occurrences to which he had been a witness, at a period when the peace of the district was threatened. This account was not confined to facts, but was interspersed with observations and reflections of his own, of a nature so unexpected and curious, that I wished to preserve it; but I am sorry that in a search made for it some years ago, I was unable to find it. The notions of the boy, were then what would now be called *extremely* liberal. In process of time, however, his views changed, and I used to joke him on the ground that his conversion had been beaten into him by a party of lads, (radicals,) with whom he happened to get into conflict. On that occasion, he was thrown down and trampled upon in the street, and received injuries so severe, that his life was thought in imminent danger. This, I believe, was in 1818 or 1819, during a time of great political excitement. He was appointed to the office of Sheriff-clerk Depute in the county of Renfrew, under the late Robert Walkinshaw of Parkhouse, the principal clerk, in May 1819, and held that situation with credit till Nov. 1829.

"His talent for poetry was accompanied by a strong taste for the antique, and I cannot help thinking that the last may have had its origin in the copying the ancient document for me. While in office here, he contributed articles to the Paisley Advertiser, and ultimately became its Editor. He had also a chief hand in commencing and conducting a Paisley Monthly Magazine, which lived to attain the size of a good volume. It contained many contributions from his pen, besides a number of curious extracts from documents which his researches among the papers in the Sheriff-clerk's office brought to light. At a recent sale of the library of a deceased Paisley gentleman, this magazine though poorly bound, brought the respectable price of 22s. and 6d. His temperament was enthusiastic, kind, and convivial.....I had a great regard for him."—Memoir, pp. xxiv-vi.

The comparative leisure and independence of his new position enabled him to cultivate more successfully the tastes of which he had thus early given indication. He contributed some poetical pieces to a small work called the Visitor, which was published at Greenock; and in 1819 he himself edited, with an extremely interesting introductory Essay, (anonymously) a volume of local ballads, entitled *The Harp of Renfrewshire*. Some years later he ventured upon a publication in his own proper person, *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*; to which he prefixed a valuable historical introduction. It was about the same time also that he undertook the management of the Paisley Magazine, already referred to, which he conducted with the



assistance of a few friends during the year 1828, and to which he contributed some of his best pieces.

The same year, however, brought about a change in Motherwell's position which materially affected his later poetical labours. The good-humoured allusion made by Mr. Sheriff Campbell to the conversion effected in the poet's early political principles, will hardly have prepared the reader to find him suddenly assume the office of editor of a conservative journal, called the *Paisley Advertiser*; from which, in about two years, he was invited to undertake the management of the more important and influential *Glasgow Courier*. This office he retained above five years, till his death in 1835. It is hardly necessary to say that the drudgery and excitement of an editor's office assort but ill with the ordinary habits of mind which we are apt to regard as necessary for the successful cultivation of poetry; and the difficulty in Motherwell's case was increased by the stormy period at which he entered upon this occupation, so uncongenial to poetical pursuits, even under the most favourable circumstances. The discussions upon the Reform Bill were perhaps louder and more angry in Glasgow than in any other community in the empire; and it would have needed a less excitable temperament than his to have preserved itself unmoved amid the rude collisions of that fretted time. He appears to have entered unreservedly into the excitement of the party which he represented; and although we have no knowledge of the spirit and temper in which his journal was conducted, yet we would gather from the deprecatory and apologetic tone adopted by his biographer that it was far from being immaculate. Indeed, the very circumstance of his being enrolled a member of the Orange Society, with which he had no national or even strictly political sympathies, would seem to show that he must have been a decided and thorough-going partisan.

Under all these disadvantages however he contrived to steal a few hours for poetry, and he had a very considerable share in a publication entitled *The Day*, which was established at Glasgow in 1832. His contributions to it consisted not only of poetical pieces, but also of a series of humorous prose papers entitled, "Memoirs of a Paisley Bailie." It was in this year also that he collected into a volume all his poetry which had appeared in various publications, and published it under the title of "*Poems, Nar-*

*rative and Lyrical."* All these pieces are comprised in the volume before us.

His connexion with the Orange Society, is regarded by his biographer as the indirect cause of his premature and lamented death. During the sittings of the memorable Committee of Inquiry, in 1835, he was summoned to give evidence with reference to its working in Scotland, where he had been acting as one of the District Secretaries of the body. We shall permit his biographer to recount the melancholy sequel.

"Motherwell remained in London for about a week, and there can be no doubt that he exhibited great mental infirmity before the committee, in common speech he 'broke down.' That this did not result from any want of courage on his part, will be at once admitted by those who knew the man; but it is proper to remark, that in all such circumstances he was constitutionally 'unready' and slow of utterance. He not only required time to arrange his ideas and consolidate his thoughts on the most ordinary occasions, but he was habitually slow, and even confused, in the expression of them. No ordeal could therefore be more embarrassing to him than a formal examination before a body of sharp-witted men, whose pleasure it is not unfrequently to lay snares for an inexperienced witness; but besides this, I am convinced that on this particular point Motherwell was at fault as to knowledge—that he had never seriously enquired of himself, what Orangeism was or what object was to be gained by its propagation—and that consequently he must have failed when rigorously interrogated by an intelligent and authoritative tribunal about these matters. Let me further add in explanation of this melancholy occurrence, that it has been long my fixed impression, that he was labouring under the effect of the approaches of that insidious disease, (softening of the brain,) which destroyed him a few months afterwards; and those who remember the circumstances attendant upon his visit to the Metropolis, and the strange fancies which haunted him while there, will probably have no difficulty in accepting this apology, for what we may now call an involuntary weakness. The indications of this mental debility did not escape the observation of the gentlemen composing the committee, and Mr. Wallace of Kelly, at that time member for Greenock, with a kindness which was the more honourable to him, that Motherwell had frequently spoken of him in his editorial capacity with considerable severity, paid him marked attention; and perceiving how matters really stood, lost no time in getting his bewildered countryman shipped off to Scotland.

"On his return he resumed his old habits of life, and was to all outward appearance in perfect health. On Saturday, the 31st of October 1835, he dined and spent the evening in the house of a



gentleman in the suburbs of Glasgow. There was dancing, and it was observed that he bled freely at the nose, which was attributed to the heated state of the apartments. On going into the open air for a short time the bleeding stopped, and at half past ten he left his friend's house in the company of the late Mr. Robert McNish, (better known as the Modern Pythagorean,) and the late Mr. Philip Ramsay, and from these gentlemen he parted about eleven o'clock. At four o'clock of the morning of the first of November, he was suddenly struck while in bed with a shock of apoplexy, which almost instantly deprived him of consciousness. He had simply time to exclaim, 'my head! my head!' when he fell back on the pillow and never spoke more.

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"He expired gently and without suffering at eight o'clock, thus closing a life of incessant labour and of some anxiety, not unmingled with enjoyment, at the early age of thirty-seven."—*Memoir*, pp. xlviii.

From this brief, and, in many respects, painful, outline of the Life of Motherwell, we gladly turn to his poetry.

The collection consists exclusively of short pieces, the longest scarcely exceeding a dozen pages; and indeed it is not difficult to see that the writer's forte lies in that simple tenderness and exquisite polish which form the great requirements of narrative and lyrical poetry, rather than in the sustained energy and passion which are essential to a lengthened poem. The few heroic pieces which Motherwell has left—as the Norse ballads of "The Battle-flag of Sigurd," "The Wooing Song of Jarl Skallagrim," and "The Sword-chant of Thorstein Raudi," or the Turkish ballad, "Ouglou's Onslaught," though they possess very great merit, and would, in themselves, establish the reputation of the author, yet will never bear comparison with those minor poems which form the staple of the volume, and to which the writer appears to have devoted his heart as well as his imagination. Of these there is not one so thoroughly characteristic as the well-known piece to which we have already alluded, "Jeanie Morrison;" but we shall select another, which is in the same Scottish dialect and the same simple measure, and which if it be less finished than the ode to his boyish love, has at least the advantage of being less familiarly known. It tells its own sad story.

“ My heid is like to rend, Willie,  
My heart is like to break—  
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,  
I'm dyin' for your sake!  
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,  
Your hand on my brierst-bane—  
Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,  
When I am deid and gane !

“ It's vain to comfort me, Willie,  
Sair grief maun hae its will—  
But let me rest upon your brierst,  
To sab and greet my fill.  
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,  
Let me shed by your hair,  
And look unto the face, Willie,  
I never sall see mair !

“ I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
For the last time in my life !  
A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,  
A mither, yet nae wife.  
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,  
And press it mair and mair !  
Or it will burst the silken twine  
Sae strang is its despair.

“ Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,  
When we thegither met—  
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,  
That our first tryst was set !  
Oh wae's me for the loanin green,  
When we were wont to gae—  
And wae's me for the destinie,  
That gart me luvè thee sae !

“ Oh dinna mind my words, Willie,  
I downa seek to blame—  
But oh ! it's hard to live, Willie,  
And dree a warld's shame !  
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,  
And hailin' ower your chin ;  
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
For sorrow and for sin !

“ I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,  
And sick wi' a' I see—



I canna live as I hae lived,  
 Or be as I should be.  
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,  
 The heart that still is thine—  
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,  
 Ye said was red langsyne.

“A stoun’ gae’s through my heid, Willie,  
 A sair stoun’ through my heart—  
 Oh ! haud me up and let me kiss,  
 Thy brow ere we twa part.  
 Anither, and anither yet!—  
 How fast my life strings break !  
 Farewell ! farewell ! through yon kirk yaird,  
 Step lichtly for my sake !

“The lav’rock in the lift, Willie,  
 That lilts far ower our heid,  
 Will sing the morn as merrilie,  
 Abune the clay cauld deid ;  
 And this green turf we’re sittin’ on,  
 Wi dew draps shimmerin sheen,  
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee,  
 As warld has seldom seen.

“But oh ! remember me, Willie,  
 On land where’er ye be—  
 And oh ! think on the leal, leal heart,  
 That ne’er luvit ane but thee !  
 And oh ! think on the cauld, cauld mools,  
 That fill my yellow hair—  
 That kiss the cheek and kiss the chin,  
 Ye never sall kiss mair !”—pp. 30-33.

Very different in character are the following slight but graceful and expressive lines. We have seldom seen a greater profusion of illustrations crowded into a brief space, each preserving its own individuality, and none repeating the idea presented by any of those which had gone before.

“What is Glory ? What is Fame ?  
 The echo of a long lost name ;  
 A breath—an idle hour’s brief talk,  
 The shadow of an arrant nought ;  
 A flower that blossoms for a day,  
     Dying next morrow ;

A stream that hurries on its way,  
     Singing of sorrow ;—  
 The last drop of a bootless shower,  
 Shed on a sear and leafless bower ;  
 A rose stuck in a dead man's breast—  
 This is the World's fame at the best !

“ What is Fame ? and What is glory ?  
 A dream—a jester's lying story,  
 To tickle fools withal, or be  
 A theme for second infancy ;  
 A joke scrawled on an epitaph,  
 A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh ;  
 A visioning that tempts the eye,  
 But mocks the touch—nonentity ;  
 A rainbow, substanceless as bright,  
     Flitting for ever,  
 O'er hill-top to more distant height,  
     Nearing us never ;  
 A bubble, blown by fond conceit,  
 In very sooth itself to cheat ;  
 The witch-fire of a frenzied brain,  
 A fortune, that to lose were gain ;  
 A word of praise, perchance of blame,  
 The wreck of a time-banded name—  
 Ay, *this* is Glory ! *this* is Fame ! ”—pp. 97-8.

Among the curiosities of the volume are a few imitations of the antique ballad, in which it is attempted to copy not only the quaintness and simplicity of sentiment, but also the peculiarity of structure and orthography which characterizes the original. Two of them especially, “ Elfinland Wud,” and “ Lord Archibald,” possess very great merit, independently of the interest which belongs to them as imitations ; and indeed we question whether they do not lose in effect by the affectation of antiquity, which, however skilfully it is disguised, cannot fail to distract the mind from the subject. Not so with the following lines to the poet's native stream. They are nature and simplicity itself.

“ Sweet Earlsburn, blythe Earlsburn,  
     Mine own, my native stream,  
 My heart grows young again, while thus  
     On thy green banks I dream.  
 Yes, dream !—in sooth I can no more,  
     For as thy murmurs roll,



They wake the ancient melodies,  
That stirred my infant soul.

"I've told thee one by one the thoughts—  
Strange shapeless forms were they—  
That hung around me fearfully,  
In childhood's dreamy day.  
And still thy mystic music spake,  
Dimly articulate,  
Yielding meet answer to the dreams,  
That shadowed forth my fate.

"I've wept by thee a sorrowing child,  
I've sported mad with glee,  
And still thou wert the only one,  
That seemed to care for me ;  
For in whatever mood I came,  
To wander by thy brim,  
Thy murmurs were most musical,  
Soul-soothing as a hymn.

"I've wandered far in other lands,  
And mixed with stranger men,  
But still my heart untravelled sought,  
Repose within thy glen.  
The pictures of my memory,  
Were fresh as they were limned,  
Nor change of scene nor lapse of years,  
Their lustre ever dimmed."—pp. 247-8.

It is not always, however, that he writes in so cheerful a mood as this. On the contrary, the prevailing expression of his poetry is despondence and melancholy. The following singularly touching lines were found among the papers which he left behind. They bear a strange resemblance, not alone in the general sentiment, but even in the lesser details, to a similar fragment of our own Gerald Griffin, discovered among his papers after his death. We must be permitted to transcribe this piece without curtailment; for it is especially interesting to us, as being the first scrap of Motherwell's poetry with which, several years since, we became acquainted, and that to which we are indebted for the pleasure which we have since drawn from his poetry.

- “ When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,  
    Life's fever o'er,  
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping,  
    That I'm no more ?  
Will there be any heart still memory keeping,  
    Of heretofore ?
- “ When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,  
    Like full hearts break,  
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,  
    Sad music make ;  
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing,  
    Mourn for my sake ?
- “ When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,  
    With purest ray,  
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,  
    Burst through that clay ;  
Will there be one still on that spot repining  
    Lost hopes, all day ?
- “ When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping—  
    Of her dark pall,  
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping —  
    The great and small ;—  
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping  
    For me—for all ?
- “ When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,  
    On that low mound ;  
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary,  
    Its liveness crowned ;  
Will there be then one versed in misery's story,  
    Pacing it round ?
- “ It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow  
    To ask such meed,  
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow  
    From hearts that bleed,  
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow  
    Shall never need.
- “ Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,  
    Thou gentle heart ;  
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,  
    Let no tear start ;  
It were in vain—for Time hath long been knelling,  
    ‘ Sad one, depart ! ’ ”—pp. 212, 213.



At times his melancholy is not so spiritless and unhoping. There is a more healthful tone in the sadness which runs through the following piece, which we cannot prevail upon ourselves to omit, not only because we regard it as possessed of great merit, but because it illustrates very remarkably some of the most striking points in the author's character.

“I am not sad, though sadness seem  
At times to cloud my brow ;  
I cherished once a foolish dream,  
Thank heaven, 'tis not so now.  
Truth's sunshine broke,  
And I awoke,  
To feel 'twas right to bow  
To fate's decree, and this my doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

“I grieve not, though a tear may fill  
This glazed and vacant eye ;  
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,  
But soon again they die ;  
An idle gush,  
And all is hush,  
The fount is soon run dry ;  
And cheerly now I meet my doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

“I am not mad, although I see  
Things of no better mould  
Than I myself am, greedily  
In fame's bright page enrolled.  
That they may tell  
The story well,  
What shines may not be gold.  
No, no ! content I court my doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

“The luck is theirs—the loss is mine,  
And yet no loss at all ;  
The mighty ones of eldest time,  
I ask where they did fall ?  
Tell me the one  
Whoe'er could shun  
Touch with oblivion's pall ?  
All bear with me an equal doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

“ Brave temple and huge pyramid,  
Hill sepulchred by art,  
The barrow acre-vast, where hid,  
Moulders some Nimrod's heart ;  
    Each monstrous birth  
    Cumbers old earth,  
But acts a voiceless part,  
Resolving all to mine own doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

“ Tradition, with her palsied hand,  
And purblind history, may  
Grove and guess well that in this land,  
Some great one lived his day ;  
    And what is this,  
    Blind hit or miss,  
But labour thrown away,  
For counterparts to mine own doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb !

“ I do not peak and pine away,  
Lo ! this deep bowl I quaff,  
If sigh I do, you still must say,  
It sounds more like a laugh ;  
    'Tis not too late  
    To separate  
The good seed from the bad,  
And scoff at those who scorn my doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

“ I spend no sigh, I shed no tear,  
Though life's first dream is gone,  
And its bright picturings now appear,  
Cold images of stone ;  
    I've learned to see  
    The vanity  
Of lusting to be known,  
And gladly hail my changeless doom,  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.”—pp. 107-110.

These specimens must suffice to enable the reader to form a judgment of the general merits of Motherwell's poetry. We could have wished to extract a few stanzas from the Northern Battle-songs, to which we have already referred, and from another piece of very dissimilar character, but perhaps of still greater power, “ The Madman's

Love.” But for these and many other most interesting pieces we must refer to the volume itself.

The passages which we have selected will be found to possess many points of resemblance with the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. Indeed, there are some of Motherwell’s odes and ballads which, if printed in the same collection with her poetry, would bear all the internal marks of authenticity. In those gifts which are commonly regarded as the source of great poetical power—the capacity of representing strong passion, especially of the darker kind—or of sustaining through a lengthened and connected poem the individualities of a character or the consistencies of a plot, both must be regarded as notably deficient. But in those pleasing qualities which lend to poetry so much of its attraction—simple and unstudied pathos, a thorough mastery of the language and the sentiment of the affections, a vivid though chaste and natural imagination, and a perfect command of all the niceties of poetic language and all the varieties of poetic rhythm—in these and a thousand other nameless perfections, their works present a most striking similarity, and (if we allow for the peculiarities induced in each by national associations, and for the naturally less masculine tone of the female mind) we might almost say, identity, of style and of character.

It is hardly necessary in conclusion to express our anxious hope that the success of the present volume may be such as speedily to induce the editor to prepare for publication the whole, or at least a selection, of the poems which yet remain in manuscript.

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ART. IV.—*Supplement to the Penny Cyclopædia* (Article, “Tables”).  
London: 1846.

WE suppose it will hardly be disputed, that to speak the opinion of mankind, we must say that of all disgusting drudgery, numerical calculation is the worst: a combination of all the worry of activity with all the tediousness of monotony and all the fear of failure. That there should



be some who are fond of it, is evidently in the fitness of things: for *de gustibus non est disputandum* must be and ought to be a rule of quiet life; and to secure it, the most extreme cases should be capable of citation. But that this most misguided minority should be excessively small, and always has been, and always will be, is what will be held incontrovertible. Nevertheless, seeing that calculation is one of the active wants of life, that some of it is necessary to all, and that it is the soul of commerce, and one of the great helps of every kind of administration, many who are as averse to its practice as the very soundest of the majority could wish, may be interested in some cursory remarks on the steps by which mankind have, in these later ages, attempted to supply their deficiencies and avoid their antipathy at one and the same time.

It may also be a question whether, as ideas connected with number are more and better instilled into us in early youth, we are not, without knowing it, gradually advancing; though the phrases by which each age expresses its disgust at more than it can easily do, remain the same. The Homeric chief, who had no easier way of saying that the Greeks were more than ten times as numerous as the Trojans except a declaration that if one Trojan were to serve wine to each decad of Greeks, many decads would want a wine-bearer,—would probably have found it no very easy thing to count his clan or his prisoners. But the children among us can run up and down the scale of numbers, and can command a varied phraseology on the subject of absolute and relative magnitude, which would have made Ulysses himself pause and rub his forehead. Nor have differences of race and country shown less marked effects than those of time. While Archimedes was writing a book, merely to show that it was possible to carry expression of ideas so far as to imagine and write down the number of grains of sand which would fill what was then supposed to be the universe, the Brahmins were teaching a popular mythology which made use of such numbers, and described the existence of the gods in terms of them. A London stock-broker of our day has often a power of mental calculation which would have appeared little short of miraculous to the splendid Italian merchants who first in Europe made use of the Indian notation. A child of the nineteenth century would smile at Oughtred, one of the great promoters of algebra in Eng-

land, and the inventor of the sliding rule, when he found 18 times  $17+15$  by first finding 18 times 17, then 18 times 15, and afterwards putting the two together. Since great progress is possible and is actually being made, we may look forward to the period when our best computers will be the object of a similar comparison.

If we might venture to predict, we should say that a change such as none but a sanguine mind can now contemplate as possible, will be wrought by the introduction of a decimal coinage, and a decimal system of weights and measures: the first alone would be sufficient, since most calculations are made in terms of money. At present the future man of business is soon taken from the great processes connected with abstract numbers, to employ himself upon the subdivisions of our monetary system, in which his previous acquirements are but of secondary use. It is not to the point to urge upon the public the superiority of the race of calculators which would arise under a plan in which, from beginning to end, operations of arithmetic would be simple and uniform: the public would not understand it. When other modes of reasoning have convinced them that it would be for their benefit to make the change, they will then learn to find out that they have several advantages which they did not count upon into the bargain. In the meanwhile, all that calls attention to the subject of calculation in general, and brings people to think of it as a matter to be amended, is a step towards another order of things.

It would seem as if from time to time, persons have arisen with an extraordinary power of calculation, just to prove that humanity is capable of much more than is in its present state. And it is, we believe, indisputable, that in no one instance has extraordinary power of calculation been allied to or followed by, anything like aberration of, or morbid deficiency in, the other parts of intellect. The love of computation has sometimes been a ruling passion, but we have never met with an instance in which it has led to, or even been said to have led to, any more than the mildest form of the usual effects of ruling passions. In the three remarkable instances of the last century and of the Saxon race, in which individuals were publicly exhibited and gave the most surprising proofs of mental power in arithmetic, the subsequent lives of those individuals were (in two cases are) unmarked by any want of proper balance



of mind. An active and intelligent civil engineer in this country, and a plain teacher of religion in the United States, can bear testimony to an excessive, and apparently morbid, early power of calculation being no hindrance, but the contrary, in the pursuits of life. On the other hand, we have had many opportunities of seeing and reading of the good effects of computation *as a discipline*, independent of mathematics, from which it is perfectly distinct. A restless and unsettled habit of mind, apt to diverge from the point under consideration, has often been mended or cured by a methodical application to mere routine of arithmetic. Diversion from unpleasant thoughts, when desirable, can by many be more easily obtained by turning the attention to numbers than in any other way. But this resource fails at last, for after sufficient practice, most persons would be able to calculate and to think of other things at the same time.

At the time of the invention of printing, the sole help of the computer was the abacus, or board on which he made counters help his memory. The places of public resort were provided with them; and the *Chequers* as the sign of a public-house, still reminds us of the table on which the worthies of the town settled their accounts by the unerring process of absolute counting; the *ipsa corpora* of the coins they were to exchange being represented by bits of wood. Whether our community is much entitled to smile at their ancestry, considering the coarse and rude processes to which so many of themselves are obliged to have recourse, is more than we can undertake to settle in the affirmative. We have seen men of business multiply by ten by making the multiplications of each figure, the carriages, &c., instead of annexing a cipher to the multiplicand. We know that there are many who have no multiplication table except actual addition *pro re natâ*, and men too who make a respectable show in business. And the great majority of those who can work a question dare not diverge in the slightest degree from their routine: they have no command of the principles which will give certain reliance upon the truth of the result in instances which present a short way of working. A great many can only master half the multiplication table: they remember 8 times 5, by first suggesting to themselves that it is 5 times 8, and then, and not before, they can remember 40. All who know how much the ordinary power of computation de-



pend upon routine, are suspicious, and perhaps justly, of departure from it. They do not see, when they observe such a thing, how they are to know that the party is qualified to leave the guide which so many want. A person was once employed (we have heard the story told as a known truth) to select a trustworthy arithmetical clerk for a friend. To every candidate who applied, the referee put but one question, "How many do two and three make?" Some answered *five*, some, *five, of course*: and all the reply each such respondent got was, "Sir, I am obliged to you, and if I want to see more of you, you shall hear from me." At last came one who, when the usual question was put, answered, "Wait a minute, Sir," pulled out pencil and paper, and, within the time bargained for, presented the following, with "You will see, Sir, that it is five."

$$\begin{array}{r}
 2 \\
 3 \\
 \hline
 \text{Total, } 5. \\
 \hline\hline
 \end{array}$$

"You are the man for me!" said the referee. Without going absolutely this length, we should rather rely, in the present state of things, upon a scrupulous follower of routine, than upon one who followed his own plan of the moment, unless we knew him well.

The chequered board and the counters gave that security to the correctness of the result which the *tallies* afforded as a record of it. The famous bits of wood which spitefully burned down the Houses of Lords and Commons when they were dismissed from existence, were not actually used in computation, but were made to serve the purpose of a written cheque and the counterpart which remains in the book after it is torn out. When the wood had been split in various ways across the breadth, in a manner agreed upon, to denote a sum of money, the whole was split into two down the length, each giving a record to which it was impossible to forge the other piece, or to alter it without detection.

The next attempt to introduce mechanical calculation was the celebrated one of Napier, in his *bones* or *rods* as they were called: the description of which is to be found in most arithmetical works of the seventeenth century.

Granting the multiplication to be an insuperable difficulty, which it was at the time to the greater number: and also that extensive questions of ordinary multiplication are very common, which our subdivision of weights, measures, and money prevents—it may then be said that *Napier's rods* would still be useful. But the truth is, that an ordinary computer of our day, with his command over the products of two digits, would be at the end of his work almost before the follower of Napier had arranged his rods in their places.

It is a very remarkable thing that the English, whose position among numerical computers was respectable from the first, and who after the decline of the Italian Republics, produced by far the most extensive systems of commercial arithmetic, were, of all, the people among whom most attempts were made to substitute “instrumental tricks and practices,” as Oughtred calls them, for computation by pen and paper. We might fill an article with accounts of the attempts which were made to supersede the rules of arithmetic, particularly in astronomical computations. But it would be little to our present purpose to dwell upon more than the contrivance which has lasted, and will last—the *sliding rule*.

A French work which describes this instrument, assures its readers that it is in such repute in England, that boys are taught the use of it with their alphabet. But the fact is, that few enough among us are aware of its existence, though most may remember, when reminded of it, that they have seen carpenters' rules with a good many figures on them, and a brass slide also with figures on it. We should be well pleased if the French writer's assertion were true: for the instrument is capable of many uses, and is easily learnt by those who have any real knowledge of decimal notation. But here again is one of the disadvantages attending our present cumbrous system of money, &c. It is very difficult to make a sliding rule useful enough to those who have no frequent occasion to depart from money questions. If these last were decimal, it might with advantage be almost always in the hands of all who have any multiplication calculations; particularly when interest, under any name, is concerned. To give an idea of what might be done, we take a little ruler of eight inches long, and ask what is the interest for 239 days when that for a year is £178. By setting 239 on the slide oppo-



site to 365 on the ruler, we find  $116\frac{3}{4}$  on the slide opposite to 178 on the ruler, the answer is £116. 11s. Thus we have the answer in round numbers, almost by inspection. Now it is precisely the characteristic of the ordinary arithmetician that he dares not attempt an answer in round numbers, by any of those modes which give the shortest approach. When £116 will do, he cannot neglect the pence, even to take care of the pounds. A sliding rule, to keep watch upon the leading figures, would even now be most valuable: when the decimal system is introduced, it will be one of those luxuries which use soon converts into necessities.

Many carpenters, many engineers, and all excisemen, are aware of the enormous power which this little apparatus puts into the hands of those who will take the pains to learn its use. To the navigator a ruler without slide, compasses supplying its place, has long been deemed almost an essential, in the royal navy at least. Like all other things of the kind, it is capable of any degree of enlargement in parts, in such manner that portability shall be retained by sacrificing the parts which are not so much wanted. A broker on the stock exchange, for example, deals much with multiplicands from 80 to 120, and multipliers from 3 to 6; all manner of fractions included. It might easily be managed that the whole length of the ruler and slide should be devoted to the parts of the numerical scale in which he is most concerned to calculate.

In speaking, however, of the sliding rule, we are upon a subject the capabilities of which have hardly received a thought, and in which the most extensive improvements can be readily suggested: not indeed as to the principle, but as to the invention of modes of application. The aid of which the world has availed itself to some purpose, is the construction and use of *tables*.

An arithmetical table may be one of two species: the first, merely an exhibition of results, for the sake of those results; the second, an instrument, the parts of which are intended for use, and are of no especial value for their own sakes. The principle of the first is readily understood: any body can see that, when he wants to know the price of 13 at 1s.  $7\frac{3}{4}d.$  a-piece, it is convenient to look in a book (wrongly called a *ready reckoner*, more properly a *reckoning ready*), and in a certain line of a certain page to find



£1 1 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ . The second sort—under which are comprehended tables of logarithms, of trigonometry, and, for most of their uses, of compound interest—require skill, and are therefore of little use to the world at large.

But many other divisions of tables might be made. There are those which have been created by the demand for them, and are such as might have suggested themselves as wanted. Such are extended tables of multiplication for common calculators, and of prime numbers (or such as consist of no equal parts but units) for mathematicians. On the other hand are those which are the obvious fancy of some devoted calculator, whose imagination was struck by the novelty of some process, or the necessity of facilitating some species of computation, to which few except himself had ever attended. Of the latter species we may describe an instance, which will show the curious in numbers how a man may sometimes pass his life in their pursuit without exciting their attention, or, directly or indirectly, asking their opinion.

The late Mr. Goodwyn of Blackheath—of whom we know nothing but his name, his residence, his works, and the immensity of the pile of manuscript calculations which was bought by the Royal Society at a sale—was one of those men of whose deaths may be remarked, as in the case of Euler, that they “cease to calculate and to live.” It very frequently happens that such men do not attend to any particular application of computation: they cannot endure to be called off by the intervals in which it is to be settled what is to be done, and how. But they bend their minds to some enormous task of pure numeration, and persevere until it is time to begin another—that is, until the first is done. So it was with Mr. Goodwyn, whose peculiar passion it was to investigate the connection between the common and the decimal fraction. He contemplated writing down every fraction less than half a unit (from which the others are easily obtained) the denominator of which does not exceed one thousand, arranging these in order of magnitude, and writing opposite to them the corresponding decimals to eight places. This task involved the formation of more than *one hundred and fifty thousand* divisions; and we believe he completed it. He published the fifth part of it; including all fractions from one thousandth to one hundredth of a unit. He helped himself by a theorem which, as far as we know, he must

have discovered, and which would have been gladly claimed by any writer on the theory of numbers. It is this: that, if all the fractions having a denominator less than a given one be written down in order of magnitude, each one, or an equivalent, can be formed by adding the numerators of the two adjacent for a numerator, and their denominators for a denominator. Thus, if the three following be written down,

$$\frac{38}{639} \qquad \frac{27}{454} \qquad \frac{43}{723}$$

it will be found that no fraction having a denominator less than 1000 can be so near to the middle one, on one side and on the other, as that on either side. And the denominators of the extremes added together, and also the numerators, give a fraction equal to the mean. But his labours did not end here. Every schoolboy knows (that is, most grown men have forgotten) that the decimal fractions answering to ordinary ones are generally, with certain exceptions, interminable in their figures, with the same periods of figures recurring again and again, *ad infinitum*. To help the reader of his first work, Mr. Goodwyn published another, showing, for every fraction with an odd denominator, not divisible by 5, and less than 1024, all the periods of figures which can possibly occur. If any reader should desire to see a number of 982 consecutive figures, which, being multiplied by any number under 982, will give a product which can be made from the multiplicand by cutting off some figures from the beginning and writing them in their order at the end, he may gratify his curiosity by consulting this work. But, perhaps, he may be satisfied by seeing the same thing on a smaller scale, and accordingly he may try whether 142857 has not this property for any multiplier under 7: as in

$$\begin{array}{r} 142857 \\ 285714 \\ 428571 \end{array} \qquad \begin{array}{r} 571428 \\ 714285 \\ 857142 \end{array}$$

Such flowers as these strew the path of the *numerist* (to revive an old word) thickly enough; and to the curiosity they excite, and the peculiarity of their character, may be attributed the good reason which there has always been for the assertion of Legendre, that the theory of numbers



becomes a passion with those who give themselves at all to it.

Indeed, if we may digress still further, we may say that, of all branches of mathematics, the study of the properties of integer numbers shows in its results the most mysterious and most unaccountable things which the science affords. In the whole doctrine of continuous magnitude, the truths which are much connected in species are generally of similar demonstration, and present a chain of theorems, each of which, for the most part, becomes more likely than not, as soon as its predecessor is proved. But, in the theory of numbers, everything is reversed. The most complicated demonstrations belong to the simplest theorems: the propositions which seem most closely related, are obtained by trains of investigation the most remote from one another. The consequences which arrive casually in the course of such trains are such as the final conclusion appears to have nothing to do with; and the hypotheses on which conclusions are founded have nothing of the character of sufficient reason. In most branches of mathematics, the great thing is to know *what* is to be proved: when that is once found, hundreds can demonstrate, not one of whom could have discovered. Hence a person who announces a truth is not held to be one bit the less the originator because he does not demonstrate. But in the theory of numbers the thing is reversed. All who will closely examine, are sure to find something which will bid defiance to most attempts to demonstrate it. Fermat has left theorems which, though unquestionably true, remain unproved after the lapse of two centuries; John Wilson, a king's counsel, announced a result which Waring gave up in despair of showing it to be a necessary truth. In fact, the theory of numbers is a host of anomalies: a kaleidoscope, in which every figure is symmetrical, and it is impossible to stumble upon anything but what is beautiful: while, at the same time, the connection between each one and the next appears to be due to what, from not seeing the law, we call chance. It is no wonder, then, that this peculiar and isolated branch of inquiry should attract and isolate peculiar minds: and a person who, having a general turn for mathematical investigation, and a general intention to pursue the subject in its different parts, should beware of this particular study until he has entered largely into other branches.



To take an instance which may give the arithmetical reader a better notion of what we mean. All odd numbers can be composed of three, or fewer, *square* numbers (1, 4, 9, 16, &c.), except those which divided by 8 leave a remainder 7; and these require four. Thus, 9 is a square; 11 is 9, 1, 1; 13 is 9, 4, 1; but 15 is 9, 4, 1, 1: again, 33 is 25, 4, 4; 35 is 25, 9, 1; 37 is 36, 1; but 39 is 36, 1, 1, 1: and so on. Here is a rule with a condition of exception; but, though the truth of the exception can be demonstrated, there is nothing in the condition which seems to apply to the circumstances. In other branches of mathematics, the *proof* of a proposition has such a resemblance to the *reason why* it is true, that the two phrases have been used as synonymous: but in the case before us there is nothing of the kind.

The time may come when the light of the higher parts of mathematics will be brought to bear upon this separated subject; and, when that time does come, we venture to predict that the mere science of calculation, in its higher parts, will receive accessions of strength which will make computation a new thing. But we now proceed to the rest of our subject, namely, the consideration of mathematical tables.

The energies of the sixteenth century were turned almost entirely upon trigonometrical tables; with the help of two geniuses of the first order, the one in numerical matters alone, the other in every branch of mathematics—George Joachim of Rhétia, called Rheticus, and Francis Vieta. The lives of these two men would be a choice subject for a writer of historical parallels: except in being contemporaries and publishing trigonometrical tables, they are perfect contrasts. Vieta was a great officer of state, of most zealous orthodoxy; Rheticus was a poor teacher and (afterwards) physician, who made an early appearance in the Index as a colleague and follower of Luther, and a friend and backer of Copernicus. Of the works of Vieta, his tables were best known during his life, and the rest after his death: it was precisely the reverse with Rheticus. The former had mathematical invention of the highest order, with which he materially lightened the labour of computation: the latter made sheer hard work supply the deficiencies of the methods which he could command or discover.

We do not now pay due homage to the contempt of toil and the perseverance in monotonous exertion which dis-

tinguished the calculators of the sixteenth century. We do not even remember what their difficulties were. And there is one, the very mention of which will excite a smile; but of which we may say that, by placing a modern calculator in similar circumstances, we should nearly paralyze his energies. We refer to the dearness and scarcity of paper. Little of this precious article will serve to write down much result of thought: but what is a computer to do without a full supply?

All persons know that the price of paper has been very much reduced in the last thirty years: insomuch that many men of our day cannot refrain from what was sound economy when they were boys, but is now niggardly parsimony. For ourselves, we confess that we consecrate no new and clean sheet to memoranda or incidental calculation. And when, in conversation with friends, we desire to be furnished with "a scrap of old paper," on which to illustrate what we may be speaking of, our inmost moral sense is shocked by the profligate manner in which a large quire of thick and shining foolscap, or even of gilt-edged letter-paper, is tossed towards us, and the indifference with which our earnest remonstrances are received. All this comes of the reduction in price; and we are thereby even farther removed than our fathers were from the power of appreciating the shifts to which *their* fathers were put. We have seen the letters written to Abraham Sharp, a splendid calculator of the beginning of the last century, with every atom of blank space crowded with the smallest possible figures. The fly-leaves of old books are similarly occupied. And, though the paper of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did very well to print on, it was very indifferent for the purpose of writing, and must have required something wholly unlike our fluid ink. Thus were generated habits both of cramped and slow writing—the two of all others most unfavourable to a computer. If we look at the enormous *Opus Palatinum* of Rheticus, and consider the probable quality and quantity of the paper and ink which his means afforded, and then compare his resources in this respect with those of the commonest artisan in our day, we shall see reason to think that a good per-centage ought to be added to the merit of the work on this one account alone.

The enormous improvements introduced by the pair whom we have mentioned into the trigonometrical tables, both in



form and extent, had hardly had time to become known, when the admirable invention of logarithms turned the energies of the men of numerals in quite another direction. We have so few details on the degree of assistance in the drudgery which was at the command of Napier and Briggs, that we have much reason to regret the want of a special historical account, such as would certainly have appeared if scientific transactions had existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century. But we know enough of the processes to be aware that the labour was prodigious; and of the time in which it was completed to be sure that it was encountered with an energy which hardly exists among our present calculators, nursed in the lap of luxury. We are reaping the benefit of this love of labour: for, though shorter and easier methods of proceeding were invented before the close of the century, the necessity for them had almost disappeared: the tables were complete. The book of all others which is the ultimate reference in the case of a disputed figure—the book in which, though it is a large folio filled with numerals, a ducat was offered for every error which should be detected, is only Vega's edition of *Vlacq*, the spirited bookseller, himself a calculator, who completed what Briggs had undertaken, shortly after the death of the latter. Undoubtedly every figure had been examined by modern art; but this was a small labour compared with that which found the figures, and put them in their places. The work which shows energy something like that of the old times, was done by Lieut. Wolfram, of the Dutch service, and published in 1778. It has the hyperbolic logarithms of all numbers up to 22 hundred, and of all numbers not divisible by a single digit from thence to 10 thousand, each carried to 48 decimal places: and this was also reprinted by Vega.

In the tables of logarithms we see an instrument which will become of importance to persons in general when a decimal coinage is established, and not till then. Some direct attempts have been made to fit them for commercial purposes under our system as it now is; but with no success. One, of which we know, deserved a better fate than it has met with. Of all the operations of commerce, one of the most teasing, besides being what may turn up as wanted in a hurry (on foreign post-days, for instance, when a couple of hours may make the difference of a mail), is the *arbitration of exchanges*, as it is called: the determi-



nation, under existing rates of exchange, of the preference to be given to one or another out of various ways of transmitting money by aid of bills. Such questions cover the page with rule-of-three operations; and are well known to be troublesome things to deal with. In 1802, J. R. Teschemacher published in a thin quarto a collection of explained tables, by which these operations were reduced to simple additions and subtractions, with easy consultations of the work.

These tables contained the necessary *logarithms*, but the unmercantile word was not mentioned from one end of the book to the other. We have no doubt that the author would have been sneered at as a great philosopher, or something worse, if he had proposed any such thing as a logarithm to a merchant in 1802. The method, however, was very effective. Suppose a question to be as follows:—London has to remit to Paris, and the exchanges on both places with Genoa and Hamburgh are given: is it best to remit direct, or to remit through one or other of the last two places? To settle each of the places it requires two consultations of the table, two extractions of five figures, one addition of them, and one further consultation of the table. Mr. Teschemacher remarks, that foreign mails “may happen to come in exactly on the very post-day: if many calculations are to be made on that day before the time of ‘Change, it is then that this book will prove its utility.” Truly, we should have thought so; but we have no evidence that this method, or any one like it, ever attracted any great attention. Sliding rules might easily be made, which should give all necessary command over the most complicated arbitrations, were the circuits to be tried through all the varieties of half-a-dozen different channels.

There must be some particular and good reason why improvements in calculation are thus repulsed: and we once heard one of which we see the force. On mentioning to a merchant, who, for more reasons than one, was able to estimate the value of knowledge, and was and is a zealous promoter of it, an instrumental check on certain office calculations which bid fair to be effective, his reply was;—*The sort of labour which it will save is very cheap.* This being the case, we must look for a much increased demand for the lower grades of mental activity, before the spur of necessity applied to the mercantile system will demand

and obtain attention to the improvement of its calculating processes and machinery. The railroads will continue to call off large numbers of young men who would otherwise have been employed in counting-houses, and still more if, as we hope will be the case, public attention should discover that, under a sufficient amount of proper direction, there *need be no accidents*. And here we are reminded that we have got from Napier and Briggs to collisions of railway trains without any abrupt transition; and that there is no saying where we may come at last if we do not return to our subject at once.

The invention of logarithms reduced some of the ordinary operations of arithmetic, in mathematics and its applications, to comparative inutility; in fact, almost placed them on the retired list. This was not a discovery which had to work its way through either neglect or opposition. Ten editions of John Speidell's book of tables, besides pirated reprints, found their way through the press in sixteen years from the time of the announcement, in England alone: independently of what was done by Napier himself, Briggs, and Gunter. Similar encouragement was shown abroad. Throughout every part of the world of calculation except the commercial, the use of logarithms was firmly established in less than thirty years. And it is to be noted that the early calculators were not content with providing only the number of figures which would be held sufficient for ordinary purposes. They presumed that the wants of the arithmetician must be provided for upon a scale of the utmost liberality; and they found him ten places of figures, giving the option, in all questions, of such correctness as is implied in saying that the error need not be more than about one farthing in a million of pounds, or less than a pound on the national debt. Perhaps they overloaded him at first; but Gunter, and those who wrote for ordinary purposes, soon brought the tables down to the seven figures which have ever since been most common. And here it may be remarked, that the practice of putting seven-figure or six-figure tables into the hands of beginners, has always been one of the great stumbling-blocks. The tables are made large dictionaries, and time is wasted in turning over leaves which might be better employed than in conveying the impression that the subject is very repulsive. A card of four-figure logarithms, such as is



now to be easily had, is the best preparation for more extensive tables.

Looking at the progress of logarithms, we have a question to ask which, we will answer for it, has seldom been asked before, and never in print: no great warrant, the reader will say, for its wisdom. Never mind; let it be considered on its own merits. How much of the ready reception of Napier's discovery was due to the tables of *logarithms*, and how much to its giving *tables*? We will now explain what we mean.

The calculators of the sixteenth century, as we have stated, turned all their attention to trigonometrical tables, the primary importance of which well warranted their devotion. When the logarithms appeared, there were hardly any of those extensive tables of pure arithmetic which have since appeared, and those only recent. Maginus had published the first ten thousand squares in 1592, and Herwart had published the products of numbers up to 1000 times 1000 in 1610, when Napier was actually engaged on his invention. These could have been but little known, and hardly old enough to have had a fair trial. Now, suppose that, at the time of the invention of logarithms, the calculating world had been in full possession and well established use of Herwart's table or Crelle's convenient form of it, of Ludolf's squares up to that of a hundred thousand, of Buchner's cubes up to that of 10,000, of Barlow's fourth and fifth powers up to 1000, and reciprocals up to 10,000, of Chernac's and Buckhardt's divisions, of all the simplifications of trigonometrical theorems and the use of subsidiary angles, and of the methods of the calculus of differences. Each and every one of these things might easily have preceded logarithms. It would then have been difficult to introduce the last-named discovery in one generation: the old stagers would assuredly not have seen any reason to change their methods, and the younger men would soon have learnt that the new discovery must be introduced with discretion, and that large classes of operations would be little the better for it. Now, it is quite the reverse: the tables of logarithms have got such possession of the field that very important tables of other kinds, Barlow's for instance, are little appreciated; and many persons toil at the logarithms to produce results which are ready tabulated for them, or for which at least greater facilitations are provided. A man who was better acquainted with tables

and their history than most of his day, and who was a most accomplished astronomical computer, the late Professor Henderson of Edinburgh, used to say that he found Crelle's multiplication table more useful to him than a table of logarithms. Other kinds of tables have not, in fact, had fair play: the mathematical world has refused every thing except either unassisted calculation or logarithms; to their loss, we believe.

There is only one table which, when wanted at all, is a matter of most absolute necessity, and cannot be replaced by any amount of labour which the most intrepid calculator would think of giving. In our time, even if the trigonometrical tables were all burnt, there is nothing in the calculation of a sine or co-sine which would give more than a morning's work, even though nothing but pen, ink, and paper were supplied. But to determine whether a large number is or is not a prime number, would be the question of a week or a fortnight to the unassisted computer. There are no mathematical laws to aid him, except one, of which it may amuse the novice to hear. Suppose we want to know whether 4764821 has or has not any divisors which divide it without remainder, and that the question is to be solved by a direct and unerring process, without trial. The whole range of mathematical discovery gives but this one test;—Multiply together all the numbers 1, 2, 3..... up to 4764820, one less than the proposed number, add one to the product, and divide by 4764821. Then if there be no remainder to *that* division, the proposed number has no divisors, or is prime; if there be a remainder, it is not prime. This product would contain somewhere about 30 millions of figures; and of course it would be easier to try every divisor up to 2182, which would be enough, and which, at a minute to each trial, would take 36 hours odd. The existing tables save this trouble for all numbers up to three millions, and it is most fortunate that the question is not one which need often be tried.

The correctness of tables is of course a matter of the utmost importance. The invention of stereotype has much improved us in this respect. In the first place, there is a guarantee that figures shall not be changed while the work is at press. It often happens that some slight disarrangement of type takes place in printing: and the pressmen, instead of calling in a qualified person to replace them, frequently try their own hands, and, as may be expected,



are not always successful. This practice is, of course, forbidden: but laws are not effective to prevent every misdemeanour. When the ink was laid on by *balls*, it was not uncommon for the balls to draw out a type adhering to their moist surfaces. But since the roller has been used for the same purpose, there is less of this danger. Still, except from a stereotyped plate, it is impossible to reckon with the utmost certainty upon the last sheet printed off being a perfect transcript of the first. So well was this known, that, before the Nautical Almanac was stereotyped, it was the practice to read with care the first, the middle, and the last copy of each sheet, after they came from the press, before making up the table of errata. On the utility of stereotyping for preserving the work, without the chance of error arising from new composition, it is unnecessary to speak.

The older tables, though containing many inaccuracies, were nevertheless, all things considered, correct enough. As in many other things, so in numerical printing, a great demand for correctness has arisen in the present century. Of all books, mathematical tables are those in which the printer is of as much consequence as the author. A wrong figure is of as great detriment to the work when it arises in the press, as when it is the calculator's fault. Of many mistakes this cannot be said; for when the error is casual and single, the context may be made to correct it. This is even the case in tables, so far as the leading figures are concerned: but the smaller ones (in value) cannot be guessed from those which surround them, without as much trouble as was required for their formation. So that there are these two paradoxes: a bad printer is the same thing as a bad author—and the less consequence a figure is of, the more essential is it that it should be correct.

A little after the beginning of the last century, the disadvantages of moveable types were seen by several publishers of tables; and they adopted a stereotype of their own—namely, the use of copperplate engraving. Several works of this kind exist, in which the whole is from copper. They are principally of the mercantile character; which is the more surprising, when we consider that faith in print has always been the characteristic of the man of business, so far as figures are concerned. A table of interest, or of conversion of one coin into another, advertised by its author as of surpassing correctness, is always taken on his

word: while no mathematician will receive a new book of the kind without examination.

Calculation is one of the things of which it is uniformly observed that those who are no adepts in it desire that their children should be better off than themselves. The want of it, where it exists, always makes itself felt: while there are many branches of knowledge which are very honestly believed to be useless by those who are without them. Again, the desire to possess the advantage of a coinage which shall facilitate computation in money, that is, a decimal coinage, is, we are well assured, gradually arising among men of business. It has advocates in the public press, and of opposition there is yet none. To this change we look forward as to one of the greatest benefits which can be conferred, both on education and on the routine of the business of life.

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ART. V.—*A Catholic History of England.* By WILLIAM BERNARD McCABE. Part I. England; Its Rulers, Clergy, and Poor, before the Reformation, as described by the Monkish Historians. London: Newby, 1847.

IF any of our literary friends had consulted us on the selection of a subject on which he might venture to write with any prospect of success, "*A History of England*" would have been the very last which would have occurred to us. The title had long ceased to convey any definite information to our mind—we looked upon it as composed of cabalistic letters, which might signify a thing filled with paper and print, or with dice and tables—nor, taught by sad experience, do we now ever dare to touch any tome endorsed with that awful name, lest what appeared to be a book should turn out a backgammon box. We do not blame the toy-shops for their application of the term—on the contrary, we think that the selection proves them to be philosophers—and if we might venture an opinion, founded on a tolerably good knowledge of both its applications, we would give it as our decided opinion that there is a great deal more "gammon" in the book than in the box,



each of which is proclaimed by the golden characters on its back to have equal claims to the appellation of "*History of England.*" Amidst the mass of rubbish, however, which had been conveyed to the public under this title, there was already one history which, for the depth of its research, and the stern fidelity of its narrative, has never been surpassed in any country. We of course allude to the *History of the Rev. Dr. Lingard*. It was written, for the most part, at a time when the foulest abuse of Catholicity was the only medium through which all sorts of literature could be circulated in England. It was a great, an arduous, and a noble task, in the face of such obstacles, to write a history which must trust for its success to the triumph of truth and justice over falsehood and calumny, backed and strengthened by the most inveterate prejudices. Violent was the opposition which was raised against it in all quarters—it was assailed with all sorts of attacks; but, like an impregnable fortress, it defied them all, and is now confessedly the most truthful and the best "*History of England.*" There are persons who say that the author has not been bold enough, that he has been over cautious in stating facts and in drawing conclusions; but they forget that, at the time he wrote, this was absolutely necessary, that the least appearance of over zeal would have been fatal to the object he had in view, and that it is only by standing on the pedestal which he has raised others are now able to look down upon, and to despise, the narrow prejudices and the angry passions of the multitude. Mr. McCabe's book, though the contribution of a friend in the same cause, yet, as it contains the original sources from which Lingard must have drawn his materials, necessarily subjects his *History* to a very severe ordeal, through which, as through all others, it has passed unscathed; and the comparison of his text with his authorities must increase our admiration for his boundless research, and our belief in his unimpeachable honesty. It certainly required no small courage to pass over the same ground which had been so recently occupied by so great and dangerous a rival.

Mr. McCabe could not even hope to add anything new to English history by the graces of style and the beauties of composition, for if Hume's narrative be as unreal, it is also as enchanting, as any tale of fiction. He neither took the trouble of consulting the original authorities, nor did

he even adhere to as much of them as he acquired at second-hand; but his style is everywhere pure, his narrative bewitching, and his delineation of the Puritans, in his history of Charles the First and of the Commonwealth, is not surpassed even by the matchless portraiture of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality." Mr. McCabe could, therefore, neither expect to put forward new facts, nor to invest the subject with new charms; and without doing one or other of these, we should have imagined that he could have scarcely hoped that his book would be successful. Yet it has been received with great favour, and we think most deservedly; for, strange as it may appear, it is not only a rich and a useful, but may be said to be an original contribution to English history.

He has introduced an original element into the very title: for he does not call his book "McCabe's," but "*A Catholic History of England.*" The designation is not more novel than it is true; for his History is Catholic in every sense of the term. It is Catholic in spirit, language, and sentiment; and we cannot too much admire the bold, manly, uncompromising, and, at the same time, the perfectly honest and straightforward manner in which it is written. The author seems thoroughly to appreciate the majesty and beauty of truth, to believe unhesitatingly in its greatness, and to be determined to tell it without fear, favour, or affection. We fully agree with the author in these sentiments; our faith in truth is most firm—our hatred of all duplicity, meanness, and equivocation unbounded. It is therefore we are glad to see those ages (as they are called) of monkish ignorance and superstition exhibited to the world in the language of the monks who wrote in them; and we shall be grievously disappointed if any one shall rise from the perusal of this book without feeling his heart improved, and his love of his fellow men increased, by the simplicity, piety, and charity of those who wrote the chronicles of their times in the seclusion of the cloister. If a comparison should be instituted between these ancient annalists and our more recent historical writers, we are certain that every generous mind, that every sincere Christian must unhesitatingly and immeasurably prefer the former; for whilst the moderns give us only the history of the rich, the monkish historians were most anxious to give the history of the poor, and to impress upon the rich and



upon the rulers of the state the necessity of supporting them:

"An examination," says Mr. McCabe, (Introduction p. 13,) "into these annals will also serve to show, that Catholic lay and priestly law-makers, thought much of what Anti-Catholic historians and law-makers think little, viz. the great mass of the people—of the poor. A leading feature of this work will be a *history of the poor*—the essential element of society. Too long has the custom prevailed, of marking only the movements of the few and gaudy figures that float upon the surface, whilst the particles of the mighty mass by which they are upborne, have remained unexamined, unanalyzed, and unknown. And yet a study of the history of the poor, is beyond all others that which is most worthy of the philosopher and the statesman; of the philosopher who desires to improve, and of the statesman who wishes to secure the happiness of his fellow citizens. Most of our historians forget this, they write 'Court-circulars,' and tell us of the achievements of the titled and the rich; but there is little to be found in them, as such records which 'an Andover Inquiry,' the proceedings in our Courts, Civil, Criminal, and Police supply us, and from which alone we can obtain an accurate insight into the state of the country and the condition of the poor. This great defect I shall endeavour to supply."

A noble task is here imposed upon himself by the author, which he has as nobly fulfilled. The "history of the poor"—the liberality of kings and princes towards them, produced by the pleadings of holy priests and bishops, and the personal sacrifices of the latter in the same heavenly cause, form a prominent portion of this volume. It is melancholy to reflect that the people of Ireland—a country whose children (such as Columbkille, Columba, Aidan, and others) were the apostles of religion, of learning, and of benevolence in England during the sixth and seventh centuries—should now be dying by the thousand of starvation. St. Aidan, an Irish priest, passed over to England in the seventh century, and spent his whole life in providing for the poor; and he commenced the great and glorious work of abolishing slavery, by spending the money which was bestowed upon him by the rich in feeding the poor, and in purchasing the freedom of slaves, *many of whom he elevated to the rank of the priesthood.* This wise and magnanimous proceeding at once removed the stigma from the slave class; it enlisted the Church in the cause of its emancipation, which, following in the steps

of the illustrious Irish saint, did not relax in its benevolent exertions until there was not left a slave in England.

“To all clergymen, Aidan” (says our author p. 276, and following,) “recommended chastity by the example of his own purity; in all laymen, he inspired a respect for the doctrines he taught, because he lived as he advised them to pass their lives. In all his actions he demonstrated that he neither loved nor cared for the things of this world. The riches that he received from the kings and the great, he instantly bestowed with joy upon the poor and the distressed. In the street or in the road he was always to be seen humbly walking, and never did he, except in cases of urgent necessity, travel on horseback; but whithersoever he went, and whomsoever he met, be they rich or be they poor, he spoke to them; if they were infidels, to invite them to accept of Christ; if they were Christians, to strengthen them in their faith, to encourage them to give alms, and to prove the truth of their religion by their words and good works. His mode of life was very different from the tepidity of the present times; for all who accompanied him, whether they were priests or laymen, passed their time in religious meditation—that is, in reading the Scriptures or in learning psalms.\* When visited by the powerful, he tendered to them no pecuniary gift; if they claimed his hospitality, he supplied them with food; and if on the contrary he received money, presents from the rich, it was for the purpose of bestowing them on the needy, or of dispensing them in the ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THOSE WHO HAD BEEN UNJUSTLY SOLD AS SLAVES. *Many of those whom he made free BY PURCHASE, he afterwards enrolled amongst his disciples, and when fully instructed and properly prepared, HE ELEVATED THEM TO THE RANK OF THE PRIESTHOOD.*”

We should perhaps observe here, that in Mr. McCabe's book the usual order of an author's writing the text, and placing his authorities in the notes, is here inverted: for the text is made up almost entirely of the ancient writers, whilst the author hardly ever appears but in the notes. This shall presently be explained more fully. We only state the matter here, in order to introduce the

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\* “The Saxon homilies exhort the people with great earnestness to the frequent perusal of the Scriptures, and enforce the advice from the great benefit of that exercise.....That as a blind man often stumbles in his motion, so those who are unacquainted with the word of God, are apt to make false steps and miscarry.” Note by the author. Abundant evidence of the same fact appears every where in this volume.



author's own just observations on the passage which we have just quoted.

"In this proceeding of the Irish Catholic priest," he says, (note p. 279,) "in this redemption by him of Englishmen sold to slavery, we discern the first struggle of the Catholic Church in this country, to break through a system that centuries had consecrated, and that all ages had sanctioned, and all nations practised. Aidan has been praised for his prudence and moderation, and in these transactions we find how well entitled he was to the eulogium pronounced upon him. He dared not attack slavery openly. If he did, his fate would have been that of Corman, and none would have listened to him. The rude Saxon would have clung to his idolatry rather than embrace Christianity, which would have brought with it the destruction of his property in his fellow man. Aidan selected for enfranchisement, cases in which even slave-holders must have sympathized with him; namely, persons who had been unjustly deprived of their liberty, men probably unduly convicted of crime, or who under the pretence of being debtors, had been reduced from a state of freedom to a state of slavery, for in England slavery was then a legal punishment. Aidan in attacking slavery, imitated the prudence of St. Gregory the Great, who commenced his assault upon the system, by redeeming from bondage the Christian slaves of Jews, by protecting Jewish slaves who became Christians, or slaves persecuted by their Jew task-masters. St. Gregory thus enlisted the popular feeling in favour of enfranchisement, by exhibiting slavery in its most odious form."

England has returned the compliment by sending missionaries to Ireland, but, alas! how different has been their object; they came not to enfranchise, but to enslave—not to feed the poor, but to live upon their spoils.

Mr. McCabe deals with the present as well as with the past—with the latter in the text, with the former in the notes. An anecdote concerning the same illustrious saint, Aidan, affords the author an opportunity of contrasting the Catholic charity of the seventh century with the Anti-catholic legislation, for the poor, of the nineteenth.

"The Bishop Aidan," he says, (p. 311.) "who was in the habit of making his episcopal journeys on foot, had on a certain occasion been presented by King Oswin with one of his finest steeds, to be used by him either in crossing the rapid and dangerous streams of the country, or in expediting him on his road in cases of pressing necessity. A short time after he had received this noble gift, the bishop was riding along the highway, when a poor man begged some alms from him. The bishop instantly dismounted, and gave the horse all royally caparisoned as it was to the humble beggar,

for he was exceedingly charitable, *a lover of the poor, and it might be even said a father to those in need.* This fact was related to the king as they were both proceeding to dinner. 'How could you,' said Oswin, 'think of bestowing on a beggar a horse intended for your own use and taken from the royal stable? Are there not enough of horses less in value suited to the poor if you will make such presents, which you might have given away and not that one, which I had especially selected for yourself?'

" 'What say you my sovereign,' replied the bishop, 'can it be that the offspring of a mare is more dear to you than the son of God?' With these words both proceeded to dinner. Whilst the bishop was seated, the king who had just come from hunting, stood at the fire warming himself. As he stood thus, the words of the bishop suddenly occurred to him; he ungirded his sword, delivered it to one of his attendants, and then hastening to the bishop, threw himself at his feet and begged the prelate to pardon him, 'for from this time forth,' said Oswin, 'I will never allude to this subject, and will never attempt to pronounce an opinion, either as to what you may give, or how much of my money you may choose to bestow upon the *sons of God.*' 'The sons of God,' exclaims our author, (p. 313.) "such is the endearing and respectful name bestowed upon the poor, the needy, and the helpless, by a Catholic king when addressing a Catholic bishop. To the Church as the almoner of the poor, the chief magistrate of the nation, yields at the same time unlimited power over his wealth for the benefit of those who are in want. How different from this is the spirit that dictated the enactment of the New Poor Law, recommended as it was to Parliament by the 'reformed' Anti-Catholic Bishop of London, and supported by the votes of the two great Anti-Catholic parties in the state! Compare the interview between the bishop St. Aidan with the king St. Oswin respecting the English poor, with the following remarks on the New Poor Law, *the statute of Anti-Catholic legislators.* 'We have for some years rejected one-half our duty, our duty towards our neighbour. By the New Poor Law charity is totally excluded. It is a law not for relieving the poor, but for deterring the poor from asking relief. The ingenuity of its authors has been unremittingly and almost successfully exerted in discovering an alternative worse than starvation. *To compel a perishing neighbour to expire at his own expense and odium in the midst of your abundance, was a problem worthy of a devil. And it has certainly been solved.*' To those who have solved the problem worthy of a devil, may indeed be addressed the words of Aidan, is the son of a mare dearer to you than a son of God?"

If the indignation of Mr. McCabe and the *Times*, which he quotes, be so great against the Anti-catholic New Poor Law, what must be thought of persons calling themselves the "Irish Party," who pretend to represent the wants and



wishes of Catholic Ireland, and who dare to oppose a permanent enactment for giving as much food as will keep them alive to the young, the aged, and infirm, as well as to the able-bodied Irish poor, even when they cannot or will not be accommodated within the miserable walls of an Irish workhouse. To be poor, these gentry declare to be worse than to be a felon, for the county must accommodate and support its felons; but when the Poor Law Union gaol is full, the young, the old, the infirm, or, at all events, the able-bodied, must die of hunger. Mr. McCabe, in another note on the passage which we have quoted concerning Bishop Aidan and King Oswin, says that the freedom with which Aidan rebuked the proud and the powerful, and the compassion which made him console the weak, and support and *protect* the poor, was the character by anticipation of the fellow countrymen of Aidan, clothed with the character of the priesthood, or bearing like him the mitre." We know that this is perfectly true; and we hope that the present awful calamity, and their almost super-human labours, will not induce them to allow this selfish party of Irish landlords to impose upon the ministry, or the parliament, or the people of England, by representing themselves as the exponents of the priesthood and the people of a nation, whose children have carried Christianity and charity all over the world.

Oh, but this party consists of Irishmen. Why as soon as the extent of the present terrible calamity became known, a set of Protestant saints set about raising a fund to buy food for the starving Catholics of Ireland, which they should only get to eat on the condition of their swallowing Lutheranism or Calvinism along with it. Where did this diabolical design originate, which has been denounced by Protestant legislators and Protestant parsons, and by the benevolent Wesleyan Methodists, (in a letter dated 26th of February, enclosing £5,000. to the London Relief Committee,) as "an unworthy intrusion of sectarian partialities and antipathies?" The *Dublin Evening Post*, which along with the *London Tablet* and the *Weekly Register*, has bravely stood forward for the poor, and exposed the base selfishness of this "Irish Party," says, and we have no doubt of the fact, that it originated in Ireland and with Irishmen. Here is another fact. Mr. Watson, a Protestant lawyer of great and deserved eminence, brought in only a short time ago a bill for repealing penal

statutes against Catholics, most of which are so cruel and absurd as to be totally obsolete. What was the conduct of the "Irish Party" on this occasion? Surely none of its members could have the face to refuse liberty of conscience to the great majority of their fellow-countrymen? They could not oppose a measure which had the united support of the leaders of all parties—of Russell, Peel and Bentinck? Yes, they did oppose it in great numbers. We find in the minority, the Hamiltons, the Grogans, the Verners, the Lefroys, and other leading members of the "Irish Party," whilst Mr. Shaw spoke against the measure, and was worthily associated with Sir Robert Inglis as teller for the bigots on the occasion. We have no sympathy with an Irishman who when his starving countrymen ask for bread gives them penal laws. There are no doubt some excellent men in the "Irish Party," men who are actuated by the most pure and upright intentions, and whose hearts are filled with charity for their countrymen; but, as a body, we look upon them as the enemies of the poor, and we believe, nay, we are certain, that they are actuated by purely selfish motives. They see that the people and parliament of England are determined to pass a law for the support of all the destitute poor, whether they can get into the workhouse or not—they see that nothing can prevent it from being enacted unless they can represent the entire Irish nation as opposed to it, and they hope by affecting great feelings of nationality to keep the people and the priests silent until the present crisis is past, and then they will cry to perdition with the Irish Party. It is strange, that untaught by long and dreadful experience, some liberal Irish newspapers and liberal Irish members, who really have the good of the country at heart, have allowed themselves to be caught in the snare which was set for them, and that it has become the rage to defend every thing Irish, good, bad, and indifferent. We know that wanton, false, and mischievous attacks have been made on the Irish people, but this is no reason why all the landlords should be defended, or why it should be suddenly forgotten that the great majority of them have been for centuries worse than slave drivers in Ireland, and that the present awful calamity, which it is to be feared will, before it ends, have carried off by hunger more than a million of the inhabitants of one of the most fertile islands in the world, is directly traceable to their tyranny. The Rev.



Dr. Collins of Cloyne, has fully proved this in his address to Lord John Russell, in which he states that the present, though greater in extent, was no new calamity—that in the fated locality of Skibbereen the Relief Committee had in 1822, *nine thousand persons on their poor list out of a population of eleven thousand*, and that the reason was because the landlords took every thing except the potato, and when this either failed or “run out,” the people must necessarily starve. It would be out of place to enter into details here, but we fearlessly assert that every Catholic and Protestant resident clergyman in Ireland—that the whole people, high and low, know that the landlords have been the worst enemies of that country. We do not include all the landlords, for there are not a few bright exceptions; but we do accuse the great majority, and we care not whether they belong to the “Irish Party” or to any other party, with being the hereditary oppressors of the people. It is sedulously propagated in England, that the Irish people would not tolerate any change in the proprietors of land. Good Heavens! can any true Irishman, can any real friends of the poor, countenance such a delusion? What the Irish people want are good landlords, who will protect their tenantry and support the poor, and Dr. Collins spoke the sentiments of every Catholic in Ireland, when he assured the Prime Minister that, provided they did this, the people did not care who they were. We always thought that one of the greatest complaints against Imperial legislation was that it was in favour of the rich and against the poor—that it was in favour of the few against the many—that in a word, it was in favour of the landlords and against the people. But if anything were necessary to show the cloven foot of the landlords who are so anxious for Irish interests, it would be their opposition to a permanent provision for the able-bodied poor who cannot be accommodated within the miserable walls of the Union Workhouse. As the potato blight will probably be permanent, or at all events will continue for several years, the present distress will not pass away with this season; and consequently, in their zeal for everything Irish, this benevolent party, by refusing permanent out-door relief, would sentence to death by starvation each year all the able-bodied poor who could not be accommodated in the workhouse. There never was a worse ukase issued by the tyrant of Russia: Let us not be mistaken: nothing could give us such sin-

cere delight as a cordial union among Irishmen, no matter how widely they may differ in politics and in *religious belief*. But we do most strongly deprecate a combination which takes care of the interests of the rich at the expense of the poor; and one section of whose members are the active enemies of the religious and civil liberties of the overwhelming majority of the Irish people. We warn the Irish landlords that the Irish people will not be caught by the mere clap-trap of the name "Irish party," unless they prove by their deeds that they are not associated for selfish purposes, but for the interests of the country and especially of the poor. The Rev. Dr. Collins and the Rev. Mr. M'Carthy are, whilst we write, preaching this from door to door in London; and we call upon every benevolent man, and especially upon every Catholic priest in Ireland, to join them in demanding a permanent provision for the poor, so that they may never again be obliged to behold their people dying of hunger in the midst of plenty. Because a landlord is embarrassed, are the poor to starve? The legislature cannot, and, if the Irish people speak out, will not, prop up the present rotten landlordism in Ireland. The pauper proprietor must be allowed to sell his estate and pay his debts, instead of living like a vampire upon the blood of the people. We ask the clergy, as one man, to demand a poor law which will give food to all those, whether able-bodied or infirm, who have none of their own, so that they may not be left at the mercy of the landlords. Their conduct as a body (still excepting many individuals) during the present terrible crisis, shows how little reliance is to be placed on their *voluntary* benevolence. The truth is, that almost the entire of the Irish voluntary contributions for relieving the destitute, have been derived from those who are themselves removed but one degree from destitution. If any one doubts this, let him read the accounts of the conduct of Irish landlords, which have been published by gentlemen who reside upon the spot, and which have never been contradicted. We shall select two as a specimen, and we insert the latter of the two, because it contains an account of that "*rara avis*," a really generous and noble Irish landlord.

The Rev. James Delany, P. P. Ballinakille, Queen's County, writes, late in February, that whilst to relieve the destitution in his parish the government has subscribed £110, the Dublin Central Relief Committee £30, and



*the poor farmers of the district £90, the owners in fee of 3,115 acres, producing a rental of at least £4,500 per annum, have not subscribed one farthing!* The other case refers to the district of Upper Leyney, in the county of Sligo, which contains 97,000 acres and 30,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds at least are in a state of destitution, and when the Relief Committee, of which the Dean of Achonry is chairman, were spending £90 weekly in March to keep some of the poor alive by giving them soup and meal, proprietors of from £3,000 to £8,000 *per annum have not contributed a shilling.* *The largest proprietor in the district (an absentee) contributed within the year one farthing in the pound of his rental within the district;* whereas the *smallest* proprietor resident within the county contributed *fifteen shillings* in the pound. We have taken both these cases from a single number of the *Evening Post*, and, if we thought it necessary, we might multiply instances of the same kind almost indefinitely. Every man of common sense must know that nothing but a *compulsory* rate will make the Irish landlords contribute their fair proportion towards the support of the poor. This will really be a great relief, not only to the benevolent landlords, but even to the small farmers, who divide the little they have with their starving neighbours; for the burthen of supporting the indigent will be lighter upon both when the hardhearted shall have to bear their share of it. It will, moreover, make it the interest of the landlord to allow his tenantry to live on their farms, because, if he turns them out, he will be obliged to support them. There are, besides, very obvious means by which the amount of the poor-rate upon land may be lessened. To impose any part of it on the mortgagees would probably only induce them to foreclose; and, besides, the bill before parliament to enable landlords to sell part of their property and clear off their encumbrances, will prevent them from being charged with an amount of acreage which does not fairly represent their income. But an absentee tax should be imposed upon all those who do not spend enough of their time in Ireland to discharge the duties of resident landlords; and that monster exotic, the Protestant Church, should be uprooted, or if that cannot be done immediately, (although we do not see why,) at least reduced to reasonable dimensions. And after providing for existing interests, the surplus should at once be appropriated to the support of the

poor. The landlords of Ireland, in addition to their other delinquencies, are the supporters of this "Great Bel," which swallows up the food of so many men, women, and children. They are striving at present by a feint to strike the people of Ireland with blindness, that they may not be able to see the straight path before them, when the people of England are taught by the disbursement of ten millions to insist that the landlords shall do their duty—that they shall at last cease to oppress the middle classes, and that they shall support the poor. We do think that John Bull will at length open his eyes to the monstrous grievance of the Irish Church; aye, and that the Irish landlords also will do the same, if we do not allow ourselves to be made the miserable dupes of those who have persecuted the country for centuries. The landlords should also be obliged to restore the twenty-five per cent. which they receive out of the produce of the tithes. It was the patrimony of the poor and ought to belong to them. This money was given for Catholic charitable purposes, and we have no doubt that the people of Ireland have it now in their power to get it back to the pious and necessary use of feeding the poor. At the root of all the social and physical grievances of Ireland, will be found this monster evil of the Irish Church, the want of a proper provision for the poor, and the tyranny of Irish landlords. We tell the people of England that until these radical diseases are cured, there never can be peace, comfort, or prosperity in Ireland; and we tell the people of Ireland that if they allow themselves to be imposed on by the craft of landlords, and let the present opportunity slip, they will answer before God for a grievous dereliction of duty. We are the last persons in the world who would wish the slightest evil to befall a good landlord, but we consider the disappearance of a bad one as a great blessing to the people. We say with extreme grief and most reluctantly, that we have no hopes of the great mass of the present proprietors. One of their number, a peer of the realm, stated lately, that out of a rental of fourteen millions no more than three millions was received by the nominal owners of land in Ireland. Such persons cannot afford to be even tolerable landlords. They cannot be merciful, considerate, charitable, or just, and such a proprietary must be a curse to any country. In the name of Heaven, let us have a solvent proprietary, who can pay their debts, be indulgent to their tenantry, and charitable to the poor. But besides,



the present landlords have been brought up in principles of exclusiveness, which we believe they can never shake off; and if they cannot or do not, they are unfit for their position. Our fears of their incapacity to improve are founded among other things upon their votes upon Mr. Watson's Bill, where they proved that even in their present critical position they could not be induced to extend political toleration to the great majority of their countrymen. They will also oppose Sharman Crawford's Bill for extending to other parts of Ireland the tenant right of Ulster, and therefore we are not for Irish landlords, but for Ireland, the Irish people, and the Irish poor.

There is another sense in which Mr. McCabe's book is Catholic, because it has not been composed like ordinary histories, from the writings of others, but is a kind of literary mosaic, entirely made up of the original authors, so combined as to form a most interesting, beautiful, and consecutive narrative. In the text there is nothing of Mr. McCabe's except an occasional line to connect the different passages. The plan of this book is entirely new—it is a complete novelty in historical literature. Formerly we were obliged to receive the narrative on the faith of the quotations at the foot of the page, interspersed occasionally with a few garbled extracts. But here we are in no danger of mistaking the mere speculations or conclusions of the author for facts, for the original itself is laid faithfully before us. Mr. McCabe is a mere interpreter and arranger, and he manages both so artfully as scarcely ever to appear at all, or to break the thread of the narrative by his own impertinent intrusions. We are, in fact, carried back to the times of Gildas, Bede, William of Malmsbury, and the other ancient writers, who speak not by others but by themselves in this history; we live with them for the time being, and seem to hear their plain but life-like narrative from their own simple lips. To spend an hour thus with those who converse with us through the dimness of distant ages, to learn their feelings, their pursuits, and their mode of thought, was hitherto a luxury reserved for those who had sufficient leisure and acquirements to search through the musty tomes of a library, and to lift the veil of a strange language; but the "Catholic History of England," has placed it within the reach of every reader. This must have cost the author infinite labour—far beyond what the generality of readers

can imagine. The mere selection and arrangement of these passages, the weaving of one within another so as to form a consecutive narrative out of such heterogeneous elements, must have been a task of great difficulty. Some persons may imagine that the translation was an easy matter to a scholar; and indeed the mere trouble of taking a book out of one language and putting it into another, cannot be very great to one who is thoroughly acquainted with both. But to translate not only the words but the spirit—to avoid at once servility and faithlessness, to write the book as the author would have written it himself in our language, is an achievement which very few have been able to accomplish. Let any one who distrusts our testimony, compare Mr. McCabe's translations with the originals, and he will find that they possess all these excellencies in a degree rarely equalled and never surpassed. The style is simple, chaste, and beautiful; the narrative easy and flowing, whilst at the same time it reflects most felicitously the mind and the language of the author as well as the times and circumstances in which he wrote.

Mr. McCabe has not been satisfied with faithfully rendering his authorities into English, and uniting them together so as to form a continuous and highly interesting narrative, for his page is often half made up of notes, which are generally appropriate and useful and sometimes rare and curious. He sometimes however draws largely on books which are in the hands of every Catholic, such, as for instance, "*Butler's Lives of the Saints*," but we presume this is meant chiefly for Protestants, who may here find some of that rare and valuable information which they have never seen because they would consider it profanation to look for it in the history of a Catholic Saint. Yet we know no single book in any language whose notes contain such a rich mine of information as "*Butler's Lives of the Saints*." The author is thoroughly honest, his learning was great, his judgment most acute, and if his style be simple and homely, it is also very perspicuous. No Catholic family should be without this work, and we hope that Mr. McCabe's book will be the means of introducing it more extensively to the knowledge of Protestants. Though many of Mr. McCabe's notes must necessarily, when we consider the subject, be taken from books which most literary persons have read, there are a great many derived from sources which are not generally accessible;



and they display on the whole a course of the most extensive reading, and an intimate acquaintance with both ancient and modern literature. We might have been inclined to complain that they are too numerous, and that they distract our attention too much from the narrative, if we did not believe that the total exclusion of the author from the text fully entitled him to take refuge in the notes.

We are not called upon to give any opinion on the comparative merits of this and the other countless histories of England which have been written; for in truth the book before us is so entirely novel in its design, it is so totally unlike every thing which has been heretofore written upon the subject, that it cannot possibly be compared with them. We are not prepared to say that Mr. McCabe's is the best plan for writing history. On the contrary, although it must always be the most satisfactory, it is but seldom and under a rare combination of favourable circumstances, that an author can follow it with any reasonable hope of success. Whilst the middle ages were misunderstood and misrepresented by Hume, Henry, Robertson, and a host of other writers, the public would have looked with as little favour on the translation of a book written in those times, as upon the ghost of the author if it had come back from the world of spirits. A few intrepid inquirers, like courageous boys at night, opened their eyes, strove to penetrate the darkness, and saw no ghosts. By degrees they grew more venturesome, they penetrated the most obscure and unfrequented recesses, which they were assured were filled with the most hideous goblins, and to their astonishment they did not find even "raw head and bloody bones." On the contrary they discovered that their ancestors were for the most part fine old christians, who, albeit no "Biblicals," knew the letter of the Bible as well, and its spirit a great deal better, than our modern saints; who went to Mass on Sundays and often during the week, partook often of the precious Body of our Lord, said their prayers, believed in God, and fed the poor. The public said, "Well, after all, these old monks were not such monsters as we thought them. I should like to be more intimately acquainted with them." And the more it knew them it liked them the better. Hence literary companies were formed to work the neglected but rich mine, which had been discovered in the middle ages, and the labour has been everywhere crowned with success. These are the circumstances which

justified Mr. McCabe in calculating on the success of his present erudite and useful volume; and sincerely do we trust that the reception which it has met with will encourage him to continue his labours to their completion.

The present volume contains 749 pages, and stops somewhat short of the middle of the ninth century. The same period occupies no more than 144 pages of the new edition of Lingard which has been published in thirteen volumes. Judging from this, Mr. McCabe's history would be very voluminous by the time it would reach the Reformation, to which he proposes to continue it.\* The publication, however, in separate volumes, and, we should suppose, at considerable intervals, diminishes, if it does not entirely remove, this objection. And for our own parts, if the quality continue as good, we shall be all the better pleased by the increase of the quantity. On this subject Mr. McCabe himself observes (Introduction, p. 18):

"I cannot look at the number of pages in the present volume, and recollect that it does not conduct the history further down than the Danish Invasion, without feeling it necessary to offer an observation to the reader. Its bulk may be regarded as a proof, that there will be found in it many things not to be met with in other histories of England, *in the English language*; and if the reader should think that statements as to the wise, the great, and the good of the olden time, which have swelled the size of the book, have been with propriety introduced in such a work as this, then I can truly affirm that I am more liable to the charge of omission, than of prolixity; and that my desire to compress, has induced me to omit many valuable, many interesting, and many edifying facts respecting the most glorious, if not the most important period in the annals of England."

Mr. McCabe has clearly and modestly expressed the

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\* "The text," says Mr. McCabe, (Introduction p. 14.) "of the first part of this work, that is, 'the History of England to the time of the Reformation,' will be composed exclusively from the works, and *the very words used by the Monastic writers*. Every care will be taken to show by the notes which of the writers' words are translated in the text. For instance, if a long quotation be given from any writer, his name will appear to the first sentence translated from him, and again repeated at the close of the passage." From this we should conclude, that Mr. McCabe intends bringing his history down to the Reformation on the present plan, and that the second part, which will probably bring it down to the present time, will be in his own words.



aim and the plan of his book in the Introduction ; and it is only fair that we should afford our readers an opportunity of judging of both in his own language.

“ Without,” (he says,) “ questioning the merits, or pointing out the faults of the multitude of writers who have published books on the subject of English history, I may observe, that each and all of these, the very best as well as the very worst, have appropriately given *their names* to the different books that have appeared from them. Thus we have *Lingard's ‘History of England,’* as well as *Hume's ‘History of England,’* and the names of their respective authors assure us, where we may hope to meet with truth, and where we have to fear the wiles of insincerity. We find in these as in all others, the materials of history exposed to a purifying or a debasing process ; but in none is there afforded to the reader an opportunity of judging for himself. ‘The historian’ descants upon the value of his ‘authorities,’ but the authorities themselves are excluded from his pages ; and the English reader is seldom permitted to know any thing more of them than the titles of their works. In this respect the *following pages will be found to differ from every preceding History of England.* This will not be the history of the individual whose name appears on the title page ; but the History of England as written by the *Ancient Annalists, Chroniclers, Biographers, and Historians of England,* witnesses as they were for the most part of the scenes and transactions they describe ; and in every instance beyond the sphere of those motives by which but too many of our modern writers have been prompted to make the materials of our annals, subservient to the prejudices and interests of party. Many have testified to the value of the Ancient Chroniclers as authorities. My object is, it is my explanation and apology also, that the English reader should know them, not as mere *authorities*, but as *authors recording the history of their country.* In a point of vital importance, this work will thus be found to differ from all others on the same subject. If it have any merit at all, that merit will be found to consist in the originality of its plan ; in the attempt, however feebly executed, to make the reader acquainted with the writings, with the thoughts of Gildas, Nennius, Bede, Asser, Ethelwerd, Florence of Worster, Eadmer, Simeon of Durham, William of Malmsbury, Eddius, Henry of Huntingdon, Roger de Hoveden, John Brompton, William of Newbury, Roger de Wendover, Matthew Paris, Nicholas Trivet, Ralph Higden, Goscelin, Sprott, Walsingham, Knighton, Capgrave, &c. &c. ; to do this, not by mere extracts from them, but *by making their works their text out of which the history is compiled,* and by combining them together to give a consecutive narrative of the ancient annals of the country. In short, by introducing the reader to those venerable monks, and leaving him to learn history from their lips. Thus in this volume it will be found *that they are the writers of their own history*—that they

are the persons who appeal to the reader's judgment—that they are his instructors, and that *from them alone* information is derived. To their writings notes are appended, either for the purpose of illustrating or of verifying their statements—of making clear what otherwise might be obscure—of pointing out where omissions occur in their narrative—or of attempting a comment upon passages, which bear not only on the past but upon the present position of the country, of the people or of their moral and social condition. The same course is pursued with them, as if the task were entrusted to the writer of bringing out an edition of some classical author. In that case, it is obvious, that the value of the work must consist in the purity of the text and the appositeness of the notes, and in the fulness of illustration which they afforded to the text. Here the endeavour is made, by uniting the writings of the monkish historians, and by placing them in chronological order, to give a narrative of *by-gone events in the very words of the original writers, and unmixed with the opinions of any modern author*; whilst these words are accompanied by notes, which are only of value, so far as they can prove themselves sustained by authority.”

Such is the author's own account of his design; and he has certainly most faithfully carried it out in his work as far as it has yet progressed. The present volume sheds a clearer light upon the remote period of which it treats, than is to be derived from any other modern history. We have not here a mere catalogue of kings, with the probable dates of their accession and of their assassination, or a dry and monotonous record of battles: for the far more important and interesting history of the great body of the people—how they lived, what were their amusements, their occupations, their religious feelings, and devotional practices, is here laid open before us. Those venerable old monks, who are the true authors of this volume, were as benighted on the subject of history as upon most other matters—they wanted the modern enlightenment upon the subject—for they made the annals of the poor, and the records of the fidelity of the people to God's law, or their prevarication from it, two of its principal elements—matters which are now generally eliminated from the polite pages of modern writers. A man, and of course a lady, may be quite religious now—indeed, may be a *decided* saint—by only talking about the Bible, and abusing the monks. In the old days of monkish ignorance, a saint required not only faith but works; he was required not only to learn, but to practise the Gospel. Popish superstitions these, no doubt; but out of them grew the



most abundant alms for the poor, and the noblest and the best constitution that ever was devised by uninspired genius.

Nor must it be imagined that the Catholic history of England is devoid of interest for those who delight in the din and clangour of battle. All the sympathies of the monastic writers are indeed on the side of the poor and of religion—these are the themes on which they dilate with the greatest and most evident satisfaction; and, like all simple and unsophisticated men, they behold God's works with wonder and delight, and their writings are filled with charming descriptions of the beauties of nature. But when they are obliged to turn from these holier themes to the conflict of human passions, and to tell the strife of a fierce and bloody battle, they often do it with all the vividness, distinctness, and fire of the classic writers. They have this vast advantage also over the pagan authors, that the intervention of Heaven is introduced, not as a mere ornamental fiction, but as an indisputable fact, founded on a firm faith in an over-ruling Providence, which is so watchful that a hair cannot fall from our heads without the permission of our heavenly Father. Mr. McCabe has supplied a striking example of the injustice with which the monastic chroniclers have been treated in this, as well as in every other, respect, by our modern historians. Hume, in the first chapter of his history, says: "In the year 741 Oswald was succeeded by his cousin Cuthred. The reign of this prince was distinguished by a great victory, which he obtained by means of Ethelhun his general, over Ethelbald king of Mercia. His death made way for Sigebert." He compresses the reign of Ethelbald into precisely the same compass. Mr. McCabe takes up the single incident in their reigns of the battle which was fought between them, and inserts the description of it (Introduction, p. 9.) as given by the monastic historian Henry of Huntingdon.

"Cuthred finding the exactions of Ethelbald intolerable and his oppression unceasing, determined to muster an army and meet the tyrant in the field, resolved to die a free and independent sovereign, rather than live as if he were the bondman of another. He had in this battle the support of his Ealdorman Ethelhun, who from his foe had become his steadfast and trusty friend. Cuthred confided to the valour of Ethelhun's arm in the conflict, and he was guided by his counsel in the disposition of his army. He relied upon both as capacitating him to withstand the worst efforts of Ethelbald. The

latter as the monarch over tributary kings, marched to the field of battle with an immense body of forces—he brought against the West Saxons, the warriors not only of Mercia but also of Kent, of the East Saxons, and of the Angles. The hostile armies met at Burford. As soon as they were arrayed in lines against each other, both at the same time advanced to the attack, preceded by the standard bearers of their respective sovereigns. Ethelhun, who carried the golden dragon, the ensign of the king of Wessex, rushed forward and transfixed the enemy's standard bearer. A loud and joyous huzza burst from the ranks of Cuthred, as they crossed their weapons with their foes. An awful crash then followed—and then came the roar, the tumult, and the thunder sounds of battle—the clatter of swords, the heavy fall of the instruments of death, the piercing shrieks and sobbing groans of the wounded, and of men in their last agonies. Havoc spread like fire, and consumed in its rage the compact masses as they hurried into the thickest of the horrid strife. The Mercians and West Saxons seemed to feel that this was a battle, the result of which, was to decide the fate of their posterity for ever. One moment might be seen troops of soldiers with glittering armour, with crested helmets, with bristling spears, and with banners gay with gold and radiant with brilliant colours, and in a moment after, the same soldiers might be beheld covered with blood, their helmets broken, their armour crushed, their spears in splinters, their banners torn, dabbled with blood, or clotted even with the brains of those who had fought in their defence. It was, however, round the regal standards in both armies, that the bravest and boldest were to be found; rank following rank, and doing the work of destruction with the sword or Amazonian battle-axe. In neither was there entertained a thought of flight, both fought with the certain expectation of victory; the Mercians inflated with the pride of many former conquests, the West Saxons incited by an utter detestation of slavery. In all parts of this terrible field of battle, the Ealdorman Ethelhun was to be seen cutting his way through entire ranks of his foes, and leaving a heap of dead or dying in his track; for his awful battle-axe fell like the thunderbolt upon men and armour, striking them dead and riving them to pieces on the instant. On the other hand, the valiant King Ethelbald rushed amongst the enemy, and slaughtered all who chanced to encounter him; for to his sword the breast-plates of his foes were but as a thin garment, and their bones but as yielding flesh. Ethelhun and Ethelbald were as two dreadful fires, which beginning from opposite quarters, at length in their progress of destruction, come to unite their raging flames with each other. Ethelbald and Ethelhun stood face to face, both were brave, each felt in regarding the warlike champion who stood before him, that he had a terrible opponent. They gnashed their teeth with rage—exchanged blows—then collected all their strength and prepared for a mutual conflict, in which at last, each was to be fairly matched with his only fitting



combatant. It was at that very moment that God who resists the proud, and from whom all strength, courage, and magnanimity come, withdrew His grace from Ethelbald. Ethelbald's spirit was abated. He felt on the instant that he had neither his wonted courage nor his accustomed strength; he fled the very first from the battle, and abandoned his soldiers to the wrath of the mighty champion he had been himself afraid to encounter. And from that day forth, God never permitted anything to prosper with him."

There is nothing superior to this in Thucydides.

There are a very considerable number of miracles recorded in this volume; and, considering the early date of the writings in the text, this is quite natural. The writers of the period embraced in it, did not treat with incredulity or distrust the recorded instances of the extraordinary interference of divine Providence on behalf of religion, virtue, and truth. They believed that there were men,

"Virtuous and holy, chosen from above  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth."

We know with what scepticism these wonders will be regarded by the great mass of dissenters who plume themselves on what they are pleased to call their freedom from superstition. We attribute their incredulity to a want of faith, and to the absence of that tender piety which made the early Christians feel and acknowledge the presence of the Deity everywhere.

"But you—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders."

The miracles recorded in this volume, like all other ecclesiastical miracles, are mere historical facts, whose credibility depends on the amount of evidence by which they are sustained. Besides, the more extraordinary the fact, the more unimpeachable ought to be the testimony by which it is supported. It is equally irrational to believe or disbelieve a fact because it is supernatural; nor can we imagine a greater excess of absurdity than is manifested by those who deny all miracles that are not recorded in

Scripture, as if the power of the Almighty ceased the moment the inspired volume was written. In the fourth century we have a miracle attested not only by the concurrent testimony of the Christian writers of the period, but also by that of a contemporary pagan historian, Ammianus Marcellinus. He tells us that when, under the protection of the apostate emperor Julian, the Jews attempted to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem, "terrible balls of fire breaking out near the foundation, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place from time to time inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element continuing in this manner obstinately and resolutely bent as it were to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned." "Such authority," says the infidel Gibbon, "should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous, mind." The records of miracles are therefore not confined to Scripture, nor their performance to the times before it was written. The arm of God is not shortened: He is as able to perform miracles now, as when the very shadow of Peter healed the diseased; and we would believe in a miracle performed in the nineteenth century as firmly as in one performed in the fourth or in the first, if it were attested by sufficient evidence. Miracles are certainly less frequent now than they were in the early ages; partly because the Gospel is propagated amongst us, and partly, we have no doubt, on account of our want of faith. But we should remember that Mr. McCabe's volume treats of the struggles of faith against infidelity—of the introduction of Christianity into a pagan kingdom, and that miracles were then necessary for the propagation of the Gospel, for the confusion of the infidel, and for the strengthening of the believer. It is no error against faith to disbelieve any miracles that are not revealed in the Gospel; but it is a grievous insult to common sense and a grievous injury to Christian piety to doubt God's power to work a miracle whenever He pleases, or to reject without enquiry what He in His infinite mercy may have intended for our instruction and edification. We are no believers in pious frauds—we are convinced that truth is necessary in everything, but especially in religion; and therefore we would be amongst the first to denounce a fictitious miracle, no matter what might be the object for which it was invented. In some instances a natural effect may be honestly mistaken for a miracle; and then



it would be the greatest injustice to accuse the narrator of fraud, however we may disagree with his judgment. All we bespeak for a miracle, is what we have a right to ask for every important fact,—an impartial examination; and we have no doubt but that the simple and sincere narrative of the monastic writers will carry conviction to many a Christian heart, which has been misled by the sneer of the sceptic or of the infidel.

Having said thus much upon this matter, we shall now transcribe, from page 533, a description of the apparition of the B. Virgin at Evesham.

“There was at that time in the district of Worcester, a spot of land, wild, uncultivated, and overgrown with brambles and bushes. The place is now called Evesham. This was sought for and obtained from Ethelred king of the Mercians by Bishop Egwin. In this woody district there were four herdsmen placed to watch the animals necessary for the subsistence of the bishop and his clergy. One of these herdsmen was named Eoves, who one day chancing to penetrate into the very thickest part of the forest, came to a certain place in which he beheld a virgin, whose beauty surpassed that of mortals, and whose presence illuminated the spot on which she seemed to stand, by the sun-like brightness that encompassed her. This virgin, who appeared to have two attendant maidens in her society, held in her hand a book, and seemed engaged in singing canticles of heavenly joy. The herdsman was terrified by the dazzling vision; he felt unable long to look on the awful brightness that at once shone before his eyes. Silent and trembling he hastened to his house, and then communicated to the holy bishop the particulars of the spectacle which he had beheld. The religious bishop reflected maturely upon this circumstance, and having done so, he then prepared himself by fasts and prayers; and upon a certain day, accompanied by three of his pious monks, he proceeded barefooted to the place that Eoves had indicated. When he came to the confines of the particular spot pointed out by the herdsman, he there left his companions, and advanced alone into the wood. He there threw himself upon the earth, and with sighs and tears implored the mercy of his Redeemer. Upon rising from prayer, three virgins such as they had been described, in their splendour, their magnificence, and their glory, appeared before him. The virgin who stood in the centre outshone her companions in majesty as in beauty, fairer than the lily, more blooming than the rose; every sense of the beholder was uplifted to heaven, as if wafted on the balmy fragrance of incense when he looked upon her. This divine virgin bore in one hand a book and in the other a golden cross, radiant with dazzling diamond gems of light. Egwin, as he looked, believed in his heart that he beheld before him the Holy Mother

of God; and she, as if approving his pious thought, stretched forth her hand as he knelt before her, and making the sign of benediction with the cross, thus seemed to bid him farewell as she vanished from his view. The pious prelate was filled with joy. Gratefully did he tender his thanks to God as the suggestion rose to his mind, that the place in which he stood should be consecrated to His worship, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. He made a vow if God should prosper his undertaking, that on that spot a church should be erected. At once the good work was begun—a space was cleared for a fitting christian temple, and the pious founder lived to see its completion.”

This “wild, uncultivated land,” which was “overgrown with brambles and bushes,” was colonized with monks by this holy bishop, and their labours soon made it one of the most fertile spots in England. The thriving town of Evesham quickly sprung up beside the monastery. It was thus the monks acted as the pioneers of civilization. They built churches, founded monasteries, reclaimed the barren waste; they taught the poor the knowledge of God, and fed them with the labour of their hands. Ignorant persons often remark that the monks chose the most fertile spots to settle in, but they forget that these owed their fertility to the unwearied industry of the pious brethren.

The religious men of the present generation whom God has blessed with genius, have a gigantic task before them, and one which cannot be accomplished but by a minute subdivision of labour. That task is to undo the work of centuries, and to infuse a Catholic spirit into the literature of the country. The entire food of the mind—the simple spelling-book and the flimsy novel, as well as the ponderous tomes on science and history, are, with very few exceptions, poisoned with the leaven of bigotry. The child no sooner learns to read, than the tender susceptibility of its young mind is wounded, and its heart perhaps corrupted, by foul and gross libels upon the religion which is professed by the great majority of Christians. This is most pernicious to all parties—to the Protestant, by teaching him hatred instead of love for his neighbour; and to the Catholic, by accustoming him to the abuse of all that he reveres as most sacred and most holy. There never can be a cordial union, even for temporal purposes, in these countries so long as this demon of bigotry is cherished—so long as one party continues to insult another on account of the religious belief of its members. No man is fit to belong to



a party calling itself Irish, who openly advocates the principles of Protestant ascendancy. It would be the grossest delusion, as well as the basest subserviency, to countenance such a combination. We fear that the ascendancy party in Ireland are not yet prepared to stand on an equality with their Catholic fellow subjects, but they will soon learn this, if the Catholics know how to respect themselves, and to assert their own dignity. Nothing can act so powerfully in effecting this object, as the purification of the books which are put into their hands from the damning taint of bigotry. This will also have a vast effect upon Protestants, the great majority of whom are eager to read Catholic books. Every man, therefore, who labours in this abundant field, is a benefactor to his country. Mr. McCabe has now enrolled himself amongst those who are engaged in producing a healthy Catholic literature; and his present volume, though but the beginning of his labours, is no mean contribution to this great work. He has given us a picture of old Catholic times, painted by those who lived in them, and certainly no one can look on it without admiration. We do not see in it the venerable monks spending their time in ignorance and idleness, as Protestant historians have represented them; but laboriously collecting and transcribing books, studying the sacred Scriptures, reclaiming the wild and barren waste, and feeding the poor with the produce of its fertility. There is also in Mr. McCabe's book some important light thrown upon the faith and religious practices of the Anglo-Saxons, which are identical with those of the Catholic Church of the present time. We heartily wish it God-speed; and we trust that it will meet with such encouragement as will induce the author to continue it down to the Reformation in the words of the monks, and from that to the present time in his own.

Since writing the observations contained in the early part of this article on the conduct of the "Irish party" in opposing the extension of out-door relief to the able-bodied poor, we have a certainty that parliament will enact a law which will, at all events, prevent the starving who cannot get into the workhouse from being any longer dependant on the tender mercies of the landlords. There never was a more disgraceful fact recorded in the history of any country than that which has been proclaimed in the month of February by the Protestant bishop of Derry, that

the central relief committee for all Ireland had no more funds, and could afford no further relief. This was no fault of the committee; but it speaks volumes for the *voluntary* charity of the landlords, to which they are themselves so anxious to consign the people. The entire sum placed at the disposal of the relief committee amounted to about 16,000 pounds, of which five or six were contributed by England and India, leaving the contributions of all Ireland to the central committee to amount to about 10,000 pounds! It would not support the millions of destitute persons for more than two or at most three days. There are several proprietors of land in Ireland, who, when five millions of their countrymen were starving, should have singly contributed the entire sum. Some of them are behaving nobly in their own localities, and supporting not only the poor on their own estates, but those also who are obliged to fly from the inhumanity of others. But the great majority have not taken the least pains to support the poor upon their own estates; and they have either refused to contribute altogether, or come forward on compulsion, and in the most paltry, heartless, and niggardly manner. To leave the indigent to them is to leave them to starve; and every humane man must advocate an extension of the poor-law so as to include out-door relief.

We have now no fear that the principle of out-door relief will not be embodied in the new poor law for Ireland, at least so far as that, when the poor house is full, out-door relief will be afforded to all the other destitute persons of the Union, whether they be old, infirm, permanently disabled, or able-bodied; and that care will be taken to guard against any device by which the inmates of the workhouse might be intentionally kept below the allotted number. We are not at all so sanguine about the success of other provisions, without which the new bill will be a mockery, unless the Irish people, and especially the Irish priests, bestir themselves. Our fears are grounded on the habitual misgovernment of Ireland by the English legislature; on the active hostility of the "Irish Party," headed by that paltry popinjay, Spring Rice, ycleped Montague; on the mischievous intermeddling of Lord Stanley, who has ever been the bitter enemy of Ireland; and above all, upon the apathy of the Irish people. If the glorious efforts of the Cloyne priests in behalf of the poor, who through



their excellent representatives, the Rev. Messrs. Collins and McCarthy, are now labouring almost single-handed to prevent the good of the new poor law being marred by mischievous details, were seconded by their brethren in other parts of Ireland, we have no doubt but that the people of England would force even the House of Lords to pass an efficient and unobjectionable poor law. They are warned of the mischief which is in preparation, and there is no time to be lost in preventing it. Lord Stanley is reported to have said in the House of Lords on the 15th of February, that, "though the question was not before them, he might be allowed to suggest to their lordships whether it might not be wise and safe, when they came to grant more extended powers and impose heavier burthens, to alter the arrangements with respect to boards of guardians, and give the same security as was given in England by a number of *ex officio* guardians,"—this was his first suggestion; his second was as follows:—"He thought that under the provisions of the proposed law, no man should be *deemed* destitute or entitled to relief, who was at the time an occupier or in possession of land." In England, all the magistrates of the Union are *ex officio* members of the board of guardians. On the first of March, Lord John Russell may be said to have adopted the first of these suggestions, by declaring that the magistrates who represent themselves and a few other magistrates, instead of constituting, as heretofore, the one-fourth, should hereafter constitute one-half of the board of guardians. In England, where the rich sympathise with the poor, and where they would not dare to starve them on account of their politics or religion, this may be all very right and proper, and the system may work admirably. But unfortunately in Ireland, the landlords, as a body, have yet to learn charity towards both the bodies and the souls of the poor. And first with regard to the body, which is more immediately concerned. The contemplated arrangement would give them the exclusive control of the provision for the poor; for as one-half would be *ex officio*, and as they could always secure the election of many on their own interest, they would always constitute an overwhelming majority of the board. The poor would, in fact, be left at their mercy, and this, as the facts we have already stated sufficiently prove, would be equivalent to an edict of starvation. On the 3rd of March, the Dublin correspondent

of the "Daily News" states, on the authority of "One who is no Alarmist," that "the deaths from *starvation* in one parish in Clare, are 80 per month," whilst that from fever must be enormous. He adds:—"In the midst of all these horrors, the agent and drivers are as busy as ever sweeping hill and vale before them. Yesterday, I met 40 or 50 skeletons of cows, scarcely able to move, driven to pound for the last May rent. On the very farm, so swept and cleared of every quadruped, there is scarcely an house that is not a lazaretto. Fever is in every cabin." In the same county, Captain Wynne convened a public meeting, at which he reiterated his charges that, *members of the committee thrust their own tenants on the works, while the poor died of starvation*. He proved one most shameful case of violating the privileges of poverty. He produced to the meeting a list *furnished by the committee*, in which only two had been returned as occupiers of land, and *those with a single acre each*. The captain compared the list with the poor-law valuation, and found one of the men had 250 acres, two more had 80 acres each, some had 40, and others 30 and 20!" And these be your landlords—these the persons to whom, by your new poor-relief act, you order all the poor of the country to look up for protection and support. But then they will act under the control of the new "chief commissioner" and his assistants. Why, the commissioners have not been able to make Lord Lucan and the other guardians of the Castlebar Union collect the rate from those who were able to pay it, or to make them keep the workhouse open for its allotted number, even when the poor of the district were dying of starvation. Lord Lucan, in defending himself in the House of Lords, is reported to have declared that he had paid his own rates at all events. Hereupon Sir Richard O'Donel and the other guardians of the Westport Union, in which his lordship has considerable property, unanimously declare that he is a defaulter in five electoral divisions—"that the rate collector of the electoral divisions of Aughagower, Kilmeena, and Kilmaclasser had duly furnished the necessary stated accounts from the rate-books to the office of the Earl of Lucan, in March, 1846, that they were subsequently furnished by the *solicitor of the board*, in July, 1846, and that they were returned from the office of the Earl of Lucan with observations which, in the opinion of this board, do not exempt his lordship from the liability of



discharging them. That the Marquis of Sligo and Sir R. A. O'Donel have duly discharged similar rates." They resolve further, "that similar lists were furnished to the office of the Earl of Lucan for the electoral divisions of Westport and Clare Island by the collector in *January*, 1846, and by the solicitor in July, 1846, of which only £10. has been discharged by his lordship's bailiff." Here is the lord lieutenant of the county with his "poor-rates" due for twelve months in the county of Mayo, where, but for the generosity of strangers, one-half the population would be cut off by famine. The landlords, therefore, are not fit to be entrusted with the exclusive care of the body, and still less with that of the soul. The effect of the contemplated change, would be to make the board of guardians almost exclusively Protestant, whilst the vast majority of the paupers are Catholics. In the county of Londonderry, where the Catholics form a large majority of the population, there is not a single Catholic magistrate. In Antrim there are only two, neither of whom is an ex officio poor-law guardian, for the magistrates would never think of being guilty of such a gross act of vulgar liberality as to elect them. In Down, Armagh, Tyrone, Cavan, &c., there are very few Catholic magistrates, not one of whom is an ex officio guardian. Nor are the Catholics the only persons excluded by the magistrates; for the liberal Protestants share the same fate. The Marquis of Headfort, Sir William Sommerville, and a vast number of others, some of whom are the largest landed proprietors in the Union, have been excluded by the magistrates on account of their politics alone. There has been already, in many cases, a great deal of bickering about interference with the religion of the children; and if their consciences be put under the control of the ex officio guardians, and of the elected ones who will agree with them and give them a perpetual majority, we can assure the government and the people of England that the law will be worse and more inoperative than it is at present.

With regard to out-door relief, the people of Ireland should insist on its being afforded (1.) to the aged and infirm, and to the permanently disabled; (2.) When a family becomes temporarily destitute on account of the illness of one of its members, on whom it depended partially or wholly for support; (3.) In cases of urgent necessity; (4.) The pauper should have power to proceed against

the relieving officer or inspector, or whatever he may be called, if he refuses relief. In these respects we only want the Irish poor-law to be perfectly assimilated to the English. We approve of the change in the law which will bring the new chief commissioner and the present commissioners, who are to be called inspectors, with their underlings, more immediately in contact with the executive government. We also approve of the provision by which each electoral division shall be obliged to support its own poor, provided the rate does not exceed 2s. 6d. in the pound, and that whatever exceeds that amount shall be levied off the Union at large. If the new poor-relief bill should be such as we have here desired, we would consider a vagrancy act not only a useful but a necessary enactment. The character of the bill will mainly depend on the conduct of the Irish people; and we are glad to find by the account of a meeting of the farmers and land-owners of Armagh, Down, and Antrim, held in Belfast on the 28th of Feb. that the Protestant and Presbyterian ministers of the North, are joining with the priests of the South, in calling on Parliament to give out-door relief to the poor, and to protect the tenantry from the tyranny of the landlords. At the Belfast meeting, the following resolution was moved by the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, one of the leading Presbyterian ministers of Ulster:—"That under proper restrictions to prevent idleness and imposition, a poor law, authorising *out-door relief* in food to the *able-bodied*, seems *indispensable* in this country, where in certain districts and at certain seasons, adequate employment cannot be obtained. That no poor law, however, can permanently benefit Ireland, or prevent the increase of present evils, which shall not contain, I. A law of settlement. II. A vagrant act to suppress mendicancy. III. A provision for extensive emigration. IV. A clause compelling each electoral division to support its own poor, instead of the contemplated measure of placing the support of the able-bodied upon the rates of the whole union." The resolution for giving the tenantry legal protection against the landlords, or in other words, for extending by law to the other parts of Ireland the invaluable "tenant right" which the petitioners themselves enjoy by custom, was moved by a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. F. Blakely. "Resolved, that from our knowledge of the state and views of this country, we give it as *our united and deliberate judg-*



ment, that a law containing provisions enabling *tenants to claim the occupation of their farms at fair rents*, without reference to valuable improvements; or legally to demand reasonable compensation for such in case of dispossession, or of non-agreement between landlord and tenant, would mutually benefit both the owners and occupiers of the soil, and through them better the condition of the working classes by increasing a general demand for labour—we therefore trust that Parliament will postpone the discussion of the landed property bill until after the introduction of the promised ministerial measure respecting Irish tenant-right—which measure will, we hope, be based upon the suggestions in the report of the landlord and tenant commission, and *confirm to the occupiers of land through all Ireland, those rights which are now enjoyed by custom in the province of Ulster, and particularly in this locality.*” The chairman of the meeting, Guy Stone, Esq., a magistrate of the county Down, said: that “in the North of Ireland the tenant right was respected, and to *that one thing above all others*, he attributed the prosperity of the North over the South and West, but as the tenants did not know who would succeed the present landlords, it was highly desirable that the tenant right, or in other words, the right of compensation for valuable improvements, should be secured to the tenants.”

We are delighted to see these two measures united, outdoor relief for the poor and the protection of the tenant right for the farmer. Let the “Irish party” unite for carrying these into effect, and we will believe in them. But they will do no such thing—they will oppose both one and the other; and if the Irish people put their trust in them they will be grievously deceived. But if without trusting to any party, the Irish demand these things for themselves, the English people and the English Parliament are just in the humour to grant them. This would indeed be a mighty revolution—the poor would no longer die of hunger—the farmer would no longer be treated as a serf, but would have an interest in the land he tills; and the landlords finding that they must support the poor, would join the people in demanding for this, their chief original object, the surplus revenues of the monstrous church establishment in Ireland. If the present opportunity be allowed to pass, without advantage being taken of it, in all likelihood so favourable a one will not again occur for a century. To

the Irish people therefore we say, "Ask now, and ye shall receive."

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ART. VI.—1. "*The Geraldines.*" By FATHER DOMINIC O'DALY, Portuguese Ambassador at the Court of France. (Library of Ireland.) Dublin: 1847.

2.—*Historical Works of Nicholas French, D. D. Bishop of Ferns.* Dublin: 1847.

THE publication of these little histories at the present imperial crisis, gives to contemplative minds, abundant matter for reflection. They are histories of Irish Revolutions, written by dignitaries of the Catholic Church, who denounce, as might naturally be expected, the penal laws and confiscations, but profess conscientious allegiance to the King of England. Nothing but *conscience*, could have suggested this singular allegiance, because when they wrote they were honoured in the courts of foreign princes, and had little hope of ever returning to their country. Their loyalty did not mean, a right to devour the people in the name of God and the king; it was not love for England, so long as England allowed them to plunder; it was the pure allegiance of duty, like that which has ever since animated their successors in the Irish Catholic Church.

Revolution is again at its work in Ireland. The people starve, and the proprietors are generally bankrupt. The descendants of the conquerors of 1601, 1650, 1690, pauperised by their own extravagance, must take their true place in society, from the operation of an efficient Poor Law, which in a few years will teach them the duties of proprietors. In this consummation the enthusiastic Catholic would recognise the avenging arm of God; he would say that the "*Geraldines*," and the "*Sale and Settlement of Ireland*," were reproofing angels, appearing at this awful crisis to announce that sooner or later even in this world, great national crimes beget great national punishments. But the statesman, and the man who looks to the future, be he statesman or not, will leave these considerations upon God's retributive justice to others, and



taking a salutary lesson from the past, will endeavour to see how the great problem may be solved, how Ireland can prosper and the Imperial connexion be preserved.

Dominic O'Daly, the author of the *Geraldines*, took the Dominican habit in the convent of Tralee, but being forced to fly from his country, he was raised by his great talents and capacity for business, to a high place in the councils of the King of Spain. He was charged with a secret mission to Charles I., Charles II., and Innocent X., and when Portugal threw off the Spanish yoke in 1640, he was selected by John IV. as ambassador to the King of France. Three bishoprics, Braga, Coimbra, and Oporto, were offered to him at different times—but refused. He loved his humble habit, and wished to devote himself exclusively to his own countrymen, for whom he founded the Irish College, Lisbon, and other continental establishments. He wrote his history of the *Geraldines*, after the subjugation of Ireland by Cromwell; when she suffered such wrongs as rarely occur in the annals of the world. O'Daly felt these wrongs as a priest and an Irishman; he pours out his fervid soul in deploring and denouncing them—but the word "*separation*," never escapes him; the cool head of the Ambassador, controuls the fiery aspirations of the Irishman; the historian of the great Anglo-Irish nobles, checks the rebel wish of the persecuted friar.

"Elizabeth, this far-famed English Queen, has grown drunk on the blood of Christ's martyrs, and like a tigress has she hunted down the Irish Catholics, exceeding in ferocity and wanton cruelty the Emperors of Pagan Rome. So far was it from her intention not to persecute the Catholics for religion sake, that she inflicted the punishment of death on all those who refused to take the oath of supremacy. Usurping as she did the headship of the Church in spirituals, she would be nothing less than the head of both. Truly for my own part, I recognise Elizabeth as the Queen of England; for her person, I entertain respect, nor do I envy her her fair fame; but in treating such matters as are intimately interwoven with her public life, religion, truthfulness, and honour, counsel me to conceal nothing. When not more than six years old, this woman excelled not alone all the princesses of her time in profound knowledge of the Latin Tongue, but even those of her own sex of inferior condition throughout the kingdom; nor will I gainsay her knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, or her intimate familiarity with the controversies of her day. 'But I suffer not a woman,' saith the apostle, 'to teach nor to use authority over man, but to be in

silence.' Surely this rule laid down by the apostle, overturns Elizabeth's primacy."—pp. 150, 151.

And again,—

"That an oath of allegiance to the rightful sovereign, is in itself rational and just nobody will deny; for the sovereign has an indisputable right to the fidelity and support of his people in all matters which regard the stability of the crown and the public weal. But from the earliest moment of King Henry's schism, the oath of allegiance began to have interwoven with it a strange novelty, to wit, the acknowledgment of the monarch's supremacy in religion as well as in the state."—p. 166.

From his history of the Geraldines, it appears the great object of his wishes, the mode in which he would have settled Ireland, was to let her enjoy her own creed, and continue faithful to the English crown. Though a mere Irishman, he is in love with those turbulent but generous nobles, sprung from Strongbow's train, who have left in all quarters of the Island so many grand monuments of their zeal, and who spent on their own estates, the produce of their lands and their spoils in war. They intermarried with the Irish and the greatest English families; thus Isabella, only daughter of Strongbow and Eva McMurrough, married William, Earl Marshall of England, to whom she bore ten children, five sons and five daughters; the five sons dying without issue, the eldest daughter married Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, who thus became Earl Marshall of England; another daughter brought the title of Earl of Wexford to the noble house of Talbot; a third married Mortimer, the ancestor of one of the rival claimants in the wars of the Roses; and from a fourth was descended the illustrious Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. O'Daly had to a degree of weakness the national partiality for sounding titles, and long lines of ancestry; he was a friar, and could not but be grateful for the 160 monasteries erected in those turbulent ages between 1172 and 1540, when monasteries were the only hearts of civilization—and hence, no doubt, his pathetic lamentations over the fall of those great foreigners, who felt themselves at home in Ireland, and became more Irish than the Irish themselves.

"The people paid submission to them through all their holdings; they had moreover castles and strongholds—numerous seaports—lands that were charming to the eye and rich in fruits—the mountains were theirs together with the woods—theirs were the rocky



coasts and the sweet blue lakes which teemed with fish. Yea, this fairest of lands did they win by the sword and govern by their laws, loved by their own, dreaded by their enemies, they were the delight of princes and patrons of gifted youth. Oh! but they were a great and glorious race."—p. 118.

But in one point he was egregiously wrong. He views the operations against Desmond as suggested purely by Protestantism. Elizabeth, he supposes, would not have confiscated his immense estates, if he had conformed to the Anglican church, but it is evident to any person who knows the history of Ireland, that if the Reformation had never appeared, Elizabeth's conquest of Ireland, would, in all human probability, have been effected, not with cruelty so frightful as stained it; but yet it would have been attempted. That very conquest, the subjugation of Ireland to English law, was planned and urged before the Reformation, by a minister of Henry VII., in whose reign the king's writ did not run more than some score miles from Dublin, and all the English towns and settlements were paying black rent to the Irish and Anglo-Irish chieftains. It was during the reign of the Catholic Mary, that the O'Mores and O'Connors of Offaly and Leix, were reduced to the grade of English shiremen. Protestantism embittered the struggle, but the real object of England was conquest. If there had been a sincere wish to Protestantise, the Scriptures and Liturgy would have been translated, or English schools established, but neither was done. "Was there ever an instance of any country converted except by persons speaking its language?" was the query of Bishop Berkeley, 200 years after the Reformation. But it suited the interests of succeeding generations to represent the soldiers of Elizabeth as the great champions of Protestantism. Protestantism had lost its expansive force before Desmond fell; it converted no country in Europe after that time; its only operation was persecution and revolution in the mazes of error—the worms, writhing and devouring each other in the decaying body.

Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, author of the second book on the list, was also a loyalist, and to such a degree, as in sober truth, cannot easily be conceived at the present day. He was a member of the confederation of Kilkenny. When all Ireland was nearly in the hands of the Catholics, he, as a descendant of the Anglo-Normans, and a conscientious loyalist, never thought of separation; he would have

been quite content with civil and religious liberty for the Catholics, with the very reasonable addition, that as there were no Protestants in Ireland, the cathedrals and churches should be open to the old creed. He lived to witness the awful catastrophe under Cromwell; he saw the lands of Episcopalian and Catholic parcelled among the fierce Puritans; he saw that settlement confirmed by the King, for whose father the Catholic Irish had laid down their arms in the full flush of victory; yet no rebel wish escapes him. The old ties of the "Pale" man, the allegiance inculcated by his church, allowed him no other choice than to have Ireland a sister kingdom, enjoying her own religion and laws.

"Good God! how this man (Orrery) doth abuse this Pope's pious and good meaning expressed in foresaid bull—as if the religion of the Catholics had an inconsistency with their duty and obedience to the king, which is most false. The Pope's power over the people is '*in spiritualibus*,' the King's power '*in temporalibus*,' and those powers do well agree, (as is evidently known all over the world,) in the power of Catholic Princes over their subjects, and in the Pope's power over the same people; those powers and jurisdictions in Catholic times in England did not clash, nor do they now in their nature, the Catholic people paying their duty to both. It is true, the '*Luminare majus*,' (the Pope,) Catholics venerate more than '*Luminare minus*,' (the King,) because '*Luminare majus*' hath the greater light and influence; yet they do not therefore omit to pay due veneration to the King, V. 1. p. 24. Orrery and all of his bands and combination have dealt with us as the devil did with Job; the devil touched all that was Job's except his life; Orrery and his people have touched all that was ours except our souls, which we hope in the divine mercy, God will preserve for his own worship and glory, so as we have still to say, 'Heaven is ours.'"—p. 26.

"In those days they styled your majesty only Charles Stuart, to call you king was a treason among them. And what is done in the end? After all this villany, contempt of royal family, open rebellion and war against the crown, and after putting the good king to death, after our fidelity, obedience, and hearty affection to your majesty, and after your own kingly testimony and expression of the same, the matter hath been strangely carried. How? The known rebels had your majesty's pardon, they were magnified; had places of trust and profit, and to boot, carried away our houses, lands, and estates by your majesty's grant under the great seal; 'O tempora! O mores! O laceratam justitiam!' and what is our lot and share of this tragical play after all your royal promises? we are left naked and desolate, crying to God as those of Jerusalem. 'Remember, O Lord, what is fallen unto us, our inheritance is



turned to aliens, and our houses to strangers. We are pupils without fathers.'"—p. 61.

If argument and indignant eloquence could avert the doom of Ireland, French would have succeeded; he points out with withering irony and irresistible force, the absurdity of looking upon the Puritans as loyal Anglicans. But it was convenient in after times, and even at the present day, to represent Cromwell's Puritans as "the loyal Anglicans" of Ireland—men, who after betraying and murdering the king, and expelling the Anglican bishops, betrayed Cromwell's son Henry, when it was their interest, and all became pious Episcopalians as soon as Charles ascended the throne. Never since Cain thought it his interest to kill Abel, has this earth known a body of men, who have triumphed so gloriously over every consideration, moral, social, and national, that interfered with their interest.

The object in calling the attention of the reader to the loyalty of the two venerable Catholic historians, is not that "argumentum ad misericordiam," which Catholics were obliged to use when they were struggling for emancipation; when there was no formula of Eastern serfdom which the Catholic slave did not habitually employ to conciliate his ascendant taskmaster. It is not in that spirit of slavish unconstitutional loyalty, that these good men are introduced, but solely to answer an objection made by some nervous old women to the publication of these books. They are terrified, those gentle instructors of the public, that Dominic O'Daly and Nicholas French should reappear and tell the Irish people, "we lived in an age when the powers of darkness were loosed against the Irish people, when cathedrals were converted into stables, and bishops and friars strung up in scores—we escaped the general carnage, and in the retirement of a foreign land, we gave a history of our sufferings—but though removed beyond the reach of the tyrant bigot, we preached allegiance." If this be dangerous food for the young Irish mind, it must have some very singular mode of digesting its lessons. It is not insinuated that these historians do not speak, as became them, of the persecutors and the martyrs. They do speak on those matters as become good Irish Catholics, and if any man say such things are not fit for the Irish people, he knows not what the Irish

people is. But the desire of conciliating the Irish aristocracy, has turned some of the strongest heads. If that aristocracy were an ornament to the empire—if it were identified with the Irish people—if it did not despise and hate them—if it were a “Corinthian” or any other capital—if it enjoyed *bona fide*, 16,000,000 rental, instead of Lord Mountcashel’s estimate, 3,000,000—it would be laudable to attempt to reclaim it, though their whole history proves that self-interest and terror, were the only apostles that could convert them. But in their present state, as a body, when the farmers of two provinces of the island, have as great an interest in land as the whole landed proprietary, when the journals of the empire have made the Irish aristocracy a bye-word for the scoffer, it is Irish generosity alone that could stand up in their defence. If the Union were repealed to-morrow, now that Ireland is bankrupt, what could be made of those bankrupt lords? Would they give you a good poor law and a tenant right? Let those two measures be passed, and the Irish aristocracy are not true to their history, if in some few years, the Catholics and Liberals of Ireland, be not the real, the sole conscientious supporters of British connexion.

For a history of this modern Irish aristocracy the reader is referred to two unprejudiced authorities, Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley—men whom inclination and principle would lead to give a favourable view. The nervous language of the first never exhibits its terrible power so effectively as when pouncing on the landlords—“who never built a mansion on their properties, nor a church, nor school, nor any public institution; who saw thousands of miserable serfs die every day of cold and hunger, and filth and famine; who squeezed their rents out of the very blood and vitals and clothes and dwellings of tenants, who had neither shoe nor stocking to their feet, nor a house as good as an English hog-sty to receive them; who cried out to the tenant with Pharaoh, ‘Ye are idle, ye are idle, O Israelites,’ when he wanted them to make bricks without straw.” All the Irish writings of that extraordinary man give the same horrid picture;\* and even the gentle

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\* “Another great calamity is the exorbitant raising of the rents of land. Upon the determination of all leases made before the year 1690, a gentleman thinks he has but indifferently improved his estate, if he has only doubled his rent-roll. Farms are screwed up



Berkeley—the man who was a century in advance of his age—describes the aristocracy of his time as “Goths in ignorance,” spendthrifts, drunkards, and debauchees. The result was such as might be expected; for with the exception

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to a rack-rent—leases granted but for a small number of years—tenants tied down to hard conditions—and discouraged from cultivating the lands they occupy to the best advantage, by the certainty they have of the rent being raised on the expiration of the lease, *proportionately to the improvements they shall make*. Thus it is that honest industry is restrained; the farmer is a slave to his landlord; it is well if he can cover his family with a coarse home-spun frieze. There are thousands of poor wretches who think themselves blessed, if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and an acre of ground for a potato plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America. What can be more deplorable than to behold wretches starving in the midst of plenty? We are apt to charge the Irish with laziness, because we seldom find them employed, but then we do not consider that they have nothing to do. With due submission to Sir William Temple's profound judgment, the want of trade with us, is rather owing to the cruel restraints we lie under, than to any disqualification whatsoever in our inhabitants.”

*The present miserable state of Ireland.*

“As to the improvement of land, those few who attempt that or planting, generally leave things worse than they are, neither succeeding in trees nor hedges, and by running into fancy of grazing, are every day depopulating the country. But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest, that whatever stranger took such a journey in Ireland, would be apt to consider himself travelling in Lapland or Ysland, rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress, and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; *the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins*, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness, upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hogsty to receive them, these indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwelling of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. Ye are idle, ye are idle, answered Pharaoh to the Israelites, when they complained to his majesty that they were forced to make bricks without straw.”

*Short View of the State of Ireland.*

“A great cause of this nation's misery is that Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressive, covetous landlords, expecting that all who live

of what tenant-right did for the North, and industrious merchants effected in the towns, and '82, that moonlight on a ruin, in one or two cities and on a few estates, the landlords have left no more traces of their presence on the Irish soil, than the followers of Genseric from their arrival in Carthage to their expulsion by Belisarius. They have had Ireland their own way during the last 200 years, but now they are like the brave Dalgais, who, on their return from the field of Clontarf, could not stand without stakes to fight a petty prince of Ossory. This language some people will call bigotry; but it is plain historic truth, told at an awful crisis, when the Irish people starve, and the empire pays ten millions to alleviate a calamity, which Ireland alone could have grappled with, if Irish proprietors (as a class), relying on the connivance and support of the people of England, had not grossly neglected their duty. But the day of retribution is at hand. Many persons were called prophets with less reason than Nicholas French, who foretold that England would one day for her own sake deal out a measure of tardy but summary justice on the heads of the offenders. When O'Daly is so severe on his own beloved Geraldines, what would he have said of the murderous Irish aristocracy?

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under them should make bricks without straw; who grieve and envy when they see a tenant of their own with a whole coat, or able to afford one comfortable meal in the whole month, by which the spirits of the people are broken and made fit for slavery; the farmers and cottagers through the whole kingdom, being to all intents and purposes as real beggars, as any of those to whom we give our charity in the streets. And these cruel landlords are every day unpeopling the kingdom—by which numberless families have been either forced into exile, or stroll about and increase the number of our thieves and beggars.”—*Causes of the Wretched Condition of Ireland.*

Elsewhere he writes, “no one builds except in towns,” and “every day thousands are dying of cold and famine, and filth and vermin.” Such was Ireland a century ago, as described by a Protestant minister. Such the system supported by English connivance. The world knows the little change a century has effected. It were well that some of those literary gentlemen who make public opinion, studied those elegant extracts. Of course, this censure on the present landlords, applies only to “*the mob of Irish proprietary, who revel at English watering places,*” as they have been designated by a respectable resident proprietor.



“Nor do I know how to account for the overthrow and extermination of the Earls of Desmond, when I reflect on all that they did and endured for religion, save by attributing both to the inscrutable ways of God; perhaps some awful delinquency of theirs brought down his vengeance, for He is most just, and punishes those who transgress his laws. If you are curious enough to investigate their crime, consider how James Fitzthomas, Earl of Desmond, was murdered in his castle of Rathkeale, as some suspect by his brother John. Again, recal the horrid murder of James Fitzmaurice, perpetrated by Maurice Desmond in the days of Henry the Eighth. Should this not satisfy you, I would have you ponder on all the cruel acts of rapacity and blood committed against the McCarthy’s. Now I have briefly narrated for you the history of the Geraldines, uninfluenced by love of party, solely motived by love of truth. May then this history serve as a warning to the great ones of this world, teaching them to act justly in fear of God, and love for those who are humble in the world. On these virtues you may rear that edifice, whose summit, piercing the clouds, must ultimately reach the highest heavens.”—p. 122.

So far from being alarmed at the publication of these works, men should thank the editor and translator for reviving and popularising the grand memories and endearing associations of the Anglo-Irish ages, when the mere Irish, the liege English, and the degenerate English, though always at war, and even carrying their hostility into the sanctuary, yet looked upon Ireland as their home, and in one half-century founded more valuable public institutions than their Elizabethan successors during 300 years. If there be one calamity to be deplored at this terrible time, it is, that the young gentlemen of Ireland, who have anything to lose, do not take a lesson from that party which some people call “Young England,” and import their principles into Ireland. But Mr. Watson proposes the repeal of some obsolete statutes and insulting restrictions, and the great lights of the “*Irish party*”—the Hamiltons, Grogans, and Lefroys—they, wiser than Peel, Bentinck and Russell, insist that the Catholic Irish must still be flouted with the Orange rag—*Irish party*, indeed! “Sire, qu’est que ce que l’Etat?” “L’Etat?—c’est moi,” dit Louis Quatorze. The *Irish party*, in plain English, is imperial money in the pockets of Messrs. Hamilton and Lefroy, with letters of marque against the Irish peasant. “L’Etat? c’est moi,” says Mr. Lefroy.

One passage from Dr. French looks very like a pro-

phcey. It was written after the confirmation of the "Act of Settlement" by Charles the Second.

"Your religion, noble countrymen, your religion is the sole crime for which you suffer; blessed for ever be the name of God!—Do not therefore fear all that men can do against you, while, with tears and patience, you march under the purple standard of crucified Jesus; for in the end, the day and victory will be yours. Fear not the power of men in this glorious trial, there be more with you than against you—legions of Angels, though you see them not, whose heavenly hosts are pitching their tents round about you. He that led the children of Israel out of Egypt in wonders through the Red Sea, never wants power to deliver you: wait for his good time, for he will come."

There is nothing in Dr. French's writings which would lead us to think that, even in his day dreams, he had any presentiment of what his beloved country was destined to do in extending his Church. Ireland alone—the green isle of the West—preserving the Faith, in spite of persecution, was the grandest vision that cheered his exile. Little could he imagine the day when the Catholic student in a royal college in Ireland, could count up his class-fellows preaching the Catholic faith in every quarter of the globe—those who knelt with him before the same altar, and partook, side by side, of the same sacred bread; now toiling in the snows of Canada, or the tropical regions of the East and West Indies, or the New Europe of the South Sea, or numerous other settlements on which commerce or ambition has planted the British standard. He could not have anticipated how his poor countrymen, exiled by misery or persecution, would aid in Catholicising America, and founding Catholic churches in England, thus binding Ireland to the empire by that very principle which conquered persecution—the most active, the most tender, the most enduring principle that has ever swayed the Irish heart—the love for the Church. And least of all, could he have hoped that the descendants of his prostrate confederates would recover their liberty without the sacrifice of their ecclesiastical independence, and be proposed as a model to Europe by the preacher appointed by Pius IX. "You shall not go to Rome on the canonization of the Saints," says Austria to her bishops; "You shall not hold a council, nor stir from your diocese, without my leave," says France; "You shall live on a poor pension,



like the policeman," says Spain; "You shall be nominated or vetoed by us," say all. But the Irish Church is free—in a land of constitutional freedom. May her liberty be immortal! Her missionaries once diffused the light of literature and piety over a great portion of Europe—may she not, in this Erastian age, be destined for a still more noble European mission—a more brilliant wreath for the imperial diadem than all the trophies from Cressy to Waterloo?

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ART. VII. — *The Catholic Christian's Guide to the Right Use of Christian Psalmody and of the Psalter.* By the REV. H. FORMBY. London, Richardson, 1847.

WHATEVER side a person may be inclined to take in the "vexata quæstio" of ecclesiastical music, the very great interest which that subject is exciting at the present moment, is at any rate a circumstance from which those who love the Church will be disposed to draw comfort and encouragement. And this for more than one good reason. How thankful may we Catholics well be, that our own little internal controversies are of so useful, and that they are, at the same time, not of a more vital, character; that they steer clear of all which touches the precious deposit of the Faith, on the one hand; on the other, that they actually do relate to matters of great practical and abiding interest, and are such as can hardly fail to issue in results to the Church which all good men must be delighted to anticipate. What a contrast in *both* these respects do our own "internal controversies," so to call them, present to those by which a neighbour-communion has now for a length of time been agitated! When an impartial observer hears of the questions which rend the Established Church of England in pieces, he is at a loss whether most to wonder at their greatness or at their littleness. That a religious body should go on being "divided against itself" upon points of such sovereign moment as the nature and office of the Church, or the essential character of the Sacraments, this fact to any

Catholic of any time or country must be alone decisive against all claims which that body may set up to be accounted an integral part of the great Christian Community dispersed throughout the world. Yet hardly less conclusive in the same direction is the fact, that these differences on the fundamentals of the Faith seem to operate less towards the practical disunion of parties than do certain rubrical questions of the most utterly subordinate description, such as whether clergymen shall preach in black or in white, read offertory sentences where there is no offertory, or bow to the communion-table under an express protest against the doctrine which alone gives to such acts of reverence their obvious meaning and true symbolical importance.

We are far indeed from questioning that other subjects are mooted in the Established Church of a kind different from these; more practical on the one hand, less fundamental on the other; such, for example, as the question which has drawn forth these observations, the relative excellence of different styles of church-music. Yet must we not forget our own great happiness and special privilege in having all *great* controversies closed up once for all to members of the Church by the determinations of an authoritative tribunal; and we will add, all lesser ones of the same class admitting of such decisions as good Christians can have no difficulty in obeying, whether or not their own individual judgment may always go along with them. In the confidence which so healthy a state of things must necessarily inspire, we are enabled to survey lesser differences with composure, and even to take part in them with comfort. Out of the Church, serious men, we should suppose, can never feel sure where they may not be drifted in the discussion of questions, bearing even indirectly upon religion. In the Anglican body this remark appears peculiarly true. For seldom does it happen, as far as we can see, that the parties who differ on the subordinate subjects are thoroughly at one upon the more essential; indeed, one great reason of the incessant occurrence and interminable nature of the disputes which prevail, is plainly the impossibility of finding common ground in first principles. Here then, is our own happy distinction from all sectarian communities. Differ as we may in minor points, we can never stray far from the path of the Church without finding ourselves on rough roads, amid



tangled brakes, and in indifferent company—symptoms of deflexion which must always be enough to put good men upon retracing their steps.

Subject to such limitations as membership in the Church must always impose, animated discussions, such as that now so rife amongst us, upon the relative claims of Plain Chant and Harmony, are evident tokens of healthy vigour and auguries of sure improvement. Active minds will work and wrestle on something; and happy should the Church esteem herself when the spirit of reformation takes so innocent and useful a shape as the desire of abolishing secular strains and innovating upon orchestral abuses! Reformations these, which savour more of Councils than of Diets, of Trent than of Augsburg. Since wars we must have, well is it for us that our high contending parties should range themselves under banners so venerable as those of St. Gregory and Palestrina; and that if those wars must lead to bloodshed or to capture, the sacrifice should be no more costly than that of organists and prima donnas.

But the present controversy on the music of the Church, besides being symptomatic and ominous of good from its own very character, will, as we hope and believe, be in the end productive of more practical advantage than is the case with all controversies. That there are grave abuses still extant in England in this department of the external service of Almighty God, is a fact which may be safely affirmed without any want of regard to the real difficulties which stand in the way of improvement, or of thankfulness for the important steps in the right line which a few years have witnessed; and it is scarcely possible that the whole subject should undergo so thorough a revision as is now in progress without leading to the gradual but sure correction of the evils which are coming to be very extensively deplored. Whatever differences may exist as to styles of music, there seems a considerable and growing *consensus*, as to the necessity of some radical change in the *manner* of conducting this portion of divine worship—indeed, in the very essay which we have announced at the head of our article, and in other publications of the same kind, we find the more ancient modes advocated far less as a matter of musical taste, than on account of their tendency to religious edification on the part of singers and hearers. This is a most encouraging circumstance; the more so as

we find no disposition in the chief partisans of harmonized music to overlook the same class of considerations. The question therefore very much reduces itself to one of means; for on the great principle, that all should be done “*ad majorem Dei gloriam*,” we are thankful in believing that there is no difference of opinion. One cause of this happy unanimity is doubtless to be found in the fact, that the contending parties are either clergy, or laymen distinguished even in an age of improvement, like our own, for their devotion to the Church.\*

Mr. Formby, whose work forms the text of our article, is one of that zealous little company of recent converts to the Church, from whose enthusiasm in her service, by whatever natural mistakes or misconceptions thwarted, most happy results, we confidently trust, may with good reason be promised to England. Of Mr. Formby’s volume a considerable portion was, as he informs us, prepared before his renunciation of the Protestant religion—to which, in spirit at least, he has probably never conformed. Like others of the converts, he brings to us qualifications for the task of an observer which no length of connexion with the Church could supply, and which are in themselves no mean compensation to their possessor for the want of that incommunicable and transcendent privilege which they enjoy who “*have ever been*,” like the elder son in the parable, in the bosom of the tenderest and most watchful of parents. For what is it which, under the Divine blessing, has drawn these scattered sheep into the Fold of the Church? What, indeed, but the fruit of long and patient meditation on her true nature

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\* While these sheets are passing through the press, we have received permission to announce a forthcoming “*Catechism of Plain Chant*,” from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Crookall, of St. Edmund’s College. The high musical reputation which this gentleman has brought with him from Rome, added to his experience as director of the choir in a college long distinguished for the cultivation of the genuine ecclesiastical chant, cannot fail to secure to this manual a welcome reception on the part of teachers as well as students, of the sacred science on the elements of which it treats. “*The Chorister’s Gradual*,” by Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, a name beloved of all who have a heart to glow at the thought of noble deeds of Christian piety and munificence, also reaches us too late for more than this summary notice.



and office in the world, resulting in a conviction, not to be disregarded without peril, of the essential correspondence of the Roman Communion with that high and cherished type? They come to us, therefore, with ideas of the Church fresh drawn from the purest sources; from her consecutive annals, from the history and writings of her Saints, from the contents and tenour of her own immortal liturgies. This gives a depth and spirit to their views of her character and obligations, which renders their accession to our communion at the present moment a peculiar mark of the Divine goodness towards us; and in this light we are rejoiced to feel that the recent conversions are extensively regarded by the English Catholic body.

The set-off against this advantage on the side of converts would undoubtedly be found, did it exist, or in so far as it exists, in a certain want of pliancy, or of forbearance, not unlikely to befall zealous men coming into a new system with high abstract ideas of perfection, unmodified as yet by the wear and tear of experience. And certainly in the case of any religious system, except the Church, this liability had been quite sure to work consequences perilous alike to the system and to the individuals thus suddenly imported into it. No where else could we have escaped the dangers of so heterogeneous a combination of elements. "*Ne mittas vinum novum in utres veteres; alioquin dirumpit vinum utres et vinum diffunditur.*" Wonderfully has this saying of Divine Wisdom been illustrated in the case of the communion which has lately yielded us so rich a harvest! But it should excite the thankfulness of Catholics and the marvel of all, to behold how the Church has at once subdued and appropriated these active spirits, of foreign growth, yet not of foreign nature; how they have been, as chemists would say, "taken up" into her composition; how their little pardonable eccentricities rectify themselves under the fostering hand of their new Mother, without consciousness on their own part or violence on hers. O marvellous Economy indeed! O gracious Rule, strict without severity, supple without weakness—how constraining, yet how gentle, how transforming, yet how unfelt! A zealous convert from Anglicanism to the Church has no erratic tendencies which the strong *centripetal* influence to which he becomes at once subjected has not power, in all but extraor-

dinary and anomalous cases, to counteract and regulate. The dispensation of grace provides no security, any more than the economy of Nature, against the possibility of exceptional cases; there are comets in the heavens; there were rebels in the Angelic choir; shall we wonder that there are also apostates from the Church? Yet, so far liker to the order of the celestial hierarchy than to the course of the natural world, there is in the Divine Economy, no place or provision for eccentric orbits. The Church has a wonderful power of smoothing down inequalities and rounding off edges. A man is here under law, or he is an outlaw. In the Church, all is orderly, equable, and uniform. What has capacities of shining, shines in her sphere, not fitfully but evenly; what tends to protrude finds its place—to mount without ballast, its level, to fly off into space, its circle of order, its function of duty, its ministry of obedience.—And now to our more immediate task.

The excellent author of the “Guide to the right use of Christian Psalmody,” has long been distinguished, even among his former contemporaries, for bold and original views. His “Travels in the East,” published several years back when he was still an attached member of the Anglican Church, were characterized at the time by a Periodical not less remarkable for its fairness of tone than for its brilliant ability, and which, however justly severe against cant, shallowness, and heresy, was always sensitively alive and tenderly considerate towards real merit, and purity of intention—as “original even to eccentricity and to the very verge of paradox and overstatement.”\* Strong language this for the *British Critic*, when speaking of a writer so religious, and in the main catholic-minded, as Mr. Formby. Strong language for so equitable and indulgent a censor; yet mild withal, when it is discovered that the extravagances hinted at, are nothing less than symptoms of that strange infirmity by which other noble minds besides that of our excellent author have been occasionally beset—an admiration of Mahometanism! Now this illustrates what we have just said about the controlling and rectifying power of the Catholic Church. No sooner does Mr. Formby find himself among us, than his

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\* *British Critic* for October, 1843.



very originalities assume an innocent, not to say a venerable aspect. Driven for awhile upon sympathy even with a form of Antichrist, by the favourable contrast which it doubtless presented to that still worse form of the same deadly power with which he was familiar from his youth—the heresy of Luther and Cranmer—what wonder if he should have given vent to his feelings under a system which provides neither safeguard against the extravagances of speculation, nor check to the license of speech? Who is not rather disposed to admire the frankness of the avowal than to comment with the requisite severity upon the strangeness of the fancy? Now, however, by divine mercy, a Catholic, Mr. Formby has learned that he need not travel to the East, in quest of self-renouncing devotion, and lowly reverence, and zeal for the places and ceremonies of divine worship. Now knows he, that, beautiful as is the outer vestment of the King's Daughter, her real glory is all within; and that it is not travellers, how religious soever, who obtain even so much as a glimpse into her penitential and devotional depths, but they alone who rest on her bosom, and drink of her treasures—"quibus revelat secreta cœlestia."

The little volume upon which we are at present engaged, is characterized, as we have already hinted, by all the originality, but far less than the eccentricity, of its Anglican predecessor. Eccentric and paradoxical it is, as one or two extracts, we think, will abundantly demonstrate; but, with all its strangeness, it is the work of a Catholic, which Mr. Formby's former volume evidently was not. And, what is much more than this, we will say, that it is a book calculated, with all its exaggeration, to do good service to the Church. Indeed, that portion of it which enters, though too briefly, upon the Christian use of the Psalms—a subject not quite foreign to our own pages\*—appears to us to be singularly instructive, as well as not a little beautiful. From first to last, too, the volume gives evidence of a thoughtful and deeply religious mind; and, as to the more directly practical part of it, although we must feel that Mr. Formby sketches his principles of music in somewhat of caricature, yet the principles themselves are

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\* See in the Number for January last, on the "Devotional Use of the Breviary."

in the main right and good, and their very excesses are, so to say, on "virtue's side;" suggested by a deep and noble spirit of loyalty and devotion to the Roman Church, which should go far, with all good Catholics, to atone for what is occasionally grotesque and startling.

Mr. Formby's little work, to go now to its structure and composition, is thrown into the form of question and answer, and consists of two rather distinct portions; of which the first relates to Psalmody, strictly so called, and the second to the contents and objects of the Psalter. The order and regularity of the work might seem to have been better consulted by a reverse arrangement; as it is, the more technical part has, apparently, the advantage in position over the more instructive and devotional. This, however, is a small matter; and such a disposition may have been rendered necessary by the compendious and elementary nature of the treatise. Moreover, although the second portion is the higher in dignity, and perhaps not the least conspicuous for usefulness, the precedence given to the more technical branch of the subject is to be explained by the circumstance of the accidental interest at present attaching to it. The catechetical plan of the work gives the author an opportunity of setting forth the objections to his view, which he has done, on the whole, with more fairness than is usual with authors who answer themselves, but, from the nature of his plan, with more brevity than the vast importance of the subject requires.

Mr. Formby's argument is a very simple one. There are, as he contends, two kinds of church music actually in use, one of which alone possesses ecclesiastical authority. The Plain Chant, he would say, is the proper Song of the Church; authorised by her formal sanction, and commended by the practice of her saints. The harmonized and figured music was an innovation upon established practice, which over and above grave intrinsic objections lying against it, has no authority but from use, has been actually discarded by many good and great men, and, above all, does not reckon the name of a single canonized Saint among its composers or its patrons.

Mr. Formby's line of objection to the figured music is not a new one. It is precisely the same with that which the illustrious Suarez notices, and as we think satisfactorily answers. Whatever may be said against complicated harmonies or florid accompaniments in church upon



intrinsic grounds, we do not, we confess, see how the actual practice of the Church even at the centre of her dominion, and of course very extensively in other places, can be got over, as at any rate a qualifying feature in the argument from authority. But let us hear Suarez in answer to Navarre, a rigorist of his day. "It is a sufficient argument," says that great divine, "that this use (of organic, or figured music) is retained throughout the Church; and that, in the very Church of Rome itself, and in the chapel of the Supreme Pontiff, the divine offices are sung after this manner."\* The illustrious author proceeds to comment, as strongly as any one, upon the danger of excesses and abuses; only he does not seem to feel either with the objectors of his day, or with some writers of the present time, that the artificial music is intrinsically mischievous, any more than that it is ecclesiastically irregular. On the contrary, he goes so far as to consider that the edification of the people may be effectually promoted by the cautious and well ordered use of ornament in the music of the Church, just as by the elegancies of composition or the graces of delivery in a sermon. As to the latter parallel, an objector might reply, that the words of the divine office are sacred words such as art cannot heighten and may disgrace, and that they are so far unlike the words of a mere preacher. Still we think that there is danger, and we shall presently say why, in drawing the line too tight.

At any rate, the argument founded on actual practice appears quite irrefragable, as against the charge of disobedience or undutifulness, which our author more than insinuates against the introducers of harmony. Thus,

"It is undoubtedly," he says, "the act of a heretic in principle, when the Church has formally declared herself, and put forth certain songs as songs of the saints, for an individual to take no account of her judgment, but to proceed to make his own choice as if no such judgment existed."—p. 21.

In answer to the obvious objection, that "when there is liberty there is no room for heresy," he rejoins—

"The use of song in Divine worship cannot be a matter of abso-

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\* *De Oratione Vocali*, Lib. iii. c. 8.

lute liberty, any more than it cannot be, *like the matter of the sacraments, absolutely fixed.*”—p. 21.

But the question is, whether, to a certain extent, it be not so. Farther on he compares the introduction of other music than that of the Gradual and Antiphonal, to the exposition of unauthorized relics:—p. 22.

In all this there appears to us, we confess, to be not a little confusion, as well as a great deal of scarcely harmless exaggeration. Is not Mr. Formby mixing up two distinct things; the principle of deviation from the pure ecclesiastical chant, on the one hand, and on the other, the admission of styles and performances *in themselves* irreligious? He seems to us to be unconsciously employing a just prejudice against music of a certain description, unhappily too rife in England as elsewhere, to help him out in the defence of his inflexible theory. If Mr. Formby means to say that there is no medium between keeping exclusively to Plain Chant and running into vicious excesses, that is another matter; but even here the harmonists would come down upon him by appealing to Palestrina and the Pope's chapel as proof positive that such a medium is practicable, and that it has the warrant of sufficient experience to prove it a real and not a merely imaginary line of demarcation.

Objectors will in fact urge, and as we think fairly enough, that it is one thing to contend against excesses, and another to close, once for all, with the Plain Chant. And they will say, accordingly, that Mr. Formby presses his examples farther than they will bear. For instance, that of Cardinal Cajetan, who said that “some music is so unfit to be offered to God that nothing but invincible ignorance can excuse the persons offering it from mortal sin.” (p. 22.) A severe judgment certainly, yet, for all we can see, a perfectly just one, though still not quite to Mr. Formby's purpose. But again, it is a great deal more than doubtful whether another of Mr. Formby's authorities, Cardinal Capranica, was speaking of figured music in general, or *as such*, when he compared the singing of his day to the “grunting and squeaking of little pigs,” for whose noise no man was the wiser. (p. 27.) The story is from Baini's Life of Palestrina, and was long ago noticed in Dr. Wiseman's Lectures on the Holy Week. Now, considering the state of ecclesiastical music at the time,



the real meaning of this somewhat uncomplimentary, but very expressive, comparison is not hard to discern. Baini gives the following specimen of the masses then in vogue. "They would write, for example, a mass, taking as a subject, the melody of the Gregorian Ave Maria. Three parts in the harmony would sing portions of the Kyrie, Gloria, and Credo, at the same time, while a fourth would take up at intervals the entire Ave Maria. And now," he continues, "for another instance; Palestrina's own first mass is called the 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.' At the first Kyrie comes in the treble with 'Ecce;' then follow immediately the tenor, contralto and bass, in the fugue style, with Kyrie Eleison, while the treble meanwhile goes on with the antiphon Ecce Sacerdos to the end."\* It was in the midst of such vagaries that Cardinal Capranica lived, and although it is not said in so many words that he had an eye to them in his comparison of the pigs, yet we do not think it fair to press him into a sanction of the opinion, that

"Vocal music and harmony," (as such,) "rather disguises than conveys the meaning of the words sung, and thus violates the apostle's rule that Psalmody should speak to the understanding."—(Formby, p. 86.)

The "Harmonists" have undoubtedly an important fact against Mr. Formby in Palestrina himself. That great master, as we have often been told, arose in an age when the music of the Church was depraved nearly to the utmost extent of depravation. Not merely were the sacred words of the composition itself shaken together in "most admired confusion," but, as we have just seen, the words of other sacred pieces were foisted among them, so that they no longer expressed any one idea. Worse far; the gaps were even sometimes filled up with "snatches of old songs;" the ballads of the day, and those not always of the most unexceptionable kind.† When to these evils we add that of a light and voluptuous strain in the music

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\* *Memorie della Vita e delle Opere de Palestrina*, Vol. 1. c. 2.

† Baini, Vol. 1. c. 5. Well may Palestrina's biographer exclaim with virtuous indignation: Ohime! la casa santa di Dio! Ohime! Il luogo venerabile dell' orazione; Ohime! Il divin Sacrificio incruento. Ohime! L'irritata divina giustizia, che vibrar doveva già già i fulmini dell' acceso furore.

itself, and a concourse of instrumental sounds making confusion worse confounded, who can wonder that such a state of things should have drawn down the satires of Cardinals, when in the end it provoked the anathemas of Popes? Truly when we consider the state of the ante-tridentine Church, we can never be sufficiently thankful for the reformation, (the internal and ecclesiastical reformation, of course, we mean,) of that most critical era; nay, and if we may ever feel gratitude for evil which is the cause of conspicuous good—for the extra-ecclesiastical movement also, in so far, and in so far only, as it turned the attention of the Church upon herself. At this juncture then, arose the illustrious Giovanni Pierluigi, called from his native town, Palestrina, that genius “pure as if angels had breathed into him their harmony, capable at once of conceiving, effecting, and maturing, the perfection of music, whose spirit seems ever since to have watched in guardianship over the choir which he taught.” Born in an age of the most vitiated taste, and himself, as appears from a foregoing anecdote, not quite exempt, at the opening of his professional career, from its unfavourable influences, his exalted and discriminating genius was guided to disentangle the sweet spirit of song from the mazes in which it was well nigh lost; and one transcendent essay of his master-hand it was which rescued his sacred art from the ban of the impending anathema. Who does not remember the interesting history? It was in 1564 that Pope Pius IV appointed a congregation to carry into effect the canons of the Council of Trent, proscribing the use of secular music. One of the members of that congregation was no less a person than St. Charles Borromeo, then arch-priest of St. Mary Major, who had become acquainted with Palestrina, then employed in the service of that church. On the 10th of January, 1565, the youthful composer was bidden to produce a Mass under two stipulations; first, that it should have no affinity to any profane air; secondly, that it should give effect to the sacred words. Upon the success of this experiment the composer was told, would depend the fate of harmonized church music once for all. By April, he had composed three masses. In the two first, amid great excellencies, his genius had been evidently cramped, and who can wonder? by the embarrassments of his situation. One chance yet remained—the third mass was performed on St. Peter’s



day, to the delight of all hearers, and the cause of harmony triumphed. This is the "Missa Papæ Marcelli," said to be still performed at the Sistine chapel on Holy Saturday.\*

Such is the defence put in by the admirers of harmony, and, whatever else it may or may not prove, certainly it proves this, that concerted music kept its ground in the Church under circumstances the most adverse possible to its preservation—a conciliar decree all but condemnatory of it, a vigilant Pope, and a sensitive hierarchy; that it was retained, not hastily and capriciously, but after due consideration and fair trial—and, what we confess weighs more with us than any other consideration—not through the clamours of a multitude, or the representations of "cognoscenti," but through the interposition of a canonized Saint. And here, by the way, we will take another exception against Mr. Formby's rather sweeping enthusiasm.

"The chief authors and singers of the Plain Song upon earth, are among the Saints of the Church, who are known to be in heaven, and to intercede for us; on the other hand, the chief authors of harmony and figured music, are not only *unknown* to be in heaven, but in no few instances, to judge from their lives, are under considerable improbability of being ever admitted there."—p. 30.

Not denying for a moment the especial, and, we will add, the sacred interest which the Plain Song of the Church derives from the illustrious Saint, so dear to England, from whom it takes its name, we must yet remind our author that St. Charles Borromeo, Palestrina's patron, and St. Philip Neri, in whose arms he is said to have died, are names than which none can be more fitted to confer dignity and splendour upon any subject. Neither can we consider it a trivial fact that the figured music has found a champion in the great Suarez, as well as in so many others among the glorious sons of St. Ignatius—glorious alike for deeds of sanctity, and for the wisdom and learning of the schools.

That the ancient Saints of the Church lived in the daily

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\* Dr. Wiseman's Lectures on Holy Week. Since this article was in type, a valuable Paper on "Ecclesiastical Music," has appeared in the *Tablet* (of March 7th, 1847,) which goes over much of the ground now taken, with the advantage of far greater musical science.

use of her own sweet song, and died, if not with its notes on their lips, at least with its echoes in their ears—this, indeed, we gladly concede to our author; and a precious thought it is; but, considering that the resources of musical harmony are comparatively of recent discovery, it is rather obvious to ask, how the Saints of old could possibly have ennobled it by their sanction, or illustrated it by their example? If Mr. Formby can produce saints who would rigorously exclude from the Church, not light and secular strains alone, but figured music altogether, such instances would be, no doubt, to his point; but it is a fact, on the other side, that one of them, a canonized Saint, and others, holy Popes, none the less, we are assured, in the company of the blest above for lacking the veneration of the Church below, have persevered in waiving the prerogative by the exercise of which they might have banished Harmony, not merely from their own private chapel in the Vatican, but from every church within their spiritual dominions.

The more deeply, then, we sympathize with Mr. Formby's general predilections, and above all with the religious and ecclesiastical temper which is so conspicuous in his essay, the more earnestly must we deprecate that too positive tone in which he inveighs against the actual practice of half the Church, the very court of its sovereign not excepted. Mr. Formby will tell us, with the philosopher of old, that extremes are the proper correction of extremes; but that principle was never meant to be carried out to the prejudice of truth and fairness. More lukewarm advocates of Mr. Formby's cause would perhaps be more tolerant critics; for ourselves, we own to a strong apprehension lest the stiffness and apparent crotchettiness of his views should operate with many reasonable minds to the disadvantage of his argument.

"In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas," is the trite but golden maxim of St. Augustine. What we have to lament in Mr. Formby, as in others of the same antiquarian school, is a decided violation of the second of these conditions, and a consequent tendency to overlook the third. They first erect, arbitrarily and capriciously as we must feel, the "dubia" into the "necessaria," and then they are as intolerant of objections as if the Faith itself were at stake. How much of this enthusiasm may be a necessary condition of benefit to be done in these lukewarm days, we are not prepared to determine; neither



can we judge other men's consciences. Every one who acts *bonâ fide*, is doing the work of the Church sooner or later, and no man can act to any good purpose who does not act in his own way. Yet, speaking of things in the abstract, to narrow what Almighty God, if so be, has left open, is, we must think, only less harmful, though of course infinitely less perverse, than to throw open what He has shut up. The imputations of heresy and latitudinarianism, or, again, of Protestantism (which includes both), often unsparingly dealt out by our rigorists in ecclesiastical art against those who differ from them, are of far too solemn a nature to be cast around us in such light warfare. And yet it will be the natural consequence of erecting arbitrary tribunals, and forming imaginary standards, that we must look with an eye of suspicion and mistrust upon many whom the obligations of Christianity, and very especially the needs of the Church at the present juncture, require us to comprehend in the embraces of fraternal affection and sympathy.

We trust that we shall not here be understood to speak excepting of tendencies; still less to include the excellent writer with whom we are dealing so frankly, in the terms of any severe censure. That we are disposed to quarrel with some of his unbending principles, he will already have discovered: but we detect too many points of contact with him in all that is really most essential, to entertain any serious fears of permanent misunderstanding. Our own strong and ever strengthening conviction, meanwhile, is that, in the Catholic Church, nothing is unchangeable but what is *ruled*. Doctrine and morals in what is essential, and acknowledged to be essential to them, these are not of yesterday or to-day, that we can tamper or trifle with them at random; but as to all which belongs to the external framework of the Church, this is fixed so far only as it is generally or locally binding. But for the rest, "*Ubi Spiritus, ibi libertas.*" In paradise our first parents were bound by a law, which proves indeed that the state of obedience is our greatest privilege and happiness. But law was the exception, liberty the rule. "*Of every tree in the garden thou shalt eat.*" The same holds good in the Church, which is Paradise renewed. Here are varieties of disposition and taste, infinite as they are innocent; age differing from age, and nation from nation, and society from society, and man from man. One

great cementing principle binds all: the Church of Christ. From her narrow path not one may stray; her changeless law of faith and holiness not one may transgress with impunity; but, for the rest, there is liberty—till there is sin. Then, freedom must be retrenched; but, prior to abuse, “*possidet libertas*,” as the divines say; liberty is men’s right, because it is God’s gift. All this is, of course, quite compatible, or rather it is in direct harmony, with the principle of the Religious State, which is strictly remedial, — i. e., natural only in an imperfect dispensation.

We have strayed into deeper waters than we desire; but it has been in the hope of substantiating what might otherwise seem mere capricious objections to the line of rigour. It may be that we shall have succeeded only in bringing out still more radical differences with our respected author; but, even if so, we can reflect with comfort that one of the very liberties which the Church allows, is the liberty of ranging at will within the antipodes of the opposite moral systems which she embraces in her theology.

We shall now hope to make it more abundantly plain that it is not from Mr. Formby’s views that we dissent, so much as from his reasonings. We sympathize strongly with his musical preferences, and complain only that they are exclusive. In an article which appeared in the October number of this Review, and which sufficiently expresses our sentiments upon the question, the Plain Song of the Church was maintained against certain more popular styles, on the ground especially of its throwing out the sacred words to which it is applied, and of its giving greater scope than the figured music for an extensive union of the voices in the solemn intonation of the divine offices. We are happy to find that these sentiments are entirely borne out by the valuable opinion of Mr. Formby; and we are happy also in sharing with him, to a great extent, the preference of the Plain Chant over Harmony, on the special ground of high and venerable associations. Nor let us be understood as disparaging the actual authority with which the Plain Song comes before us in the Gradual and Antiphonal, where we interpose a claim for Harmony on the score of use, the prescription of three centuries, and the tacit sanction of every pontiff who has filled the chair of St. Peter, from Pius IV. to the reigning pope.



Indeed, far though we be from entering into all the arguments of Mr. Formby, we can infinitely less sympathize with some popular objections to the Plain Song. It is said to be uncouth; a remark which appears to us to be at once true and not true, or true of some specimens and not of others. Moreover, even where, or so far as, it is true, we are not sure that it amounts to a clear objection. We have heard it observed, even by eminent musicians, that there is a beauty in the characteristic song of the Church being strange, or, as Aristotle would say, *ξενόν*, i. e., removed from common use; and we are not sure that the popular objection to the Plain Chant always goes beyond the length of saying that it is so. It is certain that whatever is true of the Plain Chant in this respect, is true also of the style of Palestrina, which is like nothing but itself. But when musicians object eccentricity to the Plain Chant, it is probable that they mean to include the idea of technical irregularity, a farther objection, the fact of which we are quite willing to take at their word.

That this latter charge of barbarism and solecism does not at any rate apply to all the music which goes by the name of Plain Chant, is evident from this, if from no other circumstance,—that a great deal of it admits of being expressed in the modern modes. Again, even the most unscientific hearer may detect a manifest difference, in point of melody, between some pieces of Plain Chant and others. Of true melody there cannot be any surer criterion than that a tune, to use the familiar expression, should “run in the head,” or could be expressed on an instrument by a person who plays only by ear. That this is the case with some of the most celebrated pieces of Plain Chant, is absolutely undeniable; from their simple form they can be easily transferred into sweet and beautiful airs, properly harmonized, which can afterwards be taken down in the modern notation. Say, as the rigorists perhaps will, that this is to change their character, so that they are no longer Plain Chant, still it is proof positive that the element of melody exists in their composition, which is all that we are at present concerned to establish.

How it happens that some pieces of Plain Chant have so much more of *air* in them than others, is a problem of which we have never yet heard quite a satisfactory solution. Certainly, however, the fact is so. All which comes into the Missal, for instance, is musical in the extreme. What

can be more exquisite in the way of melodious recitative than the Proper Prefaces, the Pater Noster, the *Ite missa est* for the several days, or the Litany of the Saints? This is music such as ravishes the sense, not perhaps at the first, but after the few first hearings. Or what more beautiful, as plaintive melody, than the authorized tone of the Lamentations in Holy Week? The "Exultet," too, on Holy Saturday; where shall we find music more sweetly eloquent, more instinct with the spirit of its theme? Indeed, considering the narrow boundaries within which, as objectors are prone to remind us, the Plain Chant is shut up, nothing, perhaps, is more wonderful than its variety and power of accommodating itself to the peculiar character of its subject. In the "Exultet," for instance, it can be wild and buoyant; in the *Veni Creator* solemn and affectionate; in the Lamentations, mournful as ring-doves by the waters; in the *Regina cœli*, gratulatory and respectful; in the Kyries of the Mass, tender and imploring. To subjects of unmixed jubilation alone does it seem unequal; and this is why many who admire it are disposed to stipulate for some exception to its majestic simplicity in the case of the Gloria and Credo in the Mass. They ask, and not unnaturally: Was the Angelic Hymn on the night of the Nativity a solemn recital, or was it not rather a burst of joy?

It must never be forgotten, too, in estimating our obligations to those saints who "by their skill sought out musical tunes,"\* that to the sources from which we derive the Plain Chant, we owe also the celebrated Psalm Tones. These are universally admitted to form the most appropriate of all vehicles of the sacred words, which, indeed, almost seem to choose them as their natural expression. Nor can anything, it is plain, be more groundless than the objection to these wonderful chants on the score of monotony: they differ, in fact, not less characteristically from one another, than all from those miserable counterparts, or imitations, which have taken their place in the Protestant cathedrals.

The great contrast which some of the pieces of Plain Chant just enumerated present to the ordinary run of Introits, Offertories, and Communions in the Gradual, as

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\* Eccl. xliv. 5.



well as to most of the Antiphons in the Antiphonary, is a feature in the case which we have already avowed our inability to explain. The most satisfactory account of the difference which we have heard is, that the original tradition may have been better preserved in the case of pieces in constant use, such as the Prefaces in the Mass, or the most familiar Hymns, than of those which occur less often. Whatever be the true explanation, there seems no doubt that, in much of the Gradual and Antiphony, the ordinary laws of music are more decidedly violated than in the other instances; so that, far from yielding an agreeable and even a striking melody, the average pieces which we derive from these sources are strange even to rudeness, and but very slowly grow upon the ear even of such as are predisposed in their favour. In these respects they must needs present, in the judgment of accomplished musicians, a remarkable contrast to the exquisite harmonies of Palestrina and his school; though persons who look in church music for the varied expression of sentiment rather than for either skilful harmony or melodious recitation, will continue to miss in the productions even of the school of Harmony the essential constituent of *air*; and to feel, even of its most finished performances, that they are more calculated to honour Almighty God as the Author of a wonderful gift to man, than by exciting a direct train of devotion in connection with the subject upon which they are employed.

We have our doubts whether the style of Palestrina will ever become extensively popular in this country. Accomplished musicians will admire it beyond all styles; but to the great body of church-goers, including even many who are highly sensitive to music, it will be apt to seem wanting in variety and expression. In point of solemnity and majesty, such as befit the worship of the sanctuary, it would be undoubtedly a great step in advance upon our present attainments; but we are not altogether sure that those who dislike the levity and flippancy of much of the actual church-music, would not be glad that while we are on the move, we should go a step farther, and take up with the simple and venerable tones of the ancient Church. The great *moral* advantages which the Plain Chant possesses in comparison even with harmonized, and still more with ornamental music, were so fully stated in a former article to which allusion has already been made, that it will be

needless to dilate upon them anew; indeed it is almost self-evident, that the more entirely voices are lost, as to their separate individuality, the more effectually will the opportunities of exhibition be cut off, and along with the opportunities of exhibition, the temptations to vain-glory. The music of Palestrina, and his school has the great advantage over that of later composers, that it gives but limited scope for such display; but the Plain Chant gives none. And however little we may be able to follow Mr. Formby into all his conclusions, still we are disposed to feel with him, that there is a certain sacred *prestige* about the older music of the Church, which commends it to the hearts of religious people beyond other kinds; whether because from the very length of time over which it ranges, it must necessarily reckon *more* Saints and holy men and women among its promoters, or whether because it has been especially the chant of monasteries and convents, or whether because it is in truth the prolonged echo of those strains which angels revealed to the holy exile of Patmos, or whether from its conformity to some high ideal type which grows into distinctness with the growth of the spiritual man, or whether for any other unexplained reason, we do not pretend to decide.

But at any rate, looking on the one hand, to the miserable state of church-music among us, and on the other, to the strong preference with which many holy men of the present day, and they no mean judges of music either, are known to regard the Plain Chant even in its severer form, we do think there is ground for wishing that it might be effectively carried out, if it were but in the way of experiment alone, in some one or two churches. We are fully alive to the difficulties which would beset any such attempt under ordinary circumstances; "prima donnas," would have to be replaced by precentors, and ladies in pink bonnets, by holy youths in surplices; we should have to upset those orchestral autocracies which, in some parts of England, are said to "push" our very clergy "from their stools;" all this would have to be done and more besides; but all this will have to be done any how as time goes on, and the only remaining question is, by what kind of musical arrangements the present deplorable regime is to be superseded. If persons with whom it does not rest to settle such questions, may hazard an opinion, it may be allowed us to doubt whether the taste of the public at



large, is likely to be corrected by any sudden and violent shocks; we mean, of course, as to *styles* of church-music, because all would probably agree, that in rectifying abuses of a moral and religious description, there should be no measure, and as little as possible of delay.

But if other styles of music less startling to the popular taste, must still be allowed, at least for the present, their sway, we do not see why the poor despised Plain Chant may not come in, at least for its share in the general competition—even though it were only upon the acknowledged principle of breaking up monopolies. Mozart and Haydn have had their day, and a long one too; the “Gloria No. 12,” has become part and parcel of St. Mary’s Moorfields, almost as much as its own admired sanctuary; be it so; but in the present advancing state of musical science, why may not Palestrina be expected to assert his ground in England; and if Palestrina, why not also St. Gregory?

We suspect that as the Plain Song of the Church comes to be more known, it *will* triumph over many of the difficulties which are supposed to stand in the way of its introduction. Hitherto it has come before our people only in scraps, and those but indifferently represented. The fact is, that it can never be understood, far less appreciated, till it is heard in something like perfection; and to this a great deal more is requisite, than actually existing means and appliances will easily allow. One of these requisites is, that it should be sung by ecclesiastics, or at any rate, by persons whose training and mode of life give some sufficient guarantee for the ecclesiastical spirit. The exclusion of women, is of course absolutely necessary to the propriety of any choral arrangements whatever; but the Plain Song of the Church has moreover some very real, however undefinable, relationship to a cassock and a Roman collar—not to say a surplice. Moreover its due effect depends so materially upon a considerable body of voices being enlisted in the service of the choir, that such conditions as it requires in the individual, will have, (which is a fresh difficulty,) to be fulfilled in a number. Meanwhile, what is lost in one way, (so to speak,) might be gained in another; because just in proportion as we multiplied our ecclesiastics in the choir, might we be able, if need should so demand, to dispense with those very costly and often troublesome appendages of a church—the organ and the organist. If organist there be, (to sound at any rate

the note of solemn joy on some high festival,) why, in order to remove all difficulties, we would have him an ecclesiastical person also.

All this, we shall be reminded, is more easily said than done; an obvious answer, which we meet by observing that to say things, and especially under a system so powerful and active as that of the Church, is not seldom the preliminary to something more effectual. With a zealous clergy, a generous laity, and a vigilant administration, what may not be done that it is right and good to do? What may not be done that conduces to the glory of God and the edification of souls, where there is a common Faith, a far-stretching tradition, a thrilling sympathy, a controlling centre, the Church Catholic, and the Communion of Saints?

It will be said, however, that such conditions as we have sketched, imply a very different state of things from that which we actually see around us; for instance, that they imply something like bodies of clergy living together under their bishop in this or the other large manufacturing town, with power to do a great many things well, that are at present either apt to be done imperfectly, or even to be left undone for want of means; such, for example, as holding missions, giving retreats, and in other ways getting at the hearts of Englishmen as Englishmen alone can do; and among the rest, and certainly not as one of the least important objects, carrying out the solemnities of divine worship in such a form as fairly to represent the Church in her relations with Almighty God as well as with His people. We answer, that it is no part of our calling to point out *means* of carrying out improvements in the Church, though a part of that calling it assuredly is, and one from which we will not swerve, to supply an index of public feeling upon moral and religious subjects.

Even supposing that the complete reformation of church music which is beginning to be called for, should involve or entail some such accompaniments as we have just imagined, what then? But in truth it does not seem, as far as we can judge, to depend upon any remote or arduous contingencies. We have heard of great things which have been already done in the neighbourhood of London and elsewhere, by clergy really bent upon the work, and competent from musical taste, if not science, to undertake the office of direction and control. Every church and chapel



has, or is probably in the way to have, its dependent school; every school contains boys with such musical capacities, at all events, as a shrewd observer may detect, and a moderately skilled musician can easily bring out. It is not unlikely, that these pupils as they grow older, would retain enough of their interest in an occupation in which all well-disposed boys take interest, to unite in little associations or confraternities, for assisting in the choral duties, or in such other lower ministries as the priest might assign them. In this way many a pious youth, such as are found in every Catholic congregation with which we are acquainted, might even come in time under the bishop's eye, and give tokens of a vocation to the service of the altar. But our object we cannot repeat too often, is rather to sketch principles than to point out means, which will never be wanting where there is the will to seek them.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to reflect, that some congregation, present or possible, will benefit by the supervision of a priest so thoughtful, learned, and devoted as Mr. Formby; and that he will have the opportunity of inculcating upon the members of his choir, great as well as small, such lessons of religious wisdom as his interesting little work contains—for we are led to infer from the prefix to his name on his title-page, that he has already taken the first decisive step in the Catholic ministry. Happy boys indeed will they be, do they but know their happiness, who shall be educated in the special work of the angels, upon principles such as are commended to us in the following beautiful enumeration of the “ways in which a CHRISTIAN may feed and increase his love and zeal for the exercise of divine psalmody in the Church.”

“I. By being determined resolutely to believe in what the Scripture says of the blessedness of the exercise.

“II. By a devout and thankful daily practice of it, as opportunity shall permit, ‘for to him that hath shall be given.’

“III. By meditating upon all that the Christian Saints and theologians have said respecting Psalmody, as their words may occur to him, as, for instance, what is said of the power of Christian music by a very recent author: ‘Yet, is it possible, that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes—so rich, yet so simple—so intricate, yet so regulated—so various, yet so majestic—should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be, that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearn-

ings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home, they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes; something they are besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.\*

“IV. By meditating upon the example of the blessed Mother of God, who has given a song to the Church.

“V. By considering that Psalmody is the gift of the angels who have not sinned, given back to man who has sinned, and is now under reconciliation, purchased by the death of Christ.

“VI. By bearing in mind what is revealed of music, as the present employment of angels above, and the future employment of those that shall be saved.

“Also, duly to meditate upon some parts of the Book of Revelations, which reveal this to us, (Rev. chap. xv. 28, xix. 5, &c.) would, with the grace of God, lead to a devout sense, how great a blessing has been restored to the earth in the giving back of Divine Psalmody, which was lost at the Fall, and the great need of a holy and religious life, abounding in prayer and good works, that the pleasure which we now taste in the courts of the Lord's house on earth, in part, and with many imperfections arising from our sins, we may, by the mercy of God, and for JESUS CHRIST's sake, be counted worthy to taste in fulness in heaven among the multitude of the redeemed.”—Formby, pp. 80-82.

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ART. VIII.—*Travels in Lycia, Milyas, and the Cibyratis, in Company with the late Rev. E. T. Daniell.* By Lieutenant T. A. B. SPRATT, R. N., F. G. S., of the Mediterranean Hydrographical Survey; and Professor EDWARD FORBES, F. R. S., of King's College, London. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1847.

IF the recent report that the Roman Jesuit, Father Secchi, has found a satisfactory key for the great literary puzzle of Egyptian hieroglyphics, should prove well

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\* This magnificent passage is from Mr. Newman's University Sermon on “Developements.”



founded, the learned who delight in such investigations seem likely to find a tolerable substitute in the mysterious sepulchral inscriptions which the researches in Lycia have brought to light. The antiquities of this interesting province were hitherto supposed to stand in the same relation to Grecian (or Greco-Asiatic) civilization, in which the Etruscan remains stand to that of Rome. They were regarded as the work of a polished and powerful primeval people, who had been dislodged from their possession of the land by those tribes whom we find in occupation at the commencement of the historic period, but who had impressed upon it, during the time of their occupancy, evidences of their power, their resources, and their refinement, which neither the violence of conquest nor the jealous policy of the conquerors had succeeded in effacing. The origin of this aboriginal race, the precise date of their dislodgment, their subsequent history, and the country and extraction of their conquerors, have all supplied matter for curious speculation and conjecture; and men have been looking anxiously for the result of the researches made during the last few years, as likely to furnish some clue to the solution of one of the most curious and unsatisfactory problems in classic history. The volumes now before us are the fruit of the most recent examination of these remarkable remains. The authors have ventured to dissent from the commonly received opinion regarding their origin and the time of their construction; and as the subject is one of considerable interest, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers a condensed account of their investigations, and of the conclusions to which they have led.

It is but a few years since the attention of antiquarians was seriously turned towards this interesting country. It is true that Colonel Leake in the year 1800, and Captain Beaufort in 1812, visited and explored several of the ancient cities upon the Lycian coast. But their researches, and those of Mr. Cockerell, who afterwards accompanied Captain Beaufort, were confined exclusively to the coast-line; nor was it till 1838, and subsequently 1840, that the interior of the country was explored by Mr. (now Sir Charles) Fellows, whose name has since been inseparably associated with the subject by his successful exertions in securing the Xanthian Marbles for the British Museum.

The result of his representations was the expedition of H. M. surveying ship, *Beacon*, in January, 1842, for the

purpose of transporting these valuable remains to England. The authors of the present work were at that time attached to the Beacon, Lieutenant Spratt as surveyor, and Professor Forbes as naturalist; and their lamented friend, the Rev. Mr. Daniell, whose name is associated with theirs in the authorship of the volume, joined the expedition at Smyrna as a volunteer. On the departure of the ship in March of the same year, Messrs. Spratt and Forbes obtained leave to remain in Lycia for the purpose of exploring the country in company with Mr. Daniell, the labour being divided according to their respective tastes;—Mr. Daniell devoting himself to the antiquities, Mr. Spratt to the geography, and Mr. Forbes to the natural history of the country. Their actual success, in many respects, far exceeded their anticipations; but its literary value has been sadly marred by the early and lamented death of their fellow-labourer, Mr. Daniell, just as he had all but completed his allotted labour. His friends have associated his name with their own in the title of the work; and, with graceful and affectionate modesty, they avow in their preface, that, in the selection and arrangement of the materials, the absence of his guiding mind, peculiarly fitted by previous pursuits for such an office, has occasioned many a blank and many an imperfection, of which no one is more sensible than themselves.

The results of their joint researches cannot but be regarded as of great value. “No fewer than eighteen ancient cities, the sites of which had been unknown to geographers, were explored and determined, besides many minor sites. The names of no less than fifteen were identified by inscriptions found among their ruins.” Of these not more than three or four had ever been described by any previous visitor, but the names of these had been mistaken, and the correction of the error of names is justly regarded as no less important than the first discovery. Among the number, too, are some of the most important, historically considered, in the entire province. Cibyra, the metropolis of the Cibyritic convention, whose commercial importance every schoolboy will remember;\* Selge, a town of large population and great influence: and Termessus Major, which was powerful enough to check

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\* ————Cave ne portus occupet alter,  
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.



even the victorious arms of Alexander, are among the additions to our stock of geographical knowledge. The whole topography of the march of Alexander, and of that of the Roman army under Manlius, is another interesting acquisition for which we are indebted to the zeal and research of this enterprising triumvirate; and even in those sites which had been previously determined with accuracy, they have added a great deal to our stock of minute knowledge, and collected many data on which to rely with greater security in prosecuting the study of the antiquities of the country.

Among these data by far the most important are the so-called "Lycian" inscriptions, which are found in most of the cities of Lycia Proper. The earliest discovery of this class was made by Mr. Cockerell, many years since, and a considerable number of inscriptions were collected by Sir Charles Fellows, and also, more recently, by the German professors Schönbrun and Löw; but the number of all is trifling when compared with those copied by Mr. Daniell's party, who have brought home no less than two hundred Greek, and thirty Lycian inscriptions, almost all never copied before.

The most prominent question regarding the antiquities of Lycia which has presented itself to every explorer, is the origin of the race to which these antiquities are to be ascribed. It is a question on which ancient historians afford but little light. The Homeric account of Glaucus, Sarpedon, Pandarus, and their Lycian followers, tells us—if we except the mythic story of Bellerophon—nothing of the earlier history, and but little of the actual condition, of the country. The account of Herodotus, though more detailed, is scarcely more satisfactory. He tells that the Lycians came anciently from Crete under Sarpedon, and that at the time of their occupation of the territory, it was called by the name of Milyas. The tribes whom these colonists dispossessed, and drove to the mountain districts, were known by the name Milyæ or Solymi; the history of their struggle is recorded in Homer's myth of Bellerophon, and the district in which they settled continued to hold the name Milyas, which originally had belonged to the entire country. On the other hand, the conquering race were at this time, and even so late as the days of Herodotus, called by the name Termilæ or Tremilæ; and the name Lycii, according to that historian, originated

with "Lycus, the son of Pandion, who, having been driven from Athens by his brother Ægeus, came among the Termilians, and was received by Sarpedon; and in course of time it happened that the name of this stranger was adopted by the people, who afterwards were called Lycians."

Such was the condition of Lycia, divided between the two races, the Termilæ and the Solymi, till the Persian invasion under Harpagus, the general of Cyrus. The city of Xanthus offered a most determined resistance; and the inhabitants, after burning the citadel, into which they had collected all their property, their slaves, and even their wives and children, fought to the last man against the invading army. Hence, at the time of Herodotus, the Xanthians (the old race having been utterly exterminated) were all, except forty families, of foreign extraction.

The subsequent history of the country is well ascertained—under its own independent confederacy, afterwards under the Lycian rule, and, lastly, after its connection with the Roman commonwealth. The difficulty lies in the early period. We find here the traces of at least three distinct races—the aboriginal (at least, as regards the historic period) Solymi; the Termilæ, or Lycians, (if the latter be not a new race of conquerors themselves,) who dispossessed them; and the "Strangers," of whom Herodotus speaks as settled at Xanthus, and who clearly must be the Persian colonists introduced by Harpagus.

The great question, then, which has engaged the attention of antiquarians, is,—To which of these three races are we to ascribe the remarkable rock-tombs, inscribed with the so-called Lycian characters, which are found in most of the ancient cities of Lycia and the Cibyratis, and the mysterious language in which these inscriptions are written?

It would appear all but certain, in the first place, that they cannot be the work of the original inhabitants, known as the Solymi. When these primeval possessors of the land were driven to the mountain fastnesses of the country, it is to be presumed that they would have brought with them all the customs and usages of their earlier home. Now in the province in which the Solymi or Milyæ took up their abode, there is not a single tomb discoverable inscribed with these Lycian characters, or possessing any of the characteristics of the so-called Lycian remains. The



difficulty, therefore, lies between the second race of conquerors, the Termilæ and the Persians, by whom they were dispossessed.

The received opinion among the learned had attributed these curious remains to the former people; and at first sight it would appear that the reasons were, if not conclusive, at least extremely probable. But the more careful and extensive observations of the recent explorers, have led them to the opposite conclusion. It is in this part of the work that we miss most the hand of Mr. Daniell, to whose province the enquiry had especially belonged; and the great learning as well as clear and solid judgment which are displayed in the few hasty and unfinished dissertations upon this and one or two kindred subjects, printed from his note-book in the course of the work, make us regret still more that he did not live to digest fully all the data which he had collected, and to arrange all the evidence in favour of the view to which he inclined.

But before we enter upon the discussion of the new theory propounded by Mr. Daniell and his friends, we must introduce the reader to the most remarkable of the discoveries which have given rise to so much speculation. We cannot but regret, however, that the description of the particular remains, and especially of those which are believed to belong to the first period, are not more minute and detailed. The authors appear to have been deterred by the fear of going over the ground which had been already traversed by Captain Beaufort and Sir Charles Fellows; but the omission, whatever may have been its cause, has made their work imperfect and unsatisfactory as an account of Lycia.

The general features of the ruins of Pinara, are well described—

“The next day was devoted to visiting the ruins of Pinara. Our expectations had been greatly raised respecting this wonderful city, by the account of it which we had received from Mr. Hoskyn, who had told us that it was the finest of all those in the valley of the Xanthus; and the little sketch given by its discoverer, had also excited our curiosity, but the reality far exceeded both the report and the picture. At about a quarter of an hour's walk from the village, we suddenly came upon a magnificent view of the ancient city, seated in a rocky recess of Mount Cragus. A stupendous tower of rock, faced by a perpendicular precipice, perforated with a thousand tombs, and crowned by ruined fortifications, rose out of a deep

ravine which was thronged with ruins and sarcophagi, and intersected by ridges bearing the more important edifices. Dark precipitous mountains of the grandest outlines overhung the whole. After gazing with astonishment at this wondrous scene, we plunged among the maze of ruins, making a hurried ramble through them so as to become acquainted with the localities of the site, intending to pay future visits for the purpose of more minute exploration. We first visited a fine theatre, excavated in the side of a woody hill, fronting the city. The Lycian theatres are invariably so placed as to command a grand prospect, or when by the seaside, a broad expanse of ocean. For a scene of rocky magnificence none of them could vie with the theatre of Pinara. Opposite the theatre are the remains of a building of much later times, with Ionic columns, some of which are double, and have the fluting grooved in a coating of cement. Close by are several very fine arch-lidded tombs, with Lycian inscriptions. Above is the lower acropolis, a long ridge of buildings, many of them of Cyclopæan architecture. Among them is a small theatre, or odeum, and a gigantic portal, shattered apparently by an earthquake. We then ascended to the base of the rock of the greater acropolis, finding on our way a remarkable group of sarcophagi. They are arranged so as to form a square round an enormous central sarcophagus, with a pedestal-formed summit. This sarcophagus was the largest we met with in Lycia. Its interior is remarkable, the sides being surrounded by a projecting ledge or shelf. The tombs of the square bear no inscriptions, but are peculiarly ornamented, the cement which covers their sides being scored so as to represent the appearance of a regularly-built stone wall, exactly as we sometimes see on plastered houses at home. The stone at Pinara, though hard and durable, being a conglomerate, is not favourable for inscriptions; and the ancient inhabitants seem to have been in the habit of coating it with a fine mortar, or cement, and on that carving the letters. We ascended the acropolis rock by the only pass, a steep and difficult path cut on its side. On its level but sloping summit we found the remains of many fortifications and cisterns, not however of the most ancient architecture. Such parts of the margin as were in any way accessible, were strongly defended by walls. On the highest part of the summit is an isolated fortification, or stronghold, furnished with tanks, and surrounded by a ditch. The view from this is very grand, whether upward among the gloomy gorges of Anticragus, or forward over the fertile plains of the Xanthus, and the snowy ridges of Masicytus. The tombs which perforate the perpendicular face of this gigantic rock, are oblong holes, occasionally with a semicircular top. They are mostly irregularly arranged, but occasionally form perpendicular rows. There are no traces of panels or doors to their entrances. They must have been excavated by workmen suspended from the summit. They are now inaccessible, and are the dwelling-places of eagles.



“Descending from the rock, and passing the quadrangle of tombs before mentioned, we came to the remains of an early Christian church, at the head of a deep, dark, and narrow ravine, walled by the precipitous rocks of the lower acropolis, and filled with oleanders and chaste-trees. In this gloomy depth are many very perfect and beautiful rock-tombs, hewn in imitation of wooden buildings, and bearing on their ledges carved and painted Lycian inscriptions. On the front of the same ridge of rock, in that part facing the valley, are still larger and finer rock-tombs, some of which Uruk families had adopted as their winter habitations. Some of these are temple tombs, with sculptured pediments; and on one are the curious representations of the walls and buildings of an ancient city, figured by Fellows.\* This tomb is now much injured by the fires lighted in its interior by the Uruks.”—vol. i. pp. 7-11.

The singular rock-tombs which are so numerous in this city, are found in almost all the ancient cities of Lycia Proper. They have never been found, as we have already observed, in the district known as the ancient Milyas. The most curious and interesting yet discovered is at Tlos, and as the description of it is more minute than that of any other monument which the authors visited, we shall transcribe their account of this city before we proceed farther:—

“When we arrived at Deuvar, which is a village, and the residence of an Agha of some consequence, we at once proceeded to ascend the great rock or wing of the mountains on which Tlos stands. On arriving at the summit, we were lodged in a large and handsome chamber, forming part of a kiosk or summer-palace, belonging to the Agha’s brother. It is built in a very picturesque manner on the summit of the acropolis, the highest portion forming the centre to the building, which consists of two wings, one on each side of the pinnacle of rock. The Turks have naturally a fine eye for landscape; and the sites of their pleasure-houses and places of recreation, are usually chosen with a view to the enjoyment of the neighbouring scenery.

“We remained three days at Tlos. It is a most delightful place. Few ancient sites can vie with it. Built on the summit of a hill of great height, bounded by perpendicular precipices and deep ravines, commanding a view of the entire length of the valley of the Xanthus—the snow-capped Taurus in one distance, the sea in another, the whole mass of Cragus and its towering peaks and

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\* “Casts of these are now in the British Museum, forming part of a most interesting collection brought from Lycia by the expedition of 1843—1844.”

the citadel of Pinara in front, itself immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the Massieytus—a grander site for a great city could scarcely have been selected in all Lycia. Pinara has perhaps, more majesty; but there is a softness combined with the grandeur of Tlos, giving it a charm which Pinara has not.

“The acropolis hill terminates on the north-east, in perpendicular cliffs. These cliffs are honey-combed with rock-tombs: some of which are of great beauty. The older tombs are similar to those at Telmessus; but there are others, of an apparently later period, having their chambers excavated in the rock, but with the doorways regularly built. Such tombs have often long Greek inscriptions. The oldest tomb, to all appearance, at Tlos, is the largest and most interesting. It is a temple-tomb fronted by a pediment, borne on columns of peculiar form and Egyptian aspect, having no carved capitals, and being wider at the base than at the upper part. From such columns the Ionic might have originated, for we can hardly suppose this, apparently the most ancient and important tomb in Tlos, to have been left unfinished. Within the portico is a handsome carved door, or rather imitation door, with knocker and lock, on each side of which are windows opening into large tombs. On one side of the portico is carved a figure, which we may recognise as Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, and galloping up a rocky hill, which may represent Mount Cragus, to encounter an enormous leopard sculptured over one of the tomb entrances on the right side of the door. This animal may be a form of Chimaera, but presents none of the mythological attributes, and is, in all probability, the representation of a ‘Caplan,’ the leopard which infests the crags of Cragus at the present day. An ornamental flourish appears on the door-side near the leopard, and is repeated on the corresponding panel on the other side; but there is no animal carved on that panel. On the panels beneath the tomb are carved dogs, and there are also traces of others on the pediment. Pegasus is a Persian horse, having a topknot and knotted tail. A saddle-cloth of ornamental character has been painted on his back. The group of figures appears to have been originally painted. The head-dress of Bellerophon is very peculiar, as also the arrangement of the beard. The eye is rather full and Greek. There is no inscription on the tomb. A few feet from it, on a level with the pediment, is a Lycian inscription in a panel on the rock, the characters of which are much larger than any we have met with elsewhere. Two other Lycian inscriptions occurred at Tlos: one on a tomb on the opposite hill, and another on one near the base of the acropolis hill. None of these had been previously noticed.

“In a field at some distance, we discovered a quadrangular pedestal, or perhaps top of a tomb, on one side of which is a representation of Tlos itself during a siege. In this curious view, we recognised the disposition of the walls on the acropolis, and of the more



remarkable tombs as they are still to be seen. In the other compartments are represented warriors in various positions.\* Near this relic there is a remarkable tomb, a sarcophagus elevated on a towering pinnacle of rock, cut away on all sides, so as to be inaccessible. From this we went to the theatre, which is large and handsome, and of the Greek form. The rows of seats are thirty-four, and near the avenues, they are ornamented with carved lions' paws. Near the theatre is a great group of remains of Roman buildings, apparently palaces, the arched windows of which are so placed as to command a magnificent view of the valley. Great clusters of ivy gave a rich effect to these ruins, and the golden henbane was in flower upon their walls."—vol. i. pp. 32-36.

It is much to be regretted that the authors do not state their reasons for regarding this curious tomb as the oldest at Tlos, or that they do not, at least, trace for us its connexion with the early period of Lycian history. If it could once be shown, satisfactorily, that this tomb was of the same era with those which are inscribed with Lycian characters, the question of the origin of these monuments would present but little difficulty.

The descriptions which we have extracted, contain some of the grounds upon which Mr. Daniell and his friends were led by their examination of the Lycian monuments to depart from the opinion of former travellers, and to ascribe them not to the Lycian race, but to the Persian conquerors introduced under Cyrus. There is no sufficient historical ground for believing that, prior to the Persian invasion, there existed in Lycia a language substantially different from that spoken by the inhabitants of Caria, and the other primitive provinces of Asia Minor. We are far, indeed, from attaching much weight to the argument, (on which the authors [Vol. II. p. 41] strongly rely,) from Homer's making his Lycian heroes all speak Greek, and enter into converse with the Greeks in the battle-field: for the same argument, applied to Virgil or to Tasso, would prove that the language of the Trojans under Æneas, and that of the Latin tribes was the same, and even that the motley nations of the crusading army, had but a single tongue. But we regard the silence of Herodotus as more decisive, both because he was a native of the Carian pro-

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\* "Casts of the bas-reliefs on this remarkable monument are now in the British Museum, having been made during the last expedition to Xanthus."

vince, and because he is, generally speaking, most careful in noting all the peculiarities of language. Hence, as a large proportion of these rock-monuments, and unquestionably, the more ancient among them, contain inscriptions in a distinct and peculiar language, it is fair to infer that they were not constructed by the Lycian race, who occupied the land in the interval between the expulsion of the Solymi and the Persian invasion.

This opinion derives considerable support not only from the undoubted Persian affinities of the Lycian language, on which we shall have occasion to speak before we close, but also from the Persian character of many of the remains themselves. From the description of the tomb at Tlos already extracted, this will be sufficiently evident; but it is, perhaps, still more clear from the sculptures discovered at Xanthus, and now deposited in the British Museum. Many of these represent scenes taken from the siege of the city; the horses, the chariots, the men are clearly Persian; and one of the bas-reliefs presents the curious Persian characteristic of a king or governor, seated under an umbrella or canopy, and giving audience to a party of petitioners.

The inscription on the Xanthian obelisk, (which is bilingual, and contains a Greek translation of the Lycian inscription,) is entitled a decree of "the King of Kings"—the peculiar designation of the Persian monarch. This title is frequently repeated, as is also "the name of Aoura or Aouremez, the chief divinity of the Persian fire-worshippers." And, what is perhaps more decisive, the name of Harpagus—the general, it will be recollected, by whom the province was subdued for Cyrus—is described as a prince or governor in the territory.

But there is a still more interesting and curious evidence of the Persian origin of these remains, founded on a supposed allusion to the name of this same general, derived from the coins of Lycia, of which a large collection has been made by the successive travellers who have visited the country. As this argument is given in the words of the lamented Mr. Daniell, we are induced to transcribe it, not only from its own value, but also as a specimen of his style and manner.

"Having ventured to state an opinion which has become public, that the inscriptions found in such numbers on the monuments of



Lycia (and as it would seem in no other country, at least of Asia Minor,) were not written in the language of the Lycian people, but of their conquerors, I shall now proceed to state on what grounds I came to that conclusion during my passage through the country in which those inscriptions were found. We have the remains of three distinct classes of ancient workmanship, which it is impossible to separate from each other with regard to their age and their origin: The tombs, to which Mr. Fellows has unhappily given the title of Elizabethan (those extremely simple imitations of wood-built cottages, with rectangular mullions, and raftered roofs,) the coins usually designated as triquetras, and the inscriptions themselves. Finding the language inscribed on no other coins (with one or two remarkable and unaccountable exceptions) than on those with the triquetra, certainly on none earlier; finding it on no tombs of an earlier date than the raftered tombs in question, and on others of virtually the same character, though differing in form, such as the tomb of Payara, at Xanthus, and the great tomb at Antiphellus, we cannot disconnect the language from the tombs and the coins. We feel that the people who spoke the language were the authors both of the architecture and the coinage; and these facts we fairly assume as data, because they are the data on which any one must argue who would prove the language to be Lycian; and it seems altogether beyond belief, that if this particular language had been the language of the country for many centuries, it should have been first employed as a language of inscription by persons who did not speak it, and who, we have historical authority for saying, were strangers to the country. Herodotus distinctly states, of one district at any rate, that the early inhabitants were all but annihilated by the Persian invasion; and that those inhabiting Lycia in his time, and calling themselves Xanthians, were, with the exception of certain families, foreigners. Now let us for a moment bring the question of coins to bear upon this portion of our inquiry. These coins apparently belong to a certain series of cities, many of which are determined by their resemblance to the Greek names, and all of which, as far as we have any knowledge of them, were situated along the coast of Lycia, or the bordering country of Peræa or Caria, with one exception, that of Gagæ.\* Tombs with inscriptions in the same language are found at all those places; and upon the whole there is sufficient foundation for the conclusion that the number of cities in which there are traces of the people speaking this language and building these tombs, is about the same as that of the cities coining the triquetra, viz., Cadyanda, Pinara, Tlos, Arsa, Xanthus, Patara, Telmessus, Araxa, Antiphellus, Pyrrha, Phellus, Candyba, Armoot-

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\* "Mr. Sharpe has since altered the sound of a letter in the alphabet, which will not admit of the assigning these coins to Gagæ."

lee, probably Podalia; Cyanæ 1st, and the 3rd-found Cyanæ; Dembra Gorge (Trabala?), Myra, Sura, Limyra, Corydalla, Rhodiopolis, Dædala, and Caunus. This list, formed from a tolerably minute survey of the country, includes, I believe, all the places in which there are traces of the so-called Lycian language or tombs, and may probably serve in a material degree to throw light,—if not altogether explain the names found on the coins, since there can be little doubt of their being eventually shown to be *exactly so*. Either, then, these coins were in currency before the tombs were sculptured, or they were not. Is it likely that they were? Is it probable that the people who had the power to execute works of art, such as we find on even the earliest of these triquetras, grotesque though they be, would have omitted to employ the same talent and skill in the sculpture of the beautiful limestone, with which their country abounded, and which we find them elaborately working after a given period? I am sure an examination of these monuments in conjunction with the coins even more cursory than ours was, would be sufficient to lead to the conclusion that they both owe their origin to the same people, and to the same period, and that in the strict sense of the word period, beginning at the same time, and ending at the same time.”—vol. ii. pp. 50-54.

But the most ingenious part of the conjecture is still remaining. The singular emblem, a three-pronged instrument, called by Mr. Daniell, *triquetra*, which is found inscribed on the reverse of almost all the Lycian coins, is ingeniously supposed to *represent or symbolize the name of Harpagus*, the victorious general of Cyrus. We need hardly say, that as ἄρπαγῆ means a “flesh-hook,” or a “grappling-iron,” the emblem, if such it be, would (especially with a people delighting in symbols) be a ready and natural representative of the name of the governor. So that the stamping this triquetra upon a coin, would in reality be nothing more than impressing upon it the name of the governor or perhaps the dynasty under which it was issued.

“It has been most happily and ingeniously suggested by a gentleman interesting himself with the late researches in this country, that the instrument to which the name of triquetra has been given, is in reality a grappling-iron, a hook—*αρπαγος*,—that the Persian general, finding himself governor of a district in which his language was as yet not spoken, and desiring to make his name known as the lord of the district, in all the cities which owed him allegiance, and in which his followers took up their abode, instead of engraving his name or his portrait, put a symbol upon his coins, which must immediately remind all employing the coinage, and acquainted with the Greek language, that ΑΡΗΑΓΟΣ was the governor.



“This supposition will sufficiently account for the variety of forms which this instrument assumes in different medals: sometimes that of a single hook; sometimes of a double one; but generally treble; and in one or two instances quadruple. The variations show, that its being a hook was more characteristic of its object on the coin, than its being a three-legged instrument, as is commonly supposed, and as its modern name would tend to imply, while its being generally three-legged may be sufficiently accounted for by the probability that grappling irons were usually of that form; nor is it altogether impossible that there may be some connection between the history of this coinage and that of the Selgians, so universally distinguished (I believe) by its three human legs. However this may be, it is at all events clear that there is strong presumptive evidence in favour of the Persian origin of these coins, by far the most probable explanation of their characteristic symbol bringing them to precisely the same date and origin as the obelisk at Xanthus, which itself contains the earliest specimens of cuneiform inscriptions in Lycia; as these coins contain the earliest specimens of the numismatic employment of that language.”—vol. ii. pp. 56-8.

It would appear, therefore, that during the period of Lycian history in which these coins were issued, the triquetra was in some way a sort of national emblem, like the *fleur-de-lys* for France, or the harp for our own country. A considerable number of specimens are given in one of the plates of the appendix, (Vol. II. p. 203); and there are two of the number especially which are extremely curious. These pieces, (Nos. 20 and 21,) are certainly of Persian coinage; and indeed are the ordinary *siglos* or silver Daric. But they both are found to be stamped, (evidently long after coinage,) with a small countermark of the triquetra. From which it would appear that Persian coins, in order to circulate in Lycia, required to have stamped upon them the national symbol, which is the ordinary impress of the Lycian coins properly so called.

But the Persian affinities of the language inscribed upon these remains is, perhaps, the strongest evidence of their Persian origin. To this part of the subject we shall return, very briefly, before we close; but we must first introduce our readers to a few of the most remarkable among the many ancient cities whose sites have been identified by Mr. Daniell and his friends.

The account of Xanthus, though it is somewhat long, will be read with interest for the sake of the precious remains for which the British Museum is indebted to its ruined monuments.

“The following morning, we left Minara for Xanthus. The first part of our route lay over flat-topped clay hills, their summits often being formed of tabular masses of limestone or conglomerate. We found in the clay some well preserved fossils, all of them fresh-water shells of tertiary age. Passing over a plain, we went through several small but comfortable villages, surrounded by well-cultivated fields. Crossing a thickly wooded hill of scaglia, which projected into the valley like a peninsula, and on which are the ruins of some ancient building, probably a temple, we came in sight of the plain, extending from Xanthus to the sea, and of the acropolis of the city on the opposite side of the river to that on which we stood. The river itself was extremely rapid, and charged with pale yellow mud, derived from the deposit of tertiary clay, through which it has to run a great part of its course. We found the party at the ruins enthusiastically engaged in their work, though damped in spirits in consequence of a melancholy accident which had occurred the previous day, two of the sailors having been drowned when bringing stores on shore from the *Isabella*, a little schooner attendant on the *Beacon*, which had been sent to the mouth of the river to land necessaries for the use of the excavating party.

“Captain Graves remained at Xanthus during the four following days, occupied with his officers in ascertaining the weight, &c., of the antiquities proposed to be carried away, and the means of transport. The result was unfavourable as respected the *Beacon*, which proved unequal to the task, the expedition not having been provided with sufficient means, and the ship not being large enough. Nevertheless, as the work so far had given a promise of rich treasures, should the excavations be proceeded with, it was resolved to continue the operations until the 1st of March. And the result proved the wisdom of the determination; for the greater part of the Xanthian marbles, now in the British Museum, were brought to light during the interval, and carefully cased to be carried away by ships provided with sufficient means; a duty which was afterwards performed most efficiently by the *Monarch* and *Medea*. During the two months in which the excavations were carried on, Sir C. Fellows remained at Xanthus, deeply interested in the operations conducted under his eye among his favourite ruins, in company with Mr. Freeland, the first-lieutenant of the *Beacon*, who had been appointed by Captain Graves to command and direct the seamen and marines on shore, and Mr. Harvey the assistant surgeon of the ship.

“The site of Xanthus, though beautiful, is not imposing. The hill on which it stands rises abruptly from a level plain, in some places marshy and alluvial. The rapid torrent of the river rushes along the base of the steep precipices of a lower acropolis, at the back of which are the theatre, and several of the more remarkable monuments, especially the square columnar tomb which bore the



bas reliefs descriptive of the story of the daughters of Pandarus, now in the British Museum, and that on which is the longest Lycian inscription known. Above them rises a second rocky eminence, the upper acropolis, the summit of which is mostly occupied by the ruins of an early Christian monastery. On the south-western slope of the city are several remarkable sarcophagi and other tombs, including the tomb of Payara, figured in the frontispiece to Fellows's first tour. Elevated on platforms of rock, immediately above the plain, stood a group of temples, of which the friezes and statues, now in the British Museum, were the principal ornaments.

"Whilst we were there, these sculptures were daily dug out of the earth, and brought once more to view. The search for them was intensely exciting; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, our admiration of their art was, perhaps, a little beyond their merits. As each block of marble was uncovered, and the earth carefully brushed away from its surface, the form of some fair amazon or stricken warrior, of an eastern king or a besieged castle, became revealed, and gave rise to many a pleasant discussion as to the sculptor's art therein displayed, or the story in the history of the ancient Xanthians therein represented,—conversations which all who took part in will ever look back upon as among the most delightful in their lives. Often, after the work of the day was over and the night had closed in, when we had gathered round the log fire in the comfortable Turkish cottage which formed the headquarters of the party, we were accustomed to sally forth, torch in hand, Charles Fellows as cicerone, to cast a midnight look of admiration on some spirited battle-scene or headless Venus, which had been the great prize of the morning's work.

"On one of the days of this visit, several of the party rode across the plain to the angle of it which is formed by the termination of Cragus and the sea, in order to examine the ruins which had been referred to Cydna, or Pydna. Crossing the Xanthus a little below the city, we came to a group of sarcophagi with Greek inscriptions, apparently of late date. Then, ascending the limestone hills, we came to the platform and remains of a temple. After an hour's ride, we arrived at a considerable hill, conspicuous from the city, on which there are traces of walls and many sarcophagi, also a large theatre in very perfect preservation. This was discovered by Mr. Hoskyn, during the preceding winter. It is remarkable for having straight sides, and has two large portals, over one of which are sculptured sixteen tragic masks. The seats are twenty-seven in number: there is no trace of a proscenium. Near it are the remains of a large temple. We could find no inscriptions; but the position of these ruins plainly pointed them out to be the site of the Latoum, the temple of Latona mentioned by Strabo.

"From the theatre we rode across a very flat marshy plain, to a short but deep and sluggish stream, called the Uzlan river, which,

like many of the streams of the lower part of Lycia, springs full grown out of the base of the mountains. It runs a course of about three miles, and there is a bridge built over it. Uzlan is a small scala of two or three houses, and a rendezvous for Greek sailors. Near it are some massive hellenic walls, as if fortifying a point of rock. Beyond it is the fortress described and well figured by Fellows as Cydna. It is beautifully built, and in fine preservation. The walls are crowned with battlements, which, however, are not part of the original architecture, but subsequent additions, constructed apparently during the middle ages. In the original wall the Cyclopean and regular styles are mingled. Loop-holes are placed at intervals. Within this fine fortress are the remains of a Christian church."—vol. i. pp. 12-17.

The classic reader will be interested when he recognises in the still-subsisting natural phenomenon of a volcanic fire, the mysterious myth of the Chimera, which was the wonder of his school-boy days. We need hardly say, that it is described at length by the ancient naturalists and geographers; but it is a curious confirmation of their accuracy, to find it still as busily at work as in the days of Aristotle—

*Δεινον αποπνείεσα πυρὸς μένος αἰθομένοιο.*

"Not far from the Deliktash, on the side of a mountain, Captain Beaufort discovered the yanar or perpetual fire, famous as the Chimæra of many ancient authors. We found it as brilliant as when he visited it, and also somewhat increased; for besides the large flame in the corner of the ruins described by him, there were small jets issuing from crevices in the sides of a crater-like cavity, five or six feet deep. At the bottom of this was a shallow puddle of sulphureous and turbid water, regarded by the Turks as a sovereign remedy for all skin diseases. We met here two old Turks attended by two black slaves, who had come from a distance to procure some of the soot deposited from the flames, valued as efficacious in the cure of sore eye-lids, and also as a dye for the eyebrows. They had been enjoying themselves by this ancient fireside for two days, cooking their meals and boiling their coffee on the flames of Chimæra. A number of hewn blocks of stone built into more modern walls, and lying around, may be remains of the temple of Vulcan, which anciently stood here. On one of them was an inscription, which we copied."—vol. i. pp. 193-94.

The great object of the tourists' search every where, was the inscriptions, especially those in the Lycian character. It was by means of these inscriptions that they succeeded in determining the sites of several of the cities previously



unvisited or, at least, unrecognised; and indeed we are tempted to believe that in some cases they may have been too hasty in forming a conclusion upon these premises. It would by no means appear to follow, as a matter of course, that the occurrence of the name of a city in an epitaph, should necessarily imply that this was the name of the city in which the epitaph was found. It might easily occur that the epitaph of a stranger, though buried in a particular city, would contain the name not of the city in which he was buried, but of that of his nativity. We are not by any means disposed, therefore, to accept as final and conclusive, in all cases, the topography of Lycia, as determined by these travellers, though we are bound to acknowledge that their labours have been extremely successful.

Indeed, nothing could exceed their industry and zeal in deciphering and transcribing these inscriptions. No means were left untried for the better copying of them, such as wetting the surface, casting strong lights on it in various directions, and even *shutting the eyes and trusting to touch*: Often at a distance, the letters appeared very distinct, but seemed to vanish as approached; reminding them of the writings on rocks concealing treasures, so often mentioned in eastern tales, seen by all men from afar, by the chosen only when near.

The ruins of Candyba present considerable variety.

“Leaving Kassabar at 8, we passed a water-mill kept by a Greek, near the outskirts of the village, and in an hour’s riding along the foot of the hills, or over hillocks of clay and gravel, we began to ascend by a steep road, traversing laminated marly beds, in which we could detect no fossils. The side of the mountain being steep, we did not see the village of Gendevar, or the rock over it, until we were close to its base. The fortress, or wall crowning it, we were disappointed to perceive was of middle-age construction; but we had better hopes that the site would prove of more importance than these walls seemed to indicate from the appearance of three or four well-cut Lycian rock-tombs, excavated in the face of some detached pieces of limestone, seemingly torn away and rolled from the rock behind them, which lay on the small terraces adjoining the cottages. Giving but a hasty look at them now, we proceeded to the top of the rock which rises about eighty or a hundred feet above the village, and is precipitous on all sides. It is a pinnacle of the scaglia limestone, rising through the soft marly deposits, of which the lower face of the mountain is composed. On surmounting the rock, we found it to have a narrow summit of about two hundred and fifty paces in length, and scarce

twenty broad. The wall which enclosed it was built of small stones and mortar, with towers, now in a very dilapidated state; some of the fragments were plainly portions of a more ancient acropolis, and some parts of the substructure of the modern walls were evidently the foundations of the ancient walls. Its summit was too small to include many buildings, and few remains were found; one of them appears to have been a Christian church, from a marble fragment found near it, with three crosses in low relief sculptured on it. Whilst we were employed making a few sketches from the summit, we were joined by a well-dressed young Turk, who proposed to be our guide through the ruins for a bakshish. We offered him two piastres, but he demanded five, and at length agreed to take three if we paid him at once; this we at first hesitated to do, but at length agreed to, on his making strong professions of honest intentions, one of which was his lifting his turban from off his head and presenting his bald pate to us, as much as to say his head should be a guarantee; such an appeal settled the bargain, and he then became a communicative companion, and pointed out to us the several ruins which he knew of visible from Gendever. Commencing with Tchookoorbye, he next pointed to ruins which he called Tooza, on a wooded peak in the direction of Myra. With the help of our telescopes, we made out a city of some importance judging from the extent of its walls and the groups of sarcophagi adjoining it.

“Having dwelt for some time with satisfaction and pleasure on the fine situation of this as yet unknown city of Gendever, and on the view it commanded, we descended with our guide by the western side of the acropolis to two or three rock-tombs excavated in the cliff at its base, which, although beautifully executed, were without inscriptions. From these he conducted us round the north end of the rock to another, and, perceiving that we attached much importance to the inscriptions, thought of turning it to his advantage in a pecuniary point of view. Running forward and placing his back against the tomb, and extending his arms to cover as many of the letters as he possibly could, he demanded another bakshish for the privilege of copying. With this we of course had no intention to comply, after the previous bargain; and the scamp perceiving that no more piastres were likely to fall into his pocket, quietly sneaked off, leaving us to find out the remaining tombs ourselves, and the good impression we had conceived of his being an honest Turk as quickly to evaporate. The inscription proved to be a very perfect one, in the Lycian character; but several letters were hid under a stalaetic incrustation, deposited by water dripping over the surface of the rock. This had occurred in former cases, when we had ascertained it could frequently be completely removed by carefully hammering the part. A geological hammer was consequently a necessary companion when we went in quest of inscriptions; and, in this instance, after half an hour's



labour, the deficient letters were restored as perfect as the day they were cut, their cavities filled with a soft coloured pigment, alternately red and blue, and as fresh as if painted but a few hours. We found in all ten of these rock-tombs: three of which only bore inscriptions, viz., two Lycian and one Greek. The latter, although evidently the most recent, was the least legible, owing to the imperfect state of the part of the rock in which it was cut. We found it on a detached rock on the west side of the acropolis near a cottage at its base. It proved one of great importance, from its containing the name of the city, which occurred twice; but it was with great difficulty that Mr. Daniell was enabled to decipher it, and make out the almost obliterated characters. From this inscription we learnt the name of the ruins to be Candyba, a city mentioned by Pliny, Ptolemy, and other ancient writers. Near Candyba was the forest of CENIUM, which probably may be recognised in the extensive pine forest that now covers the mountain above the city. The modern name is but a slight corruption of the ancient. Candyba, according to the modern pronunciation of the beta, would be Candyva, with every Greek who read it, the beta being changed to v in most ancient names where the b occurs, as also in the modern Greek language. It is surprising thus to find the names of the Lycian cities so well preserved where the descendants of its ancient inhabitants have been so entirely swept out of the country, and replaced by people differing in manners, in religion and language, having no interest connected with the locality, to induce them to respect the relics or names, and keep alive the memory of the former possessors of the soil. We procured a few coins from the peasantry; one had the letters KAND upon it, a further confirmation of the site, and another had the initials M A on the obverse. As these letters occur on several coins found in Lycia, they have been generally attributed to a city called Masacytus; but antiquarians are now induced to consider them as common to the assemblage of cities situated on and around the great mountain of Massacytus, which, from their being in general more common and more widely scattered than other coins of the country, appears to us to be the most probable conclusion respecting them. Independent of its antiquarian interest, the site of Candyba delighted us on account of its geological features. In the scaglia here we found well preserved fossils, mostly corals; and in the marls which abutted against the acropolis rock, were numerous well preserved fossils of tertiary origin, which showed that this valley of Kassabar had been at a recent geological period, an arm of the sea."—vol. ii. pp. 90-96.

This accidental preservation of the pigment employed in colouring the letters of this inscription, would seem to warrant the conjecture that this may have been the uniform practice, as we know to have been the case in the Etruscan

inscriptions. The tombs themselves have some analogies with those curious Etruscan tombs, not built but excavated, which are found in the neighbourhood of Perugia; though in no respect do they resemble the common type of the Etruscan tombs, those of Veii, Tarquinia, Corneto, and the other cities of the League. The Lycian tomb is simply a recess excavated in the rock, with a sculptured door-way surmounted by a pediment, and is described by Mr. Daniell as "an extremely close imitation of a wood-built cottage, with rectangular mullions and a rafted roof"—a peculiarity of form which they have in common with the miniature tombs or urns discovered at Alba Longa. In some cases they are excavated in the face of a precipitous rock, at a distance from the ground, and in such a position as only to be approached by persons suspended by ropes from the summit of the precipice.

As these descriptions are somewhat monotonous, and in many respects repeat each other, we shall add but one more, that of the important city of Termessus Major.

"Opposite Evdeer Khan two deep valleys open from the Solyman Mountains into the plain of Adalia. They are separated by a craggy peak called Gule-look Dag, the summit of which is five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The chain, continuing to the northward, nowhere exceeds that elevation, but declines towards the north-west corner of the plain, where there is another opening or valley, which our guide called Dooshamarez, and which is probably the pass General Koehler ascended on his route to the highlands of Pisidia. Of the two passes opposite Evdeer Khan, the northern is the Gule-look. To it we bent our course on leaving Lagon. Not far from the ruins, we crossed the broad and deep, but dry, bed of a torrent; following its course for more than an hour, we reached the foot of the hills at the entrance of the pass. Here our expectations were raised by the appearance of ancient fortifications crowning an eminence on our left, and of a fine Hellenic tower at the foot of the mountain on our right.

"The valley became more and more confined. We were evidently entering an important pass; every here and there were traces of fortifications: suddenly, in the narrowest part of the gorge, we came upon a range of perfect and admirably built Hellenic walls, stretching across it, fortified by towers, and passable only by the ancient and narrow pathway. The fortifications mentioned by Arrian, the pass through which the army of Alexander marched, seemed before us, and at every turn we expected to see the walls of Termessus. Our guide pointed to the summit of the mountain above us, and said he had heard of ruins there. About a mile



beyond the gateway, we reached a khan, consisting of three stone buildings, and a coffee-house kept by Turkish soldiers, acting as guards to the pass. Here we put up for the night, not a little gratified by the assurance given us by one of these men that the report of ruins on the neighbouring mountain was true.

“Early in the morning we commenced the ascent of the mountain, to seek for the ruined city. The first part was over steep and rocky ground, but after a time we came upon an ancient roadway, leading towards an opening in the mountain-side between two towering rocky peaks. Following this road, which was buried in trees, and encumbered by underwood, for an hour and a half, we suddenly came upon two ancient guardhouses, almost perfect, one on either side of the way. We did not linger to trace any connecting wall, but hurried anxiously on with sanguine expectations. For nearly a mile we met with no other traces of ruins. Some sarcophagi were at length discovered among the thicket, and near them on the face of a great rock, were carved in large letters, the words

ΠΛΑΤΟΝΙΚΟΣ  
ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΣ.

“Suddenly, after crossing a low wall, we emerged from the thicket, and entered an open and flat area between the two great rocks, and walled in by inaccessible precipices. On it ruins were profusely scattered; numerous built tombs and sarcophagi, fallen buildings of large size, and a temple, the ornamented doorway of which still stood, fronted by a goodly flight of steps. Fluted columns of large dimensions lay strewn in fragments on the ground. Unwilling to delay until we had ascertained the full extent of the city, after a hasty glance, we proceeded to the upper end of the platform. Here the valley became more contracted, and a strong and perfect wall was thrown across it. Within this, ruins of nobler style and more perfect preservation appeared,—especially a palatial building of great extent, having numerous doors and windows, and almost perfect to the roof. Like the others, it was constructed of rectangular blocks of limestone, without intervening cement; before us, on what appeared to be the mountain-top, a third wall appeared, to which we ascended, expecting to find the acropolis. Hitherto we had met with no mention of the city in any of the inscriptions; but on ascending to the last-mentioned wall we came upon an inscribed pedestal, which assured us we were in Termessus,—a name shouted out by the finders with no small delight, and echoed by the old rocks as if in confirmation. It must have been new to them after having rested so long unspoken. On reaching the third wall, our surprise was great at finding that hitherto we had been wandering, as it were, only in the vestibule of the city, and that Termessus itself was yet to come, built on the mountain-top, even as Arrian has recorded. It

stood on a platform surrounded by a natural wall of crags, three to four hundred feet high, except on the east, where it terminated in a tremendous precipice, diving into a deep gorge, opening into the Pamphylian plain.

“After crossing the third wall, our attention was first attracted by an avenue, bordered on each side by a close row of pedestals, terminated at each end by public buildings, apparently temples. These pedestals were almost all inscribed, and the inscriptions in good preservation. One of them was of peculiar interest, confirming this site as Termessus Major.—

ΤΕΡΜΗΣΣΕΩΝΤΩΝ  
ΜΕΙΣΩΝΩΝ ΠΟΛΙΣ.

Above the avenue to the west, appears to have been the habitable portion of the city,—the buildings there, which are all fallen, having the aspect of the remains of dwelling-houses. To the south and east, the ground is covered by public edifices, many in tolerable preservation, others prostrate,—all of substantial architecture. In the centre is an open levelled space, which from an inscription proved to be the Agora. In the midst of it stands an isolated rock, about fifteen feet high, surmounted by a plain sarcophagus, below which, at the head of a flight of steps hewn out of a rock, is a recess with a seat (a Bema?). There are also niches for votive tablets. The area of the Agora is undermined by extensive cisterns, the roofs of which are supported by massive pillars and arches. This area seems during the middle ages to have been enclosed by the walls and cells of a monastery, one of the very few remains of Christian origin at this site. Termessus was the seat of an episcopal see. Around the Agora are the most important public buildings; the most perfect of these is a great square erection, with highly finished walls ornamented with Doric pilasters, and having only two windows, placed high up. A smaller and similar building stands behind the larger, the most prominent object among the ruins; and by its side a second, in front of which are two pedestals, bearing inscriptions, one in honour of Plato, who appears to have been held in high esteem by the Termessians, and the other dedicated to the Muses, of whom this was probably the temple. By the side of the Agora, and on the left of the great square building, are the fallen remains of a Doric temple, apparently (from an inscription) dedicated to the sun. Some of the blocks are of Parian marble, and are fragments of sculptured friezes. A search and excavation among them would probably lead to the discovery of many works of art. In front of the Agora are several large buildings, the purposes of which cannot well be guessed, and behind one is a great Doric edifice. Over the centre of one of its windows is a carving, which may be a device connected with divination by means of birds. Communicating with it



is a smaller edifice of ancient structure, having in the centre three erect projections of rock with steps carved on their sides. Could these two buildings have formed part of a college of Haruspices, and the pillars of rock have been *Haruspicia*? The theatre is placed at the north-west corner of the Agora, and its upper part is nearly on a level with the platform, whence there is an entrance leading to the diazoma. This entrance is not arched, as is usually the case, but is open, and consequently interrupts the connection of the upper row of seats. Some fragments of columns standing near the passage, seem to indicate that the passage from the Agora into the theatre was through a portico. The theatre is of good proportions, and well-preserved, free of bushes, and having few of its seats displaced. There are eighteen rows of seats below the diazoma, and nine above. The south wing was extended as far as possible, without interfering with the proscenium, to which it is joined by a wall. Fronting the proscenium was a platform, ornamented with pedestals; leading from it are five doors; the architecture is not ornamented. Behind the theatre is the gymnasium. The theatre overlooks a deep ravine, on the opposite side of which is a narrow zig-zag causeway, leading up from the gulf below, and forming a second entrance to the city, equally difficult with the first. Most of the ruins at Termessus are of Roman date."—vol. i. pp. 230-38.

The Roman remains indeed are found in almost all the cities, and in some cases predominate; a circumstance which will hardly surprise us, when we remember that the most flourishing period of Lycian history, was that which immediately followed its annexation to the Roman empire.

We have already alluded to the language of those inscriptions, which are written in the so-called Lycian character. From the circumstance of these characters being found upon the oldest of the monuments, as well as upon the coins, which are clearly of Lycian origin, it is fair to assign them to the same period and to the same people. Many efforts, therefore, have been made to arrive at a knowledge of this language, with a view of determining, through its affinities, the origin of the people who used it. The most zealous and successful among the investigators is Mr. Sharpe, who has contributed to the work before us a valuable essay on this subject, and also on the coins of Lycia. We shall endeavour to give some idea of the result of his researches.

Without the aid of the very complete and interesting engravings contained in the work itself, it will, of course, be impossible to give an accurate notion of the Lycian character. In general terms, however, the letters may be

described as of that class known as cuneiform, or wedge-shaped, and bearing in many of the consonants a *general* resemblance to the Archaic letters which the reader may have seen in the Etruscan inscriptions. This however is true only of some of the consonants: others are totally unlike; and there is this great difference, that the lines are read from left to right, and not as in the Etruscan and in the Eastern languages, generally from right to left. The vowels too, except A and E, are of a form entirely peculiar. The Lycian alphabet, as far as it is yet ascertained, contains no less than fourteen different characters representing the long and short vowels, thirteen recognised consonantal characters, besides one doubtful, one unknown, and four or five others which are believed to represent stops and numerals. The vowels nearly correspond with the long and short vowels of the Persian and Sanscrit languages.

Like the language of the Etruscan monuments, the Lycian inscriptions, when first discovered, were entirely enveloped in mystery, but a clue presents itself for the solution, which is wanting for the old language of Etruria. Fortunately, as in the case of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, some Lycian inscriptions are accompanied by a Greek translation; and, by a close comparison of these, the meaning of many words has been clearly ascertained, and that of many others is conjectured with considerable plausibility.

Before we proceed to consider the language in its connexion with the antiquities, and its bearing upon the origin of the people, we may submit, as a literary curiosity, one or two examples of these bilingual inscriptions. The Lycian characters, we need not say, are represented by the Roman letters in the uppermost line.

|             |   |             |   |              |             |   |                 |   |
|-------------|---|-------------|---|--------------|-------------|---|-----------------|---|
| ēwēeya      | : | ērafazeya   | : | mēte         | prinafatū   | : | sedēreya        | : |
| το          |   | μνημα       |   | τοδε         | εποιησατο   |   | Σιδαριος        |   |
| <i>This</i> |   | <i>tomb</i> |   | <i>which</i> | <i>made</i> |   | <i>Sidarios</i> |   |

|                  |   |            |   |            |                |      |                 |      |   |
|------------------|---|------------|---|------------|----------------|------|-----------------|------|---|
| pē . . . nēū     | : | tedēeme    | : | ūrppe      | ētle           | ēūwe | sē              | lade | : |
| Παρμενοντος      |   | υιος       |   |            | εαυτω          |      | και τη γυναικι  |      |   |
| <i>Parmeno's</i> |   | <i>son</i> |   | <i>for</i> | <i>himself</i> |      | <i>and wife</i> |      |   |

|            |            |            |                      |
|------------|------------|------------|----------------------|
| ēūwe       | sē         | tedēeme    | p . . . ē . . . lēyē |
| και        | υιω        | Πυβιαλη    |                      |
| <i>his</i> | <i>and</i> | <i>son</i> | <i>Pubiale</i>       |

Vol. ii. p. 223.

This inscription, which was found at Limyra, had



already been published both by Mr. Walpole and Sir Charles Fellows; but we are induced to insert it as the only, or almost the only bilingual inscription in which the corresponding words of the two languages are certainly determined.

There is much less certainty with regard to the following:

ēwūinū itatu mēnē prinafutū polēnīda molleūēsēū se

τουτο το μνημα

εργασαντο

Απολλωνιδες Μολλυσιος και

*This tomb which made Apollonides son of Mollisus and*

lapara polēnīdau

poreūemētēū prinēzeyēū ērppe

Λαπαρας Απολλωνιδου

Πυριματιος

οικειοι

επι ταις

*Laparas son of Apollonides*

*Porimatis's*

*servants*

*for*

lada

ēpttēūē

sē

tedēemē

sē

ey

ē

tesē

γυναιξιν ταις αυτων

και τοις εγγονοις

και

αν

τις

wives

their

and

children

and

if

anyone

retī . . . deteē itatu ēwēūe mē ey ē . . . . . oēte ponamachche :

αδικηση

το μνημα

τουτο

εξωλεα

και

πανωλεα

ειη

violates

tomb

this

aladaūade : ada : 4

αυτω

παντων

*let him pay a fine adas . . .*

Vol. ii. p. 224—5.

It would be out of place, we fear, to subjoin the critical explanation of the words which Mr. Sharpe has devised. Should any one desire to investigate farther, we refer him to the author, (vol. ii. 225, &c.) and in order to prevent misapprehension, we shall merely observe, that it is only as far as the words το μνήμα τστο, that the inscriptions are supposed to correspond. The remaining part of the Greek version, according to Mr. Sharpe, departs from the original.

From the investigation of the language of these inscriptions, Mr Sharpe, though he began with the impression that it was Phenician, has been led to the conclusion, that it is nearly allied to the great Persian family. Among the several dialects, he thinks it "bears a closer resemblance to Zend than to the Persepolitan;" and the identity of the name of the deity to which we have already referred, goes far to confirm the conjecture. There is another very curious

confirmation of this, derived from the name of the river Xanthus. This appellation, it is unnecessary to observe, was given to the stream by the Greeks in consequence of the yellow colour of its turbid waters. If we suppose it to have been so called before the Persian invasion, it is not unnatural that the Persians should (as we find to have been done by most of the conquering races supervening upon the aboriginal population,) have translated the epithet into their own language. Now we find that this actually did take place. One of the names of the river, according to Strabo, was *SIRBE*, which in Persian, signifies *yellow*. The absence of all allusion to this name in Herodotus, would go to show that it cannot have come into general use before his time.

From these curious coincidences, and from several historical facts collected (pp. 45-6.) by the authors, together with the arguments from the monuments themselves already detailed, the authors strongly insist upon the conclusion, that it is to the victorious Persian settlers we are to ascribe the earliest and most remarkable of the antiquities of Lycia. The evidence, however, still appears far from complete. Until some collateral investigation shall have detected remains of Persian origin, and of the date of the invasion of Cyrus, similar in character to those now discovered in Lycia—until we shall find inscriptions in the same or similar characters, and read like those from left to right, which shall be clearly connected with this period of Persian history, the last link in the chain of evidence will be wanting, and it must still be lawful to doubt the Persian origin of these curious and interesting works of art.

But we have wearied the reader with these antiquarian discussions; and it is fair to introduce him to some of the lighter contents of the volumes before us. This, we must add, is not so easy a task, inasmuch as each of the writers appears to have devoted himself so zealously to his own department in the compilation of the work, as to overlook adventures and descriptions of general interest.

The following adventures furnish a curious illustration of the habits of the people.

“Here again we found the pedlar whom we had met at Isna, and there being no strangers’ house, the village consisting of only six or eight houses, he had located himself with his carpet and trinkets



at a respectful distance from them under a neighbouring tree. As we passed he gave us a smile of recognition, but the little brats of boys, a mob of whom had gathered round his wares, set up a yell and cry after us, shouting 'the Ghiours have come,' which they did not cease to repeat until we were out of sight, nor did our friendly-disposed pedlar, as we imagined him to be, use any effort to make them desist. In wandering amongst the few houses, in hopes of finding a guide to show us the easiest way up to the ruins, we surprised a young Turkish woman nursing her infant; the united years of both did not appear to be more than sixteen. She was sitting in the centre of a small court, and her face being uncovered, she displayed features and a complexion which would have graced a better establishment. Our intrusion seemed to give great offence, for as soon as we spoke she buried her face with her child in her lap, in which attitude she remained until we had departed. To all our entreaties and questions respecting the ruins, we received only an uncivil and repulsive command to be off, which was conveyed in a very expressive word in their language, and one often used to dogs,—Highdey! highdey!"—vol. i. pp. 74-75.

A similar degree of jealous caution was observed by another lady, who does not appear to have had as good reason for concealing herself from the Giaour.

"I was sorry to learn from Nicolo, that our presence and stay here, although very kindly allowed, was attended with considerable inconvenience to the wife of our host, from the proximity of the hovel to the tent in which she was living. She never once quitted it after our arrival, and when anything was required of her by Nicolo during the day, she remained concealed, except her hands and arms thrust out of the door of the tent, holding the bowl of milk, yaoot, or whatever was required, until it was taken from her by some of her children, as Nicolo did not dare to approach so near. There appear to be two classes or tribes amongst the peasantry, whose habits of life and mode of living are in most matters the same, but with whom the female part act very differently towards strangers. The one which is by far the larger body, rigidly adhere to the Oriental custom of excluding females entirely from the gaze of any one but their own domestic circle; whilst the women of the other do not veil, and freely converse with the men. We could never learn from our guides or servants, that they were distinguished by different names. The Urooks, however, appear to be of the latter class."—vol. i. pp. 176-7.

To those who have explored as pedestrians any of the grassy sheep-pastures which occupy the sites of the old Etruscan cities, the following adventure will be no novelty.

We cannot read it, for our own part, without a lively reminiscence of similar terror, long past, but not yet forgotten. The Italian sheep-dogs are little less fierce than their Lycian brethren.

“Hereabout, we had a sanguinary encounter with the ferocious dogs of the Urooks, which mustering to the number of a dozen, charged us and our cavalcade, and, breaking our ranks, caused our terrified baggage horses to flee in all directions, whilst their Greek owners, in despair, loudly invoked St. Nicolo and the Blessed Virgin for assistance. The masters of the dogs not being at hand to call them off, the affair soon became serious, as the savage brutes began to seize our steeds by the legs and tails, inflicting severe wounds, and occasionally making flying leaps, with the intention of gobbling us up too; nor was it till a bullet was sent through the head of the ringleader, that we succeeded in dispersing them, and rallying our routed cavalry. Half an hour after, the same scene was enacted anew by another batch of canines; and our fire-arms had again to be put into requisition, in this case not without sundry threats from the owners of the dogs, who had refused at first to call them off. As these animals are valuable to their masters, we avoided as much as possible injuring them; and only on this occasion were we obliged to slay in self-defence, though it often required the greatest forbearance and courage to endure their attacks, which, from the size and ferocity of the assailants, are dangerous encounters. Almost always, however, the peasants did their best to prevent mischief, as soon as they knew from the rush and bark of the dogs that strangers were near.”—vol. ii. pp. 123-5.

Rich as Lycia is in classical recollections and remains, it is not without its Christian associations also. The visit of St. Paul to Myra, even more than its own political importance, led to the high ecclesiastical rank which the bishop held; and the metropolitan of Myra with his thirty-seven suffragans, occupied an important place in all the religious controversies anterior to the Saracen occupation of the country. It is gratifying to meet among the relics of the Greek mythology, and of its still more ancient predecessor, traces of the foot-prints of that holier faith which, alas, has now become but historical in these once happy lands.

“Attracted by some ruins visible from the summit, we descended. These we found were also of two ages, viz., rock-tombs and marble fragments, indicative of the Greek, but more numerous and scattered remains of middle-age date, consisting of foundations of walls, and a large Christian cathedral of early Byzantine archi-



ture, one of the most interesting and picturesque, as well as best preserved ruins in Lycia. This very beautiful building had escaped Sir C. Fellows, who passed within two or three hundred yards of it. It is a noble fabric, and one which excited on examination a deep interest. It is but little incommoded by rubbish and bushes, so that we were enabled to place ourselves at once without difficulty under the lofty dome in the centre or body of the church, and survey its interior, where the noisy chat of a disturbed jackdaw, as it took wing through a large aperture in the vaulted roof, was the only sound to break the solemn stillness then reigning within this impressive ruin. Its eastern end is terminated by a semicircle interrupted by long windows, the tall stone and brick pillars between them standing disconnected, their arches above having broken down. The greater part of this cathedral, however, still remains perfect; and it was pleasing to see the tenacity with which stone, brick, and mortar, had so long held together against the ravages of time, and through which, in all probability, will be preserved yet many ages this venerable relic of early days, when Christianity flourished in the country. For an idea of the building the reader is referred to the view and hasty sketch of its ground-plan. We had entered Lycia with a thirst for relics of the earlier days of its history. Lycian tombs, Lycian monuments, and Lycian cities, were the principal objects of our search; but here that interest was unexpectedly arrested, and the solemn grandeur of the old and solitary Christian church, towering above Pagan temple, and Moslem mosque, excited a warmer and healthier admiration, though its age were comparatively modern, and its architecture barbarous."—vol. ii. pp. 105-107.

These are not the only Christian remains which came under the travellers' notice. At another place, near Eski Hissar, they found a cell in the face of a cliff near the summit of a mountain, the walls of which were painted with figures of the Saints, still in good preservation—"the retreat of some early Christian anchorite, whence, whilst himself secluded among savage and almost inaccessible rocks, he overlooked the busy villages and fertile valleys which lay spread out below his airy habitation."

But it is now more than time to have done. And yet we have still left almost untouched the second volume, which itself might well deserve a special notice. It contains the results of the researches of Professor Forbes, in the natural history of the province. The botany and geology are extremely interesting; but we must pass them by. In justice, however, to the great merits of the gentleman to whom this department was specially entrusted, we

cannot avoid transcribing one or two passages descriptive of the "odd fish" of the Ægean—

"Of his genus *πολυπους*, which is equivalent to the genus *Octopus* and its subdivision *Eledone* in modern systems, Aristotle distinguishes six species, four of them unprovided with shells, and two living in shells. He remarks that the polypi are the only cuttle-fish formed for walking, which in consequence of the relative proportions of their body and arms they can easily do. Any person who ever dredged one of these creatures, knows the rapidity with which it can make its way by means of its long arms, even when out of its native element. Aristotle states it comes out of the water and walks in stony places. In the sudden falls, lasting not very long, of the sea level, which occur from various causes in the bays of the countries in and round the Ægean, these creatures may be met with walking on the exposed shore, and so have led to this notion; but it is doubtful whether they ever wander of their own choice above the usual water-mark. Ælian, however, who seems to have decorated most of the observations he thought worthy of record, tells us that the Octopus sometimes ascends trees! Aristotle describes the polypus as tenacious of life, but killed if its neck be squeezed. (Book ix. c. 17.) This remark probably refers to the existence of a practice by which the Greek fishermen of our own times destroy the Octopus and other cuttle-fishes. They turn back the arms over the head, and seizing the latter with their teeth, compress it in the region of the brain. Thus the creature is instantaneously killed. The remarkable changes of colour presented by the polypus were noticed by the ancients, and the truth of the statement of Aristotle, that such change is suddenly produced by fear, may be easily verified by observing one of these creatures when suddenly taken out of the water."—vol. ii. pp. 97, 98.

It is interesting to find these confirmations of the general accuracy of the great olden naturalist, whom it has been too much the fashion to decry as a hasty observer and a credulous retailer of the supposed observations of others. Mr. Forbes has in many cases vindicated his accuracy.

One extract more and we take our leave—

"The Argonaut, which is one of the two kinds of *μαλαχια* with shells, is either very rare or does not range to that coast. It is well known, however, in the bays of the mainland of Greece. In describing it Aristotle for once appears to have given way to popular report, and not made use of his own observations. His second kind of polypus inhabiting a shell, '*οιον κοχλίας*,' and attached to it like the animal of an ordinary univalve, has been regarded as the *Nautilus Pompilius*. But that remarkable mollusk does not live in



the Mediterranean, and considering the extreme rarity of the opportunities, even now, of observing it alive in its native sea—the Indian Ocean—we can scarcely suppose that it could have come under Aristotle's notice. The animal to which he alludes was far more probably the *Carinaria mediterranea*, a pteropodous mollusk, having a shell closely resembling that of an Argonaut. It lives in the Ægean, and, as it is a swimmer, might easily be confounded generically with the latter. It belongs to the same order with the *Firola* or *Pterotrachea*, a curious creature, two or three inches long or more, resembling the fish called *Hippocampus*, or sea horse, in shape, but of soft translucent jelly-like substance. Yet though so tender and fragile, these mollusks are among the most ferocious of marine animals. When cruising off the Lycian coast during the warm weather at the close of autumn we used to collect them in a tow-net, and then, placing them in glass jars full of sea-water, watch their habits. Delicate and beautiful as they seemed, the chief object of each seemed to be the destruction of his companions. The only hard parts in their bodies are a pair of horny jaws. With these, a *Firola* would seize some individual of the same species, not so strong as itself, and mercilessly tear its writhing prey, and devour it. It is a popular notion that no animals become cannibals from choice except man. The believers in that vain fancy never saw *Firolæ* in their native element.

“In sunny and calm spring weather the Lycian sea, at some distance from shore, seems as if filled with glancing needles of glass. A similar appearance may be observed in fine days in winter, but is due to a different cause. In the former case the appearance is produced by the presence of numerous mollusks of the order *Pteropoda*, and belonging to the genus *Criseis*, creatures bearing slender, transparent, pointed needle-shaped shells. From the wider ends of these they spread out their organs of motion, resembling the wings of butterflies, by means of which they dance up and down and move in all directions in the water, even as insects do in the air. The glassy needles of the winter sea are long threads of silicious substance formed of animalculæ jointed end to end. When kept some time the joints separate and move about independently.”—vol. ii. pp. 100-102.

From the length and copiousness of these extracts, it will easily be inferred that we attach great value to the work of Messrs. Spratt and Forbes. At a time when monumental records form so important an item in the materials of historical study, every new contribution to the existing stock becomes doubly valuable by the additional light which it throws upon those materials which we already possess. The gentlemen, whose work we have been considering, have cleared up many points which Fellows

and Beaufort had left obscure; they have started new views, of which their predecessors never dreamed, and which it is reserved for those who shall follow them, to investigate and pursue.

And so it is, not only with the details of every particular branch of ancient history, considered in itself, but also with the great questions of general history in their bearing upon one another. The history of the early Lycian races may, or may not, be valuable for its own sake; but in its relation to the primeval distribution of the great human family, and to so many of its early affiliations as have left their imprint upon history, whether traditional or monumental;—in its bearing on the various ethnological and ethnographical questions, which, even in a doctrinal point of view, have recently become so important, it would be a grievous mistake to regard it as merely a subject for curious research. Most probably, although it has often been attempted, it will never be given to man to realize the idea of a universal archæology—a full and comprehensive comparative investigation of the early monuments of every known race of the new world as well as of the old: but, even partially and imperfectly pursued, such an investigation will be a natural and necessary complement of the study of comparative philology, which during the last fifty years has been cultivated so successfully, and with so much benefit to religious truth, as well as to the general interests of science.

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ART. IX.—*The Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the Times of George III.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, Member of the National Institute of France.—D'ALEMBERT.

LORD BROUGHAM introduces the present article with an emphatic eulogy on the study of the mathematics. A higher or more apposite theme of praise could hardly, indeed, be chosen, for they constitute not only an important branch of the great scientific circle, to every section of which, while quite independent, in their own sphere, of all extraneous support, they are essential auxiliaries, and scarcely less are the arts tributary to their aid,



but, again, their pursuit, in its absorbing empire and concentrated mental action, ensures to the devoted aspirant a self-resource and refuge from the world's turmoil. To this mighty influence on human attainments, with which mathematics are so extensively interwoven, and which induced Plato to make their culture an indispensable qualification of admission to his Academy—"Ὁυδεις αγωμετρητος εισιτω,"\*—his lordship superadds a scarcely inferior moral effect. "They occupy," he asserts, "the attention entirely, abstracting it from all other considerations. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have forgotten the season of his meals; and greater tranquillity is possessed by none than by mathematicians." This affirmed serenity of mind and temper, the retributive homage, we trust, of personal experience, in its general application does not always bear the test of inquiry; but what is related of Sir Isaac, we may state, was exemplified to a much greater extent by the celebrated Vieta. And Madame Perier, the sister of Pascal, informs us that her father, (one of the originators of the Academy of Sciences, with the Minim, Father Marsenne, Roberval, and others, previous to its royal institution in 1666,) conscious of the predominant passion in himself, had removed from his son's access every volume or object of scientific attraction, lest the early indicated predilection should impede the child's necessary classical tuition. The precaution, however, proved in vain; for we are assured that, as if intuitively, without book or teacher, by a process of his own, which his sister explains, he advanced to the thirty-second problem of Euclid's first book. A similar apprehension had induced Galileo's father to counteract his son's instinctive astronomical propensities, but with equal failure of success. These illustrations of his views his lordship has not adverted to, nor, again, to the striking fact of Pascal's relief from, or insensibility to, an excruciating tooth-ache, when engaged intensely in solving the problem of the curve called "La Roulette, or Cycloid;" a salutary effect of science, without example, it would seem, in the time of Shakspeare, who makes Leonato say to his brother Antonio, (*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. scene 1.)

"There never was yet philosopher,  
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently."

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\* Diogenes Laertius, tom. i. edit. Meibomii Amsterd. 1692, 4to.

None of our great dramatist's commentators have referred to this fact, which probably was unknown to them, as little in their course of reading.

But the most signal proof or instance of this absorption of the mind, also omitted, was that of Archimedes, who, amidst the tumult of a stormed city, and encircled by a soldiery panting for blood and rapine, was found, in total abstraction from the frightful scene, tracing the figures of a geometrical problem—"intantum formis quas in pulvere descripserat," as stated by Livy, (lib. xxv. 31.) Plutarch, however (in Marcellus, p. 552, edit. H. Stephani, 1572), is more explicit. He tells us that, when seized by a soldier, Archimedes earnestly entreated a short respite to conclude his solution, and on the soldier's refusal, while resisting an attempt to drag him to Marcellus, was slain. "*Οὐκ ἐβουλέτο πρὶν ἢ τελέσαι το πρόβλημα, καὶ καταστήσαι πρὸς τὴν ἀπόδειξιν.*" The event cannot fail to call in recollection the similar request and fate of Lavoisier, in revolutionary France. One hundred and thirty-nine years after, (U. C. 540—679.) Cicero, then Questor of Sicily, discovered this wonder-working man's tomb, and prided himself that he, "*homo Arpinas*," should have been so very fortunate, (Quæst. Tuscul. v. 23.) In the last century (1747) Buffon experimentally proved the power of burning mirrors, such as Archimedes employed for the destruction of the Roman fleet and batteries.\* His lordship's introductory pages, we must say, are filled with matter by no means bearing with equal point or interest, as these facts, on his expressed object, which would have been better supported by apposite examples than by general assertion.

Yet this abstraction of thought, here more peculiarly attributed to mathematicians, is not less, we believe, the produced effect of other pursuits, such as metaphysics, which, in their mazes, enfold and entrance the faculties with quite as puissant a grasp. Various passions, enthusiastic excitements, ascetic fervour, or morbid illusions, as we daily witness, hold fully as exclusive possession of the imagination; and so, likewise, do the arts, music, painting, architecture, &c. And if D'Alembert, as his lordship affirms, sought repose in his cherished mathematics,

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\* The largest burning glass probably known, was presented to the Emperor of China in 1792, by Lord Macartney.



Lagrange, assuredly not his inferior as an analyst,\* frequently found recreation from their fatigue in natural history with Prévot (of Geneva), professor of philosophy at Berlin, who, in his "*Recherches sur la Chaleur*," publish-

\* An anecdote demonstrative of this, perhaps the first of analyst's humane sensibilities, derived from the information of the late M. Geoffroi Saint-Hilaire, may not be unwelcome to the reader. Witness, on a special invitation, of M. Majendie's experiments on living animals, or *vivasection*, Lagrange was so affected by the excruciating tortures thus inflicted, that he expressed his determination never again to attend a meeting of the Academy of Sciences during these operations. Existing *lusus naturæ*, as if prepared by nature for the purpose, exhibited, he contended, the required results, without such outrages on her more perfect creatures. Physical truth could not, he equally sustained, be more surely discovered in the palpitating fibres, or convulsed members of tortured animals, than moral evidence could be elicited by the application to the human frame of the rack. At the desire of our late benevolent friend Mr. Martin, then representing Galway, we addressed a letter, in consonance of feeling and argument with Lagrange, to Majendie, maintaining that, "*les palpitations et contractions des chaires vivantes, où se promène le fer scrutateur n'ont pour effet que de fausser le résultat des expériences.*" But the appeal both to reason and humanity was unheard. It was to the refuge afforded the archbishop of Paris M. de Queslen, at the Jardin des Plantes, by Geoffroi Saint-Hilaire the successor of Cuvier, with whom he was then associated, that the venerable prelate for a while owed his safety in February 1831, when pursued with murderous intention by the sanguinary populace, whose infuriate cries still memoratively resound in our ears. Saint-Hilaire's original destination was the church, whence he was diverted by arising events to the study of natural history, in which he ranked second only to Cuvier; but an intercourse with so admirable a personage as M. de Queslen, in act and manner the Fénelon and Belzunce of his age, was happily calculated to uphold unimpaired the instilled principles of his early life. With many other naturalists, he derided the over-weening pretensions of mathematicians to scientific superiority, which Buffon in particular, repelled with indignant warmth, although one of his earliest publications was a version of Newton's "*Method of Fluxions*," from a translation of the original Latin manuscript found among Sir Isaac's papers after his death. This translation by Coates appeared in 1736, as did Buffon's version the following year—a purely mathematical work, as the title sufficiently avers; but though first in cultivation, mathematics subsequently yielded to the more varied field and corresponding attractions of nature's sphere of action, which found in him, if not the profoundest, cer-

ed in 1792, slight as were then the materials prepared, or studies directed to the subject, exhibited no indistinct foresight of the laws of heat, subsequently demonstrated by the successive experiments of Rumford, Leslie, Dulong, Petit, Neumann, Avogadro, Forbes, and Powell. The veriest trifle, we may add on the authority of Horace, will narrow the powers of mind to a single point of convergence, when he describes himself, as was his wont, "*Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis;*" and so the impassioned lover, as Rousseau, with the late L. E. L., respectively, make the heroes of their tales, St. Preux and Churchill, assert, the universe is centred in a single being. So, too, in the intenseness of a mother's love, did Madame de Sévigné contemplate her daughter.

"An uninterrupted calm, and an agreeable temper of mind," are also pronounced by his lordship to be the peculiar attributes of mathematicians. Whether, in this representation, we may view "*Raffaelle da se stesso dipinto;*" and how far this soul-tranquilizing science, the earliest object, we understand, of Lord Brougham's intellectual exertions, may, like *Æolus*, have enchained the stormy elements, and lulled to placid repose the inborn strife of his nature, we stop not to enquire. But many a geometerian we shall have occasion to name, as we proceed, by no means remarkable for these imputed qualities; and amongst them the subject even of this article, whom his disciple Morellet describes, as "*tempétant et jurant selon sa mauvaise habitude.*" on every exciting occurrence. Our Cambridge professor, Saunderson, was addicted to the same profane habit, and was far from bearing the deprivation of sight with the patient resignation displayed by Euler, or Gough of Kendal, under that infliction. Even Newton became for a time irritable and estranged from his friends, as his and Halley's dissensions from Flamsteed, and his temporary alienation from Locke, attest. His unruffled endurance of the destruction of his work, as we are told, "*On the Theory of Colours,*" is, indeed, evidence of his equanimity; but not more so than Mon-

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tainly the most eloquent of expositors. Yet lauded and deservedly by Gibbon and others, as his article on the Horse is, can it be superior to the description proceeding from the divine lips in the book of Job, cap. xxxix. 19-25. "*Vah! Procul odoratur bellum, exhortationem ducum, et ululatum exercitus, &c?*"



tesquieu's equal restraint on his feelings, when he similarly found the manuscript of his "Life of Louis XI." reduced to ashes. Such, at least, is the reported forbearance, constitutional or reflective, from temperament or philosophy, in these trying instances, of those distinguished men. But that the bosoms of mathematicians are not closed on our common emotions, their own records afford ample proof in their rivalry, too often pursued beyond courteous bounds, as between Fermat and Descartes, Pascal also with Descartes and Torricelli, Newton and Leibnitz with their respective partisans, and, as at this moment, between the English and French relative to the recent planet. It is likewise well known that the jealous emulation of Euler and D'Alembert incited the former in 1754, when president of the Berlin Academy, which had just witnessed the contentions of Wolfe and Maupertuis, to prevent D'Alembert's "*Essai sur la Résistance des Fluides*" from being awarded the proposed prize; for, though it did not conclusively solve the question, which, according to Lacroix, is still unsolved, its superiority in every respect over the preferred and crowned essay could admit of little doubt, for it established the grounds of the exact theory of the movement of fluids, as well as opened the way to the application of the calculus of partial differences to natural history. The contestations referred to by Lord Brougham at page 441, between Clairaut and D'Alembert, are impartially appreciated, and certainly not much to the latter's credit. When, moreover, Clairaut applied his investigation of the disturbing forces to Halley's comet of 1682, which was expected to be again visible in 1759, according to the English astronomer's prediction, D'Alembert availed himself, in no friendly mode, of an error not exceeding twenty-two days in the calculation, which La Place, in his "*Exposition du Système du Monde*," says would have been reduced to thirteen days, had the mass of Saturn been then more correctly ascertained, or the existence of Uranus, and probably, we may add, of other yet undiscovered though not uninfluential planets, been known. This comet again, in confirmation of Halley's computed intervals of return, visited our firmament in 1836; but notwithstanding the labour expended on the subject, more especially within the last few years, by Pontécoulant, Rosenberger, Lubbock, and others, we must wait for its recurrent period of about seventy-six years, or till 1911, to

test how far these improvements of calculation may have removed all interposed difficulties, and reduced what was problematical to a defined result. Previously likewise, in 1747, another dissension had arisen between the two French academicians, in their competition for the prize on the problem of the "Three Bodies;" and though D'Alembert may have been more generally right, their individual habits and tempers were distinctively conspicuous in their variant conduct; the one polite and gentlemanly, as we find him described by the Abbé Bossut, in his "*Histoire Générale des Mathématiques*," tome ii. (Paris, 1810), and as we may infer from Lord Chesterfield's letter of 1st January, 1753, to his son; while the other, D'Alembert, as we have already seen, was discourteous and ungracious, though not radically ill-natured. Clairaut was a still more precocious child than Pascal; but as his father, a mathematical teacher, anxiously forwarded the boy's early propensities, while those of Pascal were studiously repressed, a fair comparison cannot well be established of their inborn powers. Clairaut's death in 1765, delivered D'Alembert of a rival, "*qui le tenait toujours en haleine*," as Grimm remarks, but it also deprived him of a corresponding incentive to exertion. Yet another competitor for the mathematical supremacy in France, for Euler held the European sceptre, survived, but who is altogether overlooked by Lord Brougham. This was Fontaine (Alexis des Bertins), at that period placed by public opinion in full parallel of merit with either geometrician; for, though possibly not so extensively or profoundly versed in the science, he was thought more inventive and original. Indeed, to him was by many ascribed, as well as claimed by himself, the earlier discovery, in 1739, of the general principle of dynamics, while D'Alembert's treatise did not appear till 1745; but as his own "*Mémoire*" saw not the light before 1764, the priority can hardly be awarded to him. In truth, as registry ensures precedence in legal, so should publication in learned, claims; and so, accordingly, it now does in respect to the newly-discovered planet, of which the glory appropriately belongs to M. Leverrier.\* "*Je n'aime point*

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\* The rule like all others, is not unexceptional, as the controversy on the Differential Calculus between Newton and Leibnitz shows; for Newton certainly was the first inventor, and as he said in his letter to the Oratorian Antonio Conti, in April 1716,



des auteurs *en poche*," is no unfrequent expression, thus applied, with M. Arago. Fontaine's temper, proud and reserved, presents an additional exception to Lord Brougham's assumed fact of mathematical quietude, if, indeed, we should not invert the characteristics, and generalize the exception. At this, and the immediately consequent period, such was the advance in the field of science, under the co-operating efforts of its cultivators over Europe at large, that Condorcet, long the secretary of the Parisian Academy, in his "*Esquisse des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain*," confidently asserts that a student, just emerged from his college course, was in 1794, when he wrote this work, more forward in mathematics than even Newton was, or could have been, only a century before. And this he has equally affirmed in his "*Discourse of Reception*" at the French Academy in 1782, when he defeated his competitor Bailly. In this progressive movement, rather, we may presume, exaggerated, though, doubtless, very great, Condorcet claims a large share for his friend D'Alembert, not only as produced by his own contributions, but by those to which he stimulated the young aspirants to scientific fame, including Condorcet himself, who was an enthusiast in the appreciation of mathematics, which he considered paramount to all human acquirements—the conducting road to the perfectibility which he fondly reckoned our earthly nature was destined eventually to reach. Here, truly, our noble biographer may invoke a powerful evidence in support of his alleged preponderance of mathematics in the intellectual scale, to which we can add another instance of similar enthusiasm, though less authoritative, because of less practical weight, that of the poet Novalis, or, more properly, Frederick Von Hardenberg, who, in his "*Moral Ansichter*," (Paris, 1837, 8vo.) maintains that no pursuit more than mathematics inspires a profound devotion, without which they cannot be successfully cultivated, while, in unison of effort, and combination of power with philosophy, poetry, and religion, of which he declares pure mathematics the type, they become the sources of instruction and models of imitation, in every department of mental exertion.

His lordship's example having betrayed us into these

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"Whether Mr. Leibnitz invented it after me or had it from me, signifies not, for second inventors have no right."

lengthened prefatory observations, we now proceed to the biographical narrative which various opportunities of communication with D'Alembert's friends or associates, and other means of information, either not open to, or neglected by, Lord Brougham, may enable us to present in a more correct and enlarged view of acts and character, than that exhibited by his lordship. Jean Le Rond D'Alembert, so named from having been exposed as a foundling on the steps of a church no longer existing, that of St. Jean le Rond, near the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, was born the 16th or 17th of November, 1717, the fruit of an illegitimate intercourse between a Commissary of Artillery, called Destouches *Canon*, to distinguish him from the dramatic writer, *Nericault* Destouches, and Madame de Tencin, sister to the Cardinal of that name, for whom our elder Pretender, acknowledged at Rome as James III., obtained that dignity, as he likewise had for Cardinal Polignac, using the privilege of Catholic royalty. (See *Mémoires de St. Simon*, vi. 387.)\* While, though unmarried, this lady was addressed as *Madame*, his lordship attributes it to her advanced years; but were he better acquainted with the laws and customs of France, he would have known that, as a *Canoness*, which he represents her and truly, after being relieved from her religious vows, extorted, according to her averment, when very young, the title of *Madame* was her established right. Age made no difference; for Madame de Genlis became a Canoness of the Chapter of Alix in 1753, when only seven years old, and as such, bore the matronly designation,

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\* To Polignac the sarcastic duke is by no means favourable; but Tencin and his sister are depicted at volume 18, chapter 1, in the most odious colours, probably exaggerated, yet we fear, substantially true; while their abilities, however perverted, are acknowledged in fulness of extent. It was in the old church of St. Jean-Le-Rond, that the learned Ménage, the Vadius of Molière's *Femmes Savantes*, was buried on his death in 1692. Not distant from it is the "Rue des Marmousets," where, at No. 6, stood the town residence of François Arouet, the father of Voltaire, in 1694; when, however, the son was born at Châtenay, within five miles of Paris, whither his mother had temporarily removed for country air. The epitaph for this extraordinary person by Madame de Montolieu, authoress of that most interesting romance, "*Caroline de Lichtfield*," is perfectly applicable.—"Cigit l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gata."



with that of Comtesse de Lancy. "Le plaisir de m'entendre appeler *Madame* surpassa pour moi tous les autres," writes this celebrated lady, whose society we have had the pleasure of enjoying. (*Mémoires*, tome i: p. 48.) The Chapter to which Madame de Tencin belonged, was that of Neuville near Lyons. We know several ladies, some of our family connections, who bore the title until married, as do others still single, who thus possess the social independence otherwise uniformly refused to unwedded female life on the continent. Admission into some of the German Chapters, Catholic or Protestant, was of the greatest difficulty, as the slightest stain on even an imperial escutcheon would be an insuperable ground of exclusion. (See Bignon's *Histoire de France*, tome ix. p. 93.) The Protestant sovereigns preserved these establishments as provision for unmarried daughters. Thus, Amelia, the Great Frederick's sister, became a Canoness on being separated from the ill-fated Trenk, with whom we formed an acquaintance at Paris, where the revolutionary axe terminated his variegated career, the 25th of July, 1794, only forty-eight hours before Robespierre's overthrow, so narrow was the interval between his execution and secured life, had he survived that event! Madame de Tencin was equally celebrated for her wit and beauty, which, in their united influence, assembled round her the chosen company, who, or their successors, subsequently filled the circles of Mesdames Dudeffant and Geoffin, and Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, forming what were not inaptly termed—"Des Bureaux d'Esprit." His lordship quotes an advice of Madame de Tencin to those who seek friends—"to prefer women to men, as friends, however, not as lovers, because more zealous to serve those they wish well to." The lady's recommendation was addressed to Marmontel, who so informs us, on the threshold of his Parisian life—"de se faire des *amies* plutot que des amis; car au moyen des femmes on fait tout ce qu'on veut des hommes." But the Jesuit, Father Castel's similar counsel to J. J. Rousseau, is expressed more in the language of D'Alembert. "On ne fait rien dans Paris que par le moyen des femmes: ce sont comme des courbes dant les sages sont les asymptotes: ils s'en approchent sans cesse, mais ils n'y touchent jamais."

The Commissary of Police seeing the forsaken infant extremely delicate, instead of sending him as usual to the

Foundling Hospital, gave him to nurse to the wife of a poor glazier, named Rosseau, who cherished him with truly maternal affection; and most sensible did he ever prove himself of her care. He resided with her for nearly forty years in an obscure street, "la rue Michel-le-Comte," at No. 17, as was indicated to us above half a century ago; though, as the house long since fell to utter decay, his lordship could discover no trace of it. The graphic story of his answer to Madame de Tencin, who, proud of his rising fame in after-life, presented herself to him as his mother—"Que me dites-vous là Madame? Ah! vous n'êtes qu'une marâtre: c'est la vitrière qui est ma mère," as related by Lord Brougham and others, is wholly unfounded. It is one of those sayings invented to make impression, such as D'Alembert himself scrupled not to fabricate in furtherance of his infidel views; for instance, when he ascribed to the dying Montesquieu, in repulse, as we have elsewhere stated, of our countryman, Father Routh's exhortations, words never expressed, as we were assured by an attendant at the fatal hour, confirmed by Dom Devienne's "*Histoire de Bordeaux*," page 504—"I have lived long enough to know how to die."—(Lord Charlemont's *Life*, p. 11.)

"On ne pouvait pas," says Ducos, D'Alembert's predecessor as Secretary to the French Academy, and who, though an unbeliever, felt so indignant at the blasphemies of Diderot and others, that he warned them of the effect—"Vous faites tant, Messieurs, que vous me rendrez en fin chrétien!"—"On ne pouvait pas," said he, "avoir plus d'esprit que Madame de Tencin, et elle avait toujours celui de la personne à qui elle avait affaire." Marmontel, who found in her an early patroness, confirms this eulogy of her talent, in the fourth book of his "*Mémoires*;" and a melodrama, founded on her adventurous life, is now in course of representation on the Parisian stage. Her romances, "*Le Comte de Comminges*," and "*Le Siège de Calais*," are still read; but by some attributed to her nephews, Pont-de-Veyle, and D'Argental, Voltaire's correspondent. She died in 1749, it was said, at least may be desired, repentant.

D'Alembert's parents, did not, however, lose sight of him; and most probably their apparent desertion of the child was concerted with the Commissary of Police, as well as his transfer to the care of the glazier's wife, for the



protection of his guilty mother, under her peculiar position. A life pension was settled on him by his father, of twelve hundred livres, which Lord Brougham, unauthorizedly reduces to one thousand, and estimates at £40, whereas the value, at the exchange of that period as during the late war from 1803 to 1814, exceeded fifty guineas, and was fully equivalent to £100, of present currency, while, until 1772, when nominated Secretary to the French Academy, he never enjoyed much more. Frederick, indeed, offered him 20,000 livres appointment, with the Presidency of the Berlin Academy; and Catherine, we are told, even extended the sum to 100,000, as an inducement to undertake her son Paul's education; but his cherished independence was beyond all price, and the almost sovereign sway over the literature and science of Paris, which he wielded, was equally unpurchaseable, far superior, in his estimation, to all pecuniary seduction, which never, in fact, possessed the least influence on his mind or conduct. The place of Secretary, however, in advancing his income to 8,200 livres, or francs, (then convertible terms, but since 1804, the former has ceased to be used,) placed him in comfortable circumstances, and gave him an apartment at the Louvre. In the First Series of Lord Brougham's Statesmen, page 378, it is asserted that the Empress Catherine, paid D'Alembert 100,000 francs for his library, leaving him the life use of it; which is an error, for it was to Diderot she acted this generous part, though not to the extent here named, as the sum did not exceed 66,000 francs, then still corresponding to three thousand pounds British. In this statement his lordship doubly errs.

At the Collège des Quatre Nations, or Navarre, D'Alembert's talents were first directed by his masters to theology, and he even attempted a commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, thus beginning, observes Condorcet, as Newton ended, by a commentary on the bible. After leaving the college, however, he studied the law, though he never followed it professionally, and soon relinquished it for medicine, as more akin both in preparation and exercise to his favourite scientific aspirations. These, with an occasional excursion into the regions of literature, to diversify his labours, soon wholly employed his mind, at the sacrifice of every emolumental profession. The rapidly produced fruits at once evinced the accord of the pursuit with his genius by their marked success; and

in 1741, after having enriched the records of the Academy of Sciences with Essays on the Integral Calculus, and on the Movement of Solid Bodies in Fluids, he became associated with that institution. His Treatise on Dynamics, was published in 1743, which was succeeded the ensuing year by a more general one on Fluids, forming a continuation or supplement of it, and in which, though proceeding on the principles of the Swiss brothers, John and Daniel Bernouilli, he rectified some of their incidental errors. In 1747, his "*Reflexions sur la Cause Générale des Vents*," appeared, and obtained the prize proposed for the subject by the Prussian Academy, to whose sovereign it was dedicated in three Latin lines, complimentary of Frederick's successful but unprincipled seizure of Silesia.\* It was with similar discreditable adulation, that in 1771, he with Voltaire and Diderot, felicitated that monarch and the Russian empress on that most flagitious of political crimes, the partition of Poland. Yet, though accepting their flattery, Catherine was by no means a dupe to their baseness—"Pour une pension de quelques roubles," said she, "l'enthousiaste Diderot m'a pronée comme la première des femmes. Pour un présent de fourrures, ou pour de vaines cajoleries, Voltaire et D'Alembert n'ont cessé de m'appeler la Sémiramis du Nord." On the vile conduct of these philosophers in relation to Poland, M. Romain Cornut's volume, "*Voltaire et la Pologne*," should be consulted. But, to this treatise on Winds, now of rare occurrence, we find little, or no reference, in the numerous English or American writers, such as Colonel Reid, Mr. Redfield,

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\* Simultaneously with this unjustifiable irruption on Maria Teresa's hereditary states, appeared at Amsterdam in 1741, his "*Anti-Machiavel*;" which, however, had passed through the press just before he ascended the throne, when it was too late to arrest or suppress the publication, so flagrantly contradicted by this infraction of its principles. Frederick revived a claim on Silesia, obsolete by some centuries, if ever fair, just as our English code or *nullum tempus* act, disallowed all prescription of time against royal or ecclesiastical demands, thus leaving the sword of Damocles perpetually suspended, as the Irish so injuriously experienced under Lord Strafford, over landed proprietors. But this anomalous exception to equitable legislation, was at length modified by an act introduced by Lord Chancellor Camden, which liberated the landholders from the grievance, after a possession of sixty years. (See Lord Campbell's Chancellors, vol. v. p. 291.)



Mr. Espy, Mr. Thoms, Mr. Snow Harris, Professors Dove and Loomis, and Messieurs Osler, Foster, and Whewell, now engaged in the same sphere of research, and unfolding the theory and laws of winds and storms. A century ago, indeed, physical science had made comparatively small advances in magnetism and electricity, so intimately connected with meteorology; nor does D'Alembert at any time appear to have directed much of his attention to their cultivation. In 1747, he addressed to the same Academy of Sciences, a solution of the famous problem of the "Three Bodies," in competition with Clairaut, which, as already stated, generated some personal alienation. This problem, while more extensively applicable, is, in ordinary construction, according to Lord Brougham, confined to the particular case of gravitation operative on our sun, earth, and moon, or three bodies attracting each other by the law of gravitation, but of which one is incomparably larger than the other two. Thus, the mass of the sun is 350,000 times that of the earth, which again is sixty-eight or sixty-nine times that of the moon, so that the material volume of the great luminary is about twenty-four millions of times, (not twenty-five, as inaccurately calculated by his lordship,) equal to that of the moon. D'Alembert's "*Recherches sur le Système du Monde*," published from 1754 to 1756, in three quarto volumes, had for object and result the confirmation of the Newtonian system. The work had been preceded in 1749, by his "*Researches on the Precession of the Equinoxes*," and the "*Nutation of the Earth's Axis*." His "*Opuscles Mathématiques*," extending to eight tomes in quarto, and embracing a large collection of elucidated subjects, were spread over nineteen years, or from 1761 to 1780, of impression, while his "*Eléments de Musique suivant les Principes de Rameau*," made clear what that musician's ignorance of mathematics had left obscure in his works—"Le Code de Musique"—*La Démonstration de l'Harmonie*," and "*Les Réflexions Nouvelles, &c.*" Their personal harmony was, however, soon interrupted, on Rameau's seeing Rousseau preferred for the musical articles of the *Cyclopædia*; as our David Hume felt hurt, temporarily at least, with his junior Robertson's appointment as royal historiographer in preference to himself. But here we cannot pass unnoticed, a signal instance of Lord Brougham's unacquaintance with the relative ages or per-

sonal history of eminent mathematicians. At page 412, Bossut, (Charles, called L'Abbé, though only in minor orders,) it is stated, "was the intimate friend, and, indeed, may have been said to have been the pupil of D'Alembert and Condorcet." Bossut, however, born in 1730, was not only thirteen years the senior of Condorcet, whose birth dates from 1743, but had so distinguished himself that, when Condorcet had not passed his ninth year, in 1752, he, this child's so-called pupil, was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Artillery College of Mézières, and chosen a correspondent of the Academy of Sciences. He shortly after gained, or divided, once even with Euler, various academic prizes, before Condorcet's first publication, "*Essai sur le Calcul Intégral*," appeared in 1765. His "*Histoire Générale des Mathématiques*," translated by J. Bonnycastle, was first printed in 1802, succeeded in 1810 by an improved edition in two octavo volumes. Though during a long life, and at his death in 1814, he was a faithful son of the Church, his temper did not always correspond with that which Lord Brougham so confidently associates with mathematical avocation, for he was rather morose and unconciliating. His *Eloge* was pronounced by Delambre at the Academy of Sciences, where he was succeeded by M. Ampère, (the chosen friend of Sir Humphrey Davy at Paris, in 1813,) lately deceased, and equally adherent to his religious principles. Not so, unfortunately, another *Savant* of the period and admirer of D'Alembert, Lalande, the most celebrated, though certainly not the ablest, astronomer of his day. Far from veiling his disbelief of a Deity, he vauntingly proclaimed his atheism; and in the Supplement to Sylvain Maréchal's most impious "*Dictionnaire des Atheés*," at page 14, (1805, 8vo.) he thus avouches this melancholy aberrance of a gifted mind—"Je me félicite plus de mes progrès en athéisme que de ceux que je puis avoir faits en astronomie." This and other similar declarations, subversive of social order, as undermining the only firm groundwork of public or individual morality, roused, in the deep conviction of such an effect, the intense indignation of Napoleon, who, then radiant with the glory of Austerlitz, and from the very field of his gathered laurels, addressed a letter, in December, 1805, to his Minister of the Interior, Champagne, which he ordered to be read in the bosom of the Institute. "Ce n'est pas le fanatisme qui est lamaladie à



craindre maintenant, c'est l'athéisme," truly for the period expressed this sagacious ruler. But see on the subject—"Opinions, &c., de Napoleon recueillies par le Comte Pélet, (de la Lozère,)" p. 210. The religious errings, however, of Lalande, did not impair his scientific talents, and Lord Brougham's constant depreciation of them, (pp. 425—442, &c.,) is not justified by any competent proof. His edition of Montucla's "*Histoire des Mathématiques*," printed in the republican years, vii—x, (or 1799—1802,) 4 volumes quarto, far superior to the original one of 1758, deserves not the epithets applied to it, or to him, by his lordship, though we must allow the inferiority of the two latter volumes, published by Lalande after the author's death, to those revised by Montucla himself. Lalande's irritability of temper is an additional opposed instance to Lord Brougham's lauded influence of mathematical application. It was at the infidel court of Berlin, in 1751, when he had not completed his twentieth year, that Lalande sunk under the baleful *genius loci*, and inhaled its doctrines and spirit. He was sent there by the Academy of Sciences, so early had his astronomical fame been established, to determine the parallax of the moon, or distance of that satellite from the earth; while his instructor, La Caille, proceeded on a similar mission to the Cape of Good Hope, which is nearly under the same meridian of longitude, though almost eighty-seven degrees locally distant of latitude, equivalent, with little difference, to the eighth part of our globe's circumference. Here, too, in opposition to his lordship's undervalue of this celebrated man, we have the favourable testimony of M. de Prony to his edition of Montucla; and the judgment of that eminent Professor of the Polytechnic School, will probably outweigh our noble author's. Lalande's "*Tables de Logarithmes*," have been considered the most correct extant; and his *History of Astronomy*, (1793, 3 vols. 4to.) is still unsurpassed, notwithstanding the intervening half century's advance in the science. Among other singularities, his constant search for and eating spiders is recorded; for his eccentricities were not confined to religious aberrations.

At page 414, his lordship quotes a reference to Father Walmisly, "a young priest of the Benedictine Order, who gave in 1749, an analytical solution of the problem of the Three Bodies." This reverend gentleman, whose name

was Walmsley, not Walmisley, as here written, was in 1756, appointed Vicar Apostolic by Pope Benedict XIV., in England; but a singular circumstance, untowardly for our scientific fame, diverted the appliance of his genius, ere it could put forth its highly raised promise, from mathematics. While celebrating Mass, just after the consecration, and most solemn moment of the Sacrifice, his thoughts unconsciously strayed from their sacred object, to determine the mathematical definitions of the particles of the Host, until called to a sense of his evagation, he at once and for ever, in deep repentance, renounced its seductive cause, and attached his mind to his more direct and commanding studies exclusively. This anecdote we owe to the communication of our esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. England, of Passage West, to whom it was imparted by the late Mr. Plowden, who had derived the particulars from the prelate himself. He died in 1796, aged seventy-five; but his best mathematical performance—"De Inæqualitatibus Motuum Lunarum," was published at Florence, in 1758, (4to.) so strictly, during the long interval of eight and thirty years, had he kept his vow. His previous works—"La Réduction des Intégrales aux Logarithmes, et aux Arcs de Cercles," and his "Théorie du Mouvement des apsides," had appeared at Paris in 1749. He was educated in that capital, and had there obtained the highest theological distinction as Doctor of Sorbonne, before his return to England in 1750, when he was elected a member of the Royal Society, to whose transactions he contributed several valuable papers, and at whose recommendation, particularly enforced by its President, the Earl of Macclesfield, he was employed in preparing *our* adoption, after a bigoted rejection of the acknowledged truth, for above one hundred and seventy years, of the Reformed Calendar, which had legal effect in September, 1752. Rather, it was aptly said, would the English thus quarrel with the heavens, than agree with Rome. Our learned peer, it would seem, knew nought of Dr. Walmsley, or his works, but neither, in his personal course, nor in his publications, would his lordship have found the nutriment for his lately imbibed, or at least declared, anti-catholic rancour, which he may be supposed to expect or desire from the life and labours of a Catholic priest.

Sparing his lordship and our readers some further animad-



versions on this branch of D'Alembert's productions,\* and deeming it beside our purpose to engage in the intricacies of figured demonstrations, we may pass to the philosopher's subsequent culture of the lighter fields of literature. In this department of intellectual exercise, though by no means, in equal degree, bearing the unerring stamp of genius that distinguished his analytical treatises, D'Alembert's publications were both varied in subject and popularly successful; for the first collective edition in 1805, extended to no less than eighteen octavo volumes, even with some omissions. His Preliminary Discourse to the "Encyclopédie," a vast enterprise, undertaken in conjunction with Diderot, may be viewed as his earliest literary essay; for though more directly philosophic in design, a purity of diction, a refinement of taste, and the coherence of its well-adjusted parts have gained for it no inferior place in literary composition. Whatever was then embraced in the range of human knowledge, under Bacon's tripartite division of our faculties, "Reason, Imagination, and Memory," representing Philosophy, Poetry, and History, is lucidly, but in necessary submission to the limitation of space, and generalization of view, rapidly surveyed; and, notwithstanding Lord Brougham's adverse judgment, it was not unfitly termed, in correspondence with the great work which it introduced, "Un vestibule digne de l'édifice." D'Alembert's articles in the compilation are subscribed with

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\* Thus his lordship at p. 414 writes, "Taylor's Methodus Incrementum, had solved the problem of the vibrating cord's movement." We presume that by this incorrect phrase, Brooke Taylor's Methodus Incrementorum Directa et Inversa, printed in 1715, is meant, for in it will be seen this solution at page 86. The theorem bearing Taylor's name, and as such familiar to analysts, is there unfolded; but a long and warm contest between him and John Bernouilli, is another disproof of the pacific fame of mathematicians. And what are we to think of the contentious scene in the French Institute on the 19th of last October, relative to the new planet, now probably to be called Neptune, which still may be found to be the same discovered by M. Watman in 1831, and reported in the "Compte Rendu," of the Institute the 25th of March, 1836. Mr. Adams's claim too, appears not to rest on slight grounds; though the legal axiom, "de non apparentibus, sicut de non existentibus eadem est ratio," is not inapplicable to the controversy, and indeed, has had its full effect in assigning the priority of discovery to M. Leverrier, as we have already stated.

the letter O, and are principally mathematical, being his own expressed and appropriate choice. The most noticeable exception is that of Geneva, in the seventh volume, recommending the establishment of a theatre, as Calvin's rigid prohibition was no longer in harmony with the existing local relaxation of the reformer's doctrine and discipline, now lapsed with all educated classes, including the clergy, into religious indifference or downright deism, to which, indeed, our philosopher well foresaw that consistent reasoning must eventually lead all Protestant divines. "D'Alembert avait bien prévu que la logique conduirait, tôt ou tard, les théologiens protestans au déisme franc et sans alliage," is the prediction ascribed to him in one of the sketches of his life, and now strictly verified in the very birth-places of both great divisions of their creed—Northern Germany and Switzerland, comprehending Geneva. For this fact we have the evidence of local writers and travelers of highest authority. The former are too numerous and well known to render any reference necessary; but of the latter, whose testimony is uniform, it will be sufficient to cite a zealous Anglican clergyman in relation to the followers of Luther, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Percival, who, in his recent "Tour," descriptive of the actual state of religion in the North of Germany, assures us, "that not one in five hundred of the Lutheran ministers believes a single item of the mysteries of Christianity." A Calvinist doctor of divinity, the Rev. G. W. Lindsey Alexander, just returned from a visit to Switzerland, made with the express design of investigating the religious condition of the confederation, affirms, on the other hand, "that Calvin's memory in the Protestant cantons has passed into utter oblivion or hatred. In the pulpit, with few exceptions, the doctrines of Calvin are referred to only to be repudiated or scorned." In Geneva itself, we have on a former occasion mentioned Mr. S. Laing's emphatic assurance of the total subversion of the stern reformer's implanted creed and constituted regulations; but the repetition cannot be superfluous. At page 325 of his "Notes of a Traveller," he writes: "Geneva, the fountain-head from which the pure waters of Scottish Zion flow, has not the emblem of religion." This transition from severe and systematic ordinance to complete indifference or worse, the necessary consequence of the assumed Reformation's unfixedness of principle, thus flagrantly manifested in its



sources, is surely no uninteresting or unwarning object of contemplation; nor is it of presumptuous foreboding, that it will eventually pervade the Protestant body at large, unless, in happier result, it should produce a reaction and general return to the bosom of genuine Catholicity, such as is now so signally exemplified in the numerous conversions from Anglicanism. This section, however, of reform appears to have been less fluctuating in its subsequent action than its continental kindred; for we are assured by one of its late most distinguished members, Dr. Thomas Arnold, (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 371.) that "the Church bears, and has ever borne, the marks of her birth—the child of regal and ministerial selfishness and unprincipled tyranny, she has never dared to speak boldly to the great.....to whom it is folly and worse than folly to think that preaching what are called orthodox doctrines, is really preaching to them the gospel." Yet her liturgy has undergone a variety of successive changes. But in 1758, an answer to D'Alembert from the impassioned pen of Rousseau, demonstrative of the corrupting tendency of the French stage with illustrative extracts from its proudest ornament, Molière, and deprecating its introduction into his native city, although his own dramatic productions were not few in number, gave unwonted animation to the controversy, in which, if defeated in argument, he was far superior in impressive eloquence, while the backsliding of the Genevan clergy, instead of being gainsaid, was energetically affirmed by Rousseau in his subsequent "*Lettres de la Montagne*," with the aggravating impeachments of hypocrisy and intolerance, as he experienced in his own person.

D'Alembert, in 1754, was admitted a member of the French Academy, then the foremost in the classification of these institutions; and ultimately became its dictator, with the aid of Voltaire, who, from his château of Ferney, like Tiberius from the isle of Capræa, issued his mandates of election in union of purpose with D'Alembert, so as to convert it into a co-operative instrument of their anti-christian conspiracy. In 1777, when the Abbé Millot was proposed as a successor to the deceased Gresset, author of "*Vert-Vert*," he would have been humiliatingly rejected, had not his respondent, D'Alembert, interposed, and pledged himself that the candidate, "*n'avait de prêtre que l'habit*." Of the infidel conspiracy then in active move-

ment under the ardent and undisguised propagation of Diderot, Helvétius, and Holbach, with Voltaire, the "Bertand of these Rats," to use his own phrase, borrowed from La Fontaine's apologue (livre ix.), at their head, D'Alembert, though too cautious to assume the open direction, was certainly the most subtle promoter. He undermined what his bolder accomplices daringly assaulted; and truth cannot be more glaringly perverted than in maintaining that nothing on his part had betrayed his sentiments until disclosed by the posthumous publication of his correspondence with Voltaire and Frederick of Prussia. In his writings the prudence or timidity of his nature prevented the overt defiance of law or decorum; but his "*Essai sur les Gens de Lettres*," his "*Mélanges de Littérature et de Physique*," and his "*Eloges des Académiciens*,"—all more or less exhibit the spirit, while they evade the expressed evidence, of hostility to revelation. It is more constructively than explicitly that Gibbon's opinions transpire, as, by similarly insidious deductions from artfully coloured statements, D'Alembert's feelings are unerringly, however covertly insinuated, discoverable; nor did he ever conceal them in private intercourse. The fact was universally known by his associations, his predilections, and unceasing efforts of proselytism, as Voltaire's agent of mischief; for he proudly displayed their correspondence. But, because he kept within prudently measured bounds in his publications, he escaped the danger of prosecution, which the flagrant blasphemy of his colleague Diderot necessarily provoked, with repeated inflictive consequences. Though not generally known, it was in this avowed atheist's little poem, "*Les Eleuthéromanes*," or "*Fanatics of Liberty*," forming part of the nineteenth volume of his works, printed at Paris in 1818—1819, that we find the object of the Triumvirate, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, "the destruction of the altar and the throne," condensed with fearful energy in words attributed to John Meslier, Curé of Estreigny in Champagne.

"Et ses mains ourdiraient les entrailles du prêtre,  
A défaut d'un cordon pour étrangler les rois."

In Marmontel's "*Mémoires*," livre iii., the graphic dialogue between him and Champfort in 1790, on the early proceedings of the revolutionists, exhibits, in unerring view, the prospective designs of these harbingers of evil.



“Pour tracer un nouveau plan on a toute raison de faire place nette,” said Chamfort. “Place nette!” exclaimed Marmontel. “Oui,” replied his interlocutor, “et le trône et l’autel tomberont ensemble: ce sont deux arc-boutants appuyés l’un par l’autre; et que l’un des deux soit brisé, l’autre va fléchir.” The throne and altar are two buttresses of mutual support: if the one falls, the other must give way. And so, truly, did the succeeding events prove. But none of the celebrated trio survived to witness the triumph, and contemplate, or possibly mourn over, the consummation of their projects, so appallingly manifested in the dreadful excesses of 1793 and 1794. Deeply did Marmontel regret the mischief he had contributed to cause; so, too, did La Harpe, Raynal, Morellet, and others, and so, we believe, would D'Alembert, had he lived, like them and Gibbon, to view their work of ruin.

In despite of such glaring and irrefragable evidence of D'Alembert's notorious infidelity, at page 456, Lord Brougham bursts into an indignant invective against Madame de laFerté-Imbaut, who forbad his visits to her mother, Madame de Geoffrin, when alarmingly ill in 1766. “The ground taken,” says his lordship, “by this furious bigot, was the known suspicion of the philosopher's opinions, though every one is aware that he never obtruded them on society.” Now, every one was aware of the contrary; and it was from his open declaration of them at her mother's house, of which he was a constant frequenter, that this conscientious lady felt herself bound to prevent their effect in that apparently awful moment, for which Madame de Geoffrin thanked her on recovering from the threatened danger. “Ma fille,” said she, “est comme Godefroi de Bouillon; elle a voulu défendre mon tombeau contre les infidèles.” Such, consequently, was the known character of D'Alembert, to whom she decidedly interdicted the entrance of her house during her remaining life, which ended in the month of October of the ensuing year. No one was more active or vigilant in attendance on the dying hours of celebrated persons, in order to obstruct a death-bed repentance, than D'Alembert, or, as he termed it, a betrayal of weakness. In No. XXXVI., page 536, of this Review, his assiduous watch of Montesquieu, with that view, will be found related; and his equally unremitting guard of Voltaire, lest this restless spirit of evil, the hierophant of unbelief, should flinch and retract. In 1772, when

he read some of his Eloges before the French Academy, great was the surprise of his auditors to hear the severest censure of the impieties of Lucretius, "de la bouche même de ce philosophe, le chef reconnu de la secte, ces paroles, que le doyen de la Sorbonne ne désavouerait pas." So we are assured by the Baron de Grimm, a brother infidel, in his and Diderot's Literary Correspondence, (tome ii. p. 150. Lond. 1813.)\* He exclaims, "Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?" naturally enough on the occasion.

To pass in detailed review D'Alembert's literary productions, would far exceed our legitimate bounds; nor should we have often to controvert his lordship's estimation of them. The "*Mémoire sur la Destruction des Jésuites*," forms, indeed, an exception, in representing the work as, though of no distinguished merit in composition, yet "remarkable for its calmness and impartiality;" so we read at page 461 of his lordship's volume, while, in fact, this assumed equitable tone covers many a sly and malignant insinuation. The correspondence with Voltaire shows that such had ever been the studied policy of his writings, which Grimm, an infidel associate, thus confirms: "Dans l'expression même des vérités les plus hardies, on était forcé d'admirer l'art qu'il possédait au suprême degré, l'art de conserver toujours beaucoup d'égards et de mesure."

\* A few pages previously, Grimm adverts to the line expressive of Franklin's title to immortality, scientific and patriotic, the Prometheus at once and Junius Brutus of modern times. "Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis," which he observes, is a happy imitation of a verse in the *Anti-Lucretius*. "Eripuitque Iovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas;" but he did not know that the latter's original is in the poem of Marcus Manilius, (*Astronomicœn*, libri v.) "Eripuitque Iovi fulmen, viresque Tonanti," (lib. i. v. 104.) Nor does he cite the line of Cardinal Polignac's *Anti-Lucretius*, which is the 37th of the first book. It was Turgot, the minister of Finances under Louis XVI., who thus applied the verse to the celebration of the American philosopher's combined glories, as we have more at large detailed elsewhere, and were, we believe, the first thus to trace it to the fountain-head.

Lord Brougham also quotes Grimm, relative to D'Alembert's and Clairaut's comparative scientific merits, but wholly over-passes that acute observer's frequent remarks on his personal character, and irreligious fame and efforts, so contradictory of his lordship's representations.



(tome ii. p. 117.) The same writer, in his contemporaneous correspondence, enables us to form a fair judgment of the philosopher's alleged impartiality in regard to the Jesuits, from the fact of his having addressed the Empress Catherine a bold remonstrance against her harbouring the persecuted remnant of the Order, as she and the great Frederick, though bereft themselves of all religious principle, yet, too wise not to appreciate its salutary influence on the human mind, had hastened to do in their dominions. But his malevolent urgency was unproductive of effect, or even of notice, a humiliation which, adds Grimm, "*alta mente repostum*"—lay deep in his memory. The contrasted policy of these renowned sovereigns with that of the Arcadii and Honorii, as Gibbon designated the enthroned mass of idiocy who then slumbered in the South, signally distinguished the character of the Jesuits as viewed by deluded imbecility, or contemplated by discerning intellect; and time, in its consequences, has not failed to manifest, not the danger of the Order's existence, but of its suppression. Its history is still reserved for the hand of a master, who, in a general eulogy, will not overlook some incidental aberrances. Pascal's "*Provincial Letters*" inflicted the deepest and most enduring wound aimed at the body's moral fame. Their poignant wit, bold charges, and beauty of diction, still, after an interval of nearly two centuries, fresh and unantiquated, instantaneously gained these celebrated effusions the popular favour, while Father Daniel's Vindication, ("*Réponse aux Lettres Provinciales, &c.*") able and argumentative though it was, fell unheeded and almost unread; because, as remarked even by Voltaire, (*Siècle de Louis xiv. ch. 33*, and in his letter to Father La Tour,) "*il ne s'agissait, pas d'avoir raison: il s'agissait de divertir le public,*" and ready credence, as the Templars had similarly experienced, is too generally yielded to any impeachment of powerful associations, more especially when conveyed in an attractive form. For—

"Truth and justice matter not a particle,  
Provided that one writes an amusing article."

The best reputation of Pascal, according to Boileau, was the life and labours of Bourdaloue; but can any name command our veneration beyond that of Henri de Belzunce, bishop of Marseilles during the plague which desolated that city in 1720, and whom Pope has so warmly eulogized?

At this day too, with numerous other men of eminent science, we may cite Father Sacchi, who, it appears from the Roman Archeological records, has reduced to definite rules the Hieroglyphic System, so far advanced, but still left imperfect by Champollion, whose first great exhibition of the fruits of his Egyptian researches, we attended by particular invitation in April 1830. At this moment, likewise, the invading army of Mexico under General Taylor, is accompanied by Fathers Elroy and Rey, as chaplains to the Catholic soldiers. But an act of necessary justice remains due to the order, in refutation of the long prevalent calumny of their accumulated and hoarded riches; for we have the incontrovertible authority of Scipio Ricci, their virulent enemy, that their last General, his cousin Lorenzo Ricci, died in 1776, three years after their dissolution by Clement XIV, in absolute destitution. So the biography of Scipio Ricci by De Potter, who was equally hostile to the Jesuits, amply testifies, in an interesting narrative of Lorenzo's death. This biography appeared in 1827. As for the missionary labours of the society, let the preface of the Rev. Mr. Kip, an American Protestant, to his extracts from the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Pieuses*," be read, and the noble homage there rendered, be added to those elsewhere referred to. The Rev. gentleman's work was published at Boston (U. S.) in 1845.

The College where D'Alembert was educated, that of Mazarin, which he had specially in view when he furnished the article of *Collège* to the third volume of the *Encyclopédie*, was conducted by Jansenists, who fondly anticipated, from his precocious mathematical attainments, a second Pascal in this disciple; and, although his subsequent desertion of the Christian faith made no reserve of Jansenism, yet the early imbibed prejudice still presented the celebrated Order to his recollection in no propitious light, while, again, the most formidable adversary to his infidel system. But here an additional evidence occurs of his lordship's unacquaintance with the personal history of learned men, for, in alluding to the collegiate professors' cherished expectations of raising up an emulous Pascal in D'Alembert, he says at page 400, "but they had to deal with a less docile subject than the Port Royal had formerly found in young Blaise." Now, respecting such a personage as Pascal, of transcendent genius and universal renown, Lord Brougham appears only to know of his pri-



vate life that his name was Blaise: for he never had, we are assured by his sister, Madame Perier, and his biographers, any other master than his father, and never had entered Port Royal as an inmate until his thirtieth year, when he had published all the mathematical works of which he was author. He had even appeared as a fashionable man of the world, until withdrawn from it by the persuasion of another sister, a religious of the famed community in its female department. A lately discovered manuscript of his, "An abridged Life of Christ," has just been published by M. Faugère, editor of the last and best edition of Pascal's works.

D'Alembert's seemingly impartial review of the Jesuit question denies the production by the Order of a philosopher, while from its bosom have arisen numerous astronomers and mathematicians of distinguished merit. The names of many may be seen in this Review, No. XXXIX. p. 77; and to them we can add one of the earliest and most eminent mathematicians of the sixteenth century, Christopher Clavius, an efficient co-operator in the reformation of the calendar under Gregory XIII., in 1581, of which the best report is found in his "Calendarii Gregoriani Explicatio," a folio volume printed at Rome in 1603. In that age, too, of the Jesuit's system of education, Bacon declared in his work, "De Augmentis Scientiarum," lib. vi. cap. 4, and repeats it in the first book of his "Advancement of Learning," that nothing hitherto tried in practice surpassed it." To withhold from the Society an avowal of the benefits conferred by its missions in extending our knowledge of man and his habitation over the globe's surface, independently of their self-devotion and success in the performance of their professed duties, would have been a direct collision with the world's proclaimed homage, which D'Alembert was too discreet and calculating to attempt. He accordingly concurs in the testimony borne of the fact on every side; for the superior merits of the Jesuit missionaries are alike acknowledged by Protestant and Catholic writers. Ample proofs are derivable from all travellers who have personally compared, or authors who have estimated, the rival efforts of the churches; and to the latter we may adjoin the instance given by Lord Mahon in the lately published fourth volume of his History, page 292, of the contrasted conduct of the Order and their Protestant adversaries towards the Cherokee Indians in the last cen-

ture. How could it, we may ask, be expected that the husband and father, encumbered with all the trammels of married life,—or, as expressed by Tasso,—

“————— invilito,  
Negli affetti di padre, e di marito &c.”

should equal in activity of zeal or movement a missionary, who, in the propagation of his creed, had his view confined to that sole duty, unimpeded in its discharge by any extraneous thought or worldly object? For proof, let the truly Catholic rule of Paraguay be contemplated, not only in the special work of Charlevoix, but in Muratori's “*Christianismo Felice*,” (Milano, 1743, 4to.) enriched by the interesting documents of Gaetano Cattini, long resident in that region. It will be seen how the Jesuit pastor gathered his flock, disciplined these unsophisticated sons of nature in the habits of social community, and, thus advanced in the first steps of civilization, poured on them the divine light and moral inculcations of the Gospel.\* *His* was not the conquest of blood, or achievement of the sword, nor, as humanity has too often to reproach the leaders of war, did

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\* A most interesting relation of the Catholic missions in the South Sea Islands at this moment, will be found in Nos. 84 and 98, of the “*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*.” The native clergy of Brazil receive little praise indeed from a recent traveller, Mr. George Gardiner, but of the Jesuits he thus writes: “It is handed down from father to son, that their destruction was a severe loss to the well-being of the country—their memory long remains; and I have always heard them spoken of with respect and regret. More than one nation of Indians in Brazil, which in the time of the Jesuits, had renounced their savage life and become Christians, have since their suppression, returned to the condition from which at so much risk and with so much labour, they had been redeemed.” (Travels in the Interior of Brazil, during the years 1836-1841. London: 1846.—8vo.) The intense persecution of our missionaries by the Wesleyans in the South Sea Islands, as represented by the French Naval officers, will be found in the “*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*.” So constant was the application of the epithet of Anti-christ to the Catholic minister, that on the arrival of the admirable Bishop Pompallier at New Zealand, where his conduct was so truly apostolic, he was saluted and long continued to be called by no other name; but he soon conciliated the misguided natives, of which the English Commodore Hone experienced the benefit.



he exterminate and reduce to a barren waste the people he came to bless, or the soil he sought to impregnate, with the seed of an all-saving and eternal truth.

“————— Sterileis nec legit arenas,  
Ut caneret paucis, mergatque hoc pulvere verum.”  
Lucan. lib. ix.

Lord Brougham represents generally at their just value D'Alembert's "Eloges" of the members of the French Academy, deceased within the interval of 1700 to 1772, comprising eighty-three articles. His lordship regrets the time mis-spent on their composition, remarkable, as they almost always are, for the omission of whatever truths tell to the disadvantage of their subjects. He cites a few of interest or curiosity; but perhaps, in the latter class, none will be found to exceed that of the Bishop of Noyon, M. de Clermont-Tonnère. This prelate's pride of birth was, indeed, carried to the most extravagant excess, so that even the Duke de St. Simon, himself enslaved to aristocratic pretensions, derided its absurdity (*Mémoires*, tome i. page 119); and it is not less the object of Madame de Sévigné's ridicule, (*Lettres*, No. 73 and 1025.) It wrested even a smile from the studied dignity, to which a laugh was alien, of Louis XIV.; and furnished fair grounds for the epigraph, or rather epigram, quoted by D'Alembert, (tome ii. p. 37, edition of 1787.)

“Ci gît et repose humblement,  
De quoi tout le monde s'étonne,  
Dans un si petit monument,  
Monsieur de Tonnère en personne.  
On dit, qu'entrant en Paradis,  
Il fut reçu vaille que vaille,  
Et qu'il en sortit par mépris,  
N'y trouvant que de la canaille.”

Our noble writer's remarks on D'Alembert's partial translations of Tacitus are also fair; but his estimate of the historian, whom he greatly undervalues, is by no means so. The opinions of Montesquieu and Gibbon, confirmed by the almost unanimous concurrence of European judgment, may seem well entitled to outbalance his lordship's depreciation. They unequivocally place him at the head of Roman historians. So did many competent persons of preceding times, whom we find cited by Bayle, such as

Cosmo de Medicis, who, says Muretus (*Oper. tom. ii. p. 342, Lipsiæ, 1672, 8vo.*), “*Taciti libros in deliciis habuit,*” and Pope Paul III., “*Tacitum sæpe relegendo contriverat.*” Montesquieu (*Esprit des Lois, livre xxx. chap. 1.*) observes that, “*Tacite abrégéait tout parcequ’il voyait tout;*” and Racine, in the preface to his tragedy of *Britannicus*, calls him “*le plus grand peintre de l’antiquité,*” as Bossuet does, “*le plus grave des historiens.*” Rousseau, who, though an indifferent classical scholar, succeeded better than D’Alembert, in his essays of version subjoins, “*Tout homme en état de suivre Tacite, est bientôt tenté d’aller seul;*” and Gibbon uniformly distinguishes him as exceptionally, “*the great—the philosophic historian.*” Difficult, no doubt, must be the task of transfusing the spirit and condensation of such a writer, but certainly not insuperable, as Montesquieu, in the thirtieth book and third chapter of his great work, and, still more decisively, Gibbon, in the ninth chapter of the “*Decline and Fall,*” have demonstrated. Both, too, had full leisure before their decease, had they been so disposed, to undertake it. D’Avanzati’s Italian version, though now somewhat obsolete in style, is still in high repute; and so is Valeriani’s modern one. Dureau de Lamalle’s and Burnouf’s are also much esteemed in France, as are Waltmann’s, and an anonymous one printed at Leipsic in 1818, by the Germans; but our Gordon’s and Murphy’s attempts are utter failures; nor has England produced a citable edition of the original text, while Ireland boasts of the accurate re-impression of that of Ryckius, remarkable for the elegant dedication to Lord Carteret by Mrs. Grierson, who printed and revised it in 1730. Nor is the late Dr. Stock’s unpretending edition, modelled after Brotier’s in 1788, without its own merit; as, for instance, in the substitution in the *Annals* (lib. iii. cap. 68.) of *Atia* parente geniti (*Atia Balba* being the grandmother of Augustus) for *alia*,—a reading wholly devoid of sense, and acknowledged as hopeless of amendment by previous commentators. “*Certe hæc implexa,*” says Lipsius; but Stock resolved the difficulty. The energetic style of *Junius* is similarly undervalued by Lord Brougham.

D’Alembert’s intercourse with Mademoiselle L’Espinasse was of a singular character. They were both of that class, “*who all guiltless meet reproach,*”—illegitimate children. The lady was the produce of adul-



tery committed by Madame d'Albon, wife of Claude d'Albon, the descendant of Jacques d'Albon, Marechal de St. André, who conjointly with Francis Duke of Guise, and the Constable Anne de Montmorency, formed under Henry II. of France and his sons, the Catholic triumvirate in counteraction of the Huguenot Confederacy headed by Coligny.\* No one, remarks Lord Brougham at page 448, whispered a syllable of suspicion respecting this connection of D'Alembert and Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, which all were fully convinced could only be of the most innocent kind, though he continued to reside in the same apartment during the remaining twelve years of her singular life." Yet, if it transgressed not the limits of Platonic attachment, the forbearance assuredly was not a sacrifice to religious principle or moral feeling, held by both in contemptuous disregard, but imposed, it was well understood, by nature on the philosopher, and amply compensated to his impassioned companion by his subserviency to her little-restrained desires towards others. The word *apartment*, however, it is right to observe, does not, in its French acceptance, mean the same room, but a range or suite of rooms, and consequently leads not to the inference, thus ascribed to it by his lordship, of illicit association.—But here, in this self-styled philosophical age, we behold its Parisian coryphæus represented to us by all his contemporaries as the debased and active pander of the passions of, to himself, a platonic paramour! *Her* disappointed love of Mora, the son of a Spanish Grandee, caused, it was said, her death in May 1776, and if so, strangely or rather equitably enough, this young man, in the same month, sunk under a similar passion; for, in Mr. Swinburne's "Courts of Europe," and letter of 8th June 1776, we read, "There is much talk in Madrid of the amours of Count Mora with the Duchess of Huesca,

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\* In 1550, St. André was commissioned by Henry II. of France, to invest our Edward VI., "le petit roy Edouard," as Brantome on the occasion names him, with the order of St. Michael, then the highest in France, that of the St. Esprit not having been instituted till 1579; when St. André, whom Brantome accompanied, was decorated with our order of the Garter, being one of the very few under sovereign rank, so complimented down to the present day. It is now the oldest order in Europe, even anterior to that of the Golden Fleece next in seniority.

who had married his father, and broke his son's heart."

His lordship at page 483, as in the case of Voltaire, (See Dublin Review, No. 36, page 520) would justify D'Alembert's hostility to his country's religion, as the consequence of indignation at the deaths of Calas and Labarre, victims of catholic fanaticism. To which, in the first instance, we are bound to answer, that D'Alembert, then approaching his fiftieth year, had long previously abjured the christian belief, and pointed against it the combined infidel power of the period, in the *Encyclopedie*; and if, as more legitimately applicable, this warfare had for its source the existing legislation in reference to religion, we are obliged to remind an Ex-Chancellor, that at *the very time* he attributes these acts to the cruelty of French jurisprudence, our own code held, "that where a person was reconciled to the church of Rome, or procured others to be reconciled, the offence amounted to high treason," that is, a convert or converter was liable to be eviscerated or embowelled, with all the atrocious adjuncts of an execution under that, the highest of legal crimes. (Blackstone, Book IV. ch. 4.) Nor was the denounced persecution, though just then, from the meliorated spirit of the age, mitigated in practice, wholly abated in exercise; for the records of the period exhibit numerous proofs of prosecutions against priests, for the celebration of mass, or any other ostensible act of catholic worship, which the law, in this protestant land arrogantly assuming to itself the peculiar merit of religious tolerance, visited, in penal succession, with heavy fines, perpetual imprisonment, and eventual death. It was for the introduction of a bill into parliament suppressive of this horrible inconsistency not always dormant on the statute book or inert, with the boasted principle of liberty of conscience, a liberty pretty much akin to the episcopal Congé d'Elire, delusive at once and derisive, that the city of London, so lately as 1780, rose with infuriated threats and deeds against not only the catholics, but all who supported the projected enactment, which still left our legislation stained with hundreds of inflictive laws, not even to this day wholly repealed. But see our late friend Dr. Scully's volume on the subject, printed in 1812, and let these usurped pretensions of protestantism be fairly considered. The book,



we happen to know, was specially forwarded by the author to Henry Brougham, who, indeed, is ill represented by his lordship—"Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo!" may we truly say. Again, we must interpose the important fact, that it was not for a religious misdeed that Calas suffered: it was for the murder of his son that he was convicted; while fanaticism has been alleged, on one side, to have instigated the father to put to death his apostate son, and, on the other, to have urged the tribunal of Toulouse to condemn Calas without adequate evidence. Yet, we learn from his lordship that very lately the documents of the trial, on cool inspection, satisfied some protestant gentlemen that the father's guilt appeared legally proved; and, at the subsequent reversal of the sentence, 4th of June 1764, a considerable minority were opposed to so direct a decision, as may be seen in the "*Continuation des Causes Célèbres*, tome IV." In regard to La Barre, Lord Brougham wholly misrepresents the circumstances. It was not for "making faces at a procession of priests that he was punished so horribly," but for cutting to pieces with his sabre in August 1765 a public crucifix—for blasphemies against God, the Eucharist, the Virgin, and the Saints—with singing through the streets the most impious songs, and paying, with defiant ostentation, to the most profane and impure books, the reverence due only to the Sacred Volume—outrages assuredly on religion and decency, but for which, we repeat, a year or two's confinement, or at least a less severe penalty than death, would have been a sufficient chastisement.—Above one hundred and twenty witnesses attested these and other profanations, thus lightly shadowed by Lord Brougham; but the sagacious Frederick perverted not the facts, like our Ex-Chancellor, who easily reconciles his conscience to any arraignment of the catholic faith.—Frederick, infidel though he declaredly was, thus, as mentioned on a former occasion, addressed Voltaire, the 7th of August, 1766—"Les juges n'ont pu prononcer autrement qu'ils ont fait. La tolérance ne doit pas s'étendre à autoriser l'effronterie et la licence de jeunes étourdis, qui insultent audacieusement à ce que le peuple révère." It is little worthy of his lordship to descend to such engines of aggression against any dissidents from his religious profession, we will not say, belief. His favourite D'Alembert, we can assure him on the irrefragable authority of Morellet, an encyclopedian colleague,

an avowed admirer, and, though in priestly orders, yet like Raynal, a recreant to his creed, was far from exercising towards others the tolerance he invoked for his sect. Irritated by the literary criticisms of Fréron, of Palissot, and others, he urged his claim of revenge against them in a criminatory letter to Malesherbes, the superintending magistrate of the press, whose reply, considering D'Alembert's powerful influence, and the reigning spirit of the day, reflected on him the highest credit. It was an admirable exposition of the liberty of the press, which, as well as the freedom of thought, with the characteristic inconsequence of his party, this philosophic chief would limit in enjoyment to himself or followers, and convert into an instrument of vengeance against all others. But the excellent functionary, the noble defender of Louis, and the consequent victim, of the act, with his daughter, son-in-law, grand-daughter, her husband again (Châteaubriand's elder brother,) a holocaust immolation embracing three generations! was not a person to become the complacent tool of D'Alembert's vindictive solicitations, when *our calm mathematician's* wrath was exhaled in the bitterest intemperance of vulgar language, as we learn from Morellet's "*Mémoires*, tome i, page 46,"—Malesherbes' letter bears date the 16th of February 1758, not long subsequent to D'Alembert's article on Geneva, which Fréron impeached of irreligion, although his lordship would have us believe, that he was free from all suspicion of the fact until his death, a quarter of a century afterwards. But Fréron's severity of literary animadversion was still more sensitively felt, as it equally was by Voltaire, who, in like manner, invoked the arm of government, through his correspondents, against the critic, as, in addition to the indicated instances in a former article, we may refer for proof to his letters of the 16th of January, 6th of February, and 11th of April, 1761.—Malesherbes thus answered the complaint of D'Alembert—"Je connais trop la sensibilité des auteurs sur ce qui interesse leur amour propre, pour me flatter que ni vous ni aucun homme de lettres maltraité dans les brochures, adopte mes principes sur la liberté de la presse, qui m'a toujours paru avoir plus d'avantages que d'inconvéniens, mais après y avoir longtemps réfléchi, j'ai trouvé que ce sont les seuls que je puisse suivre avec justice, sans m'exposer moi-même à tomber dans la partialité." But no reason or soothing could appease our philosopher,



who panted more for revenge than even his co-accused Diderot. "Quand j'exposais," says Morellet, "à mon ami D'Alembert les principes de M. de Malesherbes, je ne pouvais les lui faire entendre; et le philosophe tempêtait et jurait selon sa mauvaise habitude." And yet, according to the same author, these apostles of incredulity maintained, "qu'on ne pouvait être tolérant sans abandonner les principes religieux!" The destined purpose of the "Encyclopédie," it is not doubted, was to diffuse Deism, or worse, and with that view, as well as for its professed scientific and literary object, it certainly could not have had for conductors abler or fitter men than D'Alembert and Diderot, equally famed for their talents, and confederacy with Voltaire in *crushing* christianity. The former was, however, the more excitable; and the strictures of his critics on his translations of Tacitus, though not harsher than Lord Brougham's, deeply affected him, more especially in the decided preference pronounced for Rousseau's version of the pathetic recital, in the second book of the Annals, of the death of Germanicus, to his own. Nor did he less sensitively feel the superiority in talent and effect of Rousseau's letter on the Encyclopedian article of Geneva, to his publications on the subject, so marked, indeed, that the critics of the day said they would rather err with the Genevan, than be in the right with the Parisian philosopher, just as the enthusiasts of Plato, and, more particularly, Marsilio Ficino, his Latin translator, preferred the errings of that philosopher to the truths of others.

Such was the real character of the philosophic sect, chiefly derived from some of themselves, and given in the original words, to stamp the facts as genuine. Yet justice requires, and cheerfully do we render it, that we should record the high esteem and personal regard entertained for D'Alembert, notwithstanding some roughness of temper, and an irritability carried, as we have seen, occasionally to rather a vindictive extent. His generally kind, disinterested, and beneficent disposition endeared him to most of those who approached him, to many even who were far from participating in his unhappy irreligious principles. His fear of pain and death was very great, we learn from his friend, Le Baron de Grimm,—"*Ils sont bien heureux ceux qui ont du courage; moi je n'en ai pas,*" was his candid avowal; and, that in his last mo-

ments, too, various symptoms of returning faith were discernible—for his pathetically uttered apprehension, for so his words may well be construed, of a future state, and for Diderot's disciple, Naigeon's watchful guard lest he should relapse into christian submission, we have the indisputable authority of M. de Fontanes, Grand Master of the University—the “*Studiorum alma parens*,” as complacently distinguished—an endearing title, which if ever deserved, now truly, we may passingly observe, is little applicable to an institution tyrannous in system, and, from the well-known principles of the professors, scarcely to be supposed, blameless in doctrine, rigidly intolerant of all instruction not immediately or permissively emanating from its own bosom, while not always the seat of desirable tuition. But Fontanes, whose memory we cherish as the friend of our youth, though he uniformly expressed a strong affection for D'Alembert, paid due homage, in belief and practice, to Christian Revelation, as when he emphatically declared to Pius VII. at Fontainebleau—“*Toutes les pensées irreligieuses sont des pensées dangereuses: tout attentat contre le Christianisme est un attentat contre l'état*,” (*Vie de Pie VII. par le Chevalier Artaud*, tome i, pages 496—507.) And, on his last illness in March 1821, when his wife ordered the instant attendance of the physician—no, said he,—first send for the priest—“*Commencez par envoyer chercher le curé*,” in whose embrace he penitently died. He was one of the most eloquent men in France; and the oration delivered by him, at Bonaparte's invitation, the 18th of February, 1800, on the death of Washington, may not shrink from emulative comparison with any existing similar effort. The subject, indeed, was an inspiring one, and he rose with it, proving the observation of Tacitus: “*Crescit cum amplitudine rerum vis ingenii; nec quisquam claram et illustrem orationem efficere potest, nisi qui causam parem invenit*.” (*Dialog. de Orator. cap. 37.*) This incidental advertence to a favoured, yet unperverted friend of D'Alembert, will not, we trust, appear misplaced.—In one of his poems, he thus characterizes the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation—“*Ce dictame immortel qui fleurit dans les cieux*.”

Fontenelle, like D'Alembert, had been an associate of the three old academies, and secretary also to one; distinctions of which he expressed himself prouder than of the



most pompous titles. "De tous les titres du monde, je n'en ai jamais eu que d'une espèce, des titres d'Académiciens, et ils n'ont été profanés par aucun autre plus mondain et plus fastueux," was the forcible declaration of the celebrated centenarian, adopted in full appliance to himself, and complacently repeated by D'Alembert. Bailly and Condorcet received a similar accession of honours, but both fell victims to their revolutionary enthusiasm. In 1789, the three academies numbered collectively one hundred and eighty seven members, of whom not more than twelve embraced the new order of things; a very small proportion truly, under the great ordeal of the period. In 1793, they were all suppressed, but reconstructed the 25th October 1795, with the subsisting designation of the "National Institute of France," including the "Fine Arts," and "Moral and Political Science;" consequently, forming five distinct but co-ordinate branches. Again, on the 25th of January 1805, this encyclical embodiment of human acquirements was subjected, by an imperial decree, to a new organization, when among the foreign associates of the scientific class, we find the appropriate names of Sir William Herschel, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Maskeleyne, with, strange to add, that of Charles James Fox, whose fitting location was surely in the literary department. The fifth section, or that of Moral and Political Science, was little accordant with Napoleon's policy; for he viewed it as the school of vague abstractions, the nursery of those theorizing philosophers, whom, by an epithet of his special application, he denominated "des idéologues," and whom he knew in general, to be adverse to Christianity. It was, therefore, abolished, but has since resumed its place; and it is in it that Lord Brougham is classed, and thence derives the title which so prominently figures on the title pages of his publications. It is to the reputed incredulity of this branch, that M. Thiers, in the sixth volume of his recent history, ascribes its suppression by the Emperor; but the imputation, we may hope, no longer applies to it. As the result of some curious calculations made by M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf, who likewise belongs to this section of the Institute, on the duration of learned life, deduced from the ascertained ages of nine hundred associates of the old academies, it appears that the medium length of each individual life was sixty-seven years ten months, and of academic life,

twenty-six years six months, while their age when elected, was between thirty-nine and forty on an average. Not one of the old Academicians now survives; the two last were Pastoret, author of the inscription on the pediment of the Pantheon—"Aux Grands Hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante,"—and Jacques Dominique Cassini, who very lately died, and closed the list of the successive astronomers of that name from 1669, when his ancestor, Giovanni Domenico Cassini, removed from Bologna to Paris, up to the past year. The mean of military life in Great Britain, is found to be within a fraction of sixty years, not much under the Academic average, all circumstances considered.

D'Alembert's death occurred on the 29th of October 1783, when he was buried in the cemetery of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, *Extra Muros*, the archbishop having interdicted the interment, as then usual in the church, in consequence of the *publicité persévérante de ses opinions*, another authoritative contradiction of Lord Brougham's asserted reserve in his avowal of these opinions. Nothing was more absurd, as was remarked by Grimm, than the anxiety expressed by these infidels for a christian sepulture in the church, which they gloried in desecrating during their lives. On the preceding month, the 18th, Euler's demise had deprived science of another of its highest proficients, but he was a declared believer in revelation. Various salaries and pensions had raised D'Alembert's final income from 8,200 francs, as previously stated, to about 14,000, but his beneficence was commensurate with this gradual advance; and he consequently had little to bequeath in his will, which it was found singular of observation, began with the customary, though by no means necessary, invocation of the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Condorcet and De Watelet were named his executors and residuary legatees. Several epitaphs celebrated his praises, but the inscription destined for his portrait by Marmontel, his successor as secretary to the French Academy, was considered the most suitable.

"Ce sage à l'amitié rend un culte assidu,  
Se dérobe à la gloire, et se cache à l'envie;  
Modeste comme le génie,  
Et simple comme la vertu."

His personal appearance little corresponded with his



high fame, nor was the "*gratia oris*," which instinctively won for Agricola the beholder's favour, as we learn from Tacitus, (cap. 44.) among nature's gifts to D'Alembert. His features and aspect, of homely form and expression, reflected not his innate powers, nor did his small stature and attenuated frame present any attraction to the vulgar gaze; but his conversation, sparkling with pointed and well told anecdotes, soon conciliated the disappointed eye, and rivetted all attention. And particularly when consociated with Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, practically guiltless as their intercourse was known to be, no society was more solicitously courted than theirs. We have already noticed his degrading condescension in administering to her passions, which even sunk him in the estimation of those from whom his own direct participation in the immorality would not have elicited a word of reproof.

These details, for D'Alembert's life was by no means confined to studious avocations, we feel confident demand no excuse, relating as they do to a person of preponderant European influence, scientific, literary, and social, far beyond the sphere of any other individual in his position, with the sole exception of Voltaire; for Rousseau, so posthumously ascendant, lived comparatively isolated and unsociable. He was the recognized chief of the philosophic faction in Paris, its central seat, whence radiated its spreading branches over the continent's expanse; and in truth, few writers could afford larger materials for a special biography, embracing the opinions, habits, manners, and views, of a period introductive of an era ever memorable in the annals of man, which rapidly succeeded it, and in the preparation of which none could be more efficiently active. We are, indeed, rather-surprised that so pregnant a subject should not have produced some corresponding essay of execution. It can hardly fail, however, to do so; while we are bound to say, that Lord Brougham's sketch is a very imperfect attempt, both in the extent and accuracy of the information it assumes to convey, although the article is, next to that devoted to Voltaire, the amplest of the series, and not less one of predilection. The mathematical portion, sometimes rather of ostentatious display, is superior to the personal or historical narrative, which deficient, as is too usual with his lordship, in research, beyond the most

obvious sources, offers little that may not be gathered from any biographical repository.\*

D'Alembert's miscellaneous works were collectively published in 1805, and again in 1821, while his mathematical treatises, though of far higher character, still remain unassembled, because science in general, has fewer readers, and being the aggregate of facts in most of its departments, is in daily advance, antiquating consequently, in a great degree, or disproving the preceding theories. Literature and Science in their respective influence on the human community, are thus distinguished by their special partisans. M. de Fontanes, Grand Master, as we have stated of the University, or as now understood, the Minister of Public Instruction, in his address on the 24th of April 1816, to the French Academy, fondly characterized the

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\* Mathematics, as already noted, formed Lord Brougham's earliest chosen study, but was soon and necessarily interrupted by his vocation to the bar and parliament, in which his eloquence at once assigned him a foremost rank. His sketches, again, of our statesmen and orators, the fruits of personal or closely traditional observation, imposing consequently no great labour, are creditable to his discrimination; but when incautiously betrayed into an ambitious display of omniscience, he aimed at the higher and graver departments of history, his impatience of research, haste of publication, and various prejudices, exposed him to constant inaccuracies of facts and views, which induced an old admirer of his talents thus withdrawn from their appropriate sphere, to address him the following advice, derived from a volume well known to his lordship, and of great literary merit in his estimation, however reprobable in other respects. "Enrico, lascia l'istoria, e studia la matematica o la rettorica." The observance of this admonition would have precluded many a charge of singular aberrations in his lordship's more recently published works. In his political career he has been likened to the "bellua anceps," the elephant in battle, (Livy xxvii. 14.) often more formidable to his friends than to his adversaries. Nor as a writer, is he entitled to firmer confidence; for often as we have had, on this and other occasions, to indicate his misrepresentations, to rectify his errors, and from sources unknown to or unconsulted by him, to supply his omissions, we can assure our readers that these proofs of careless inquiry, precipitate judgments, and fallacious statements, might be considerably extended. For his perverted quotations, see an instance in the Gentleman's Magazine of this month, (March 1847,) in the *Minor Correspondence*, relative to Dryden's and Johnson's lines on death, at page 75 of his second volume.



distinctive sway of literature. "Un peuple qui ne serait que savant, pourrait devenir barbare; un peuple de lettres est de sa nature, et nécessairement, poli et sociable." And Cardinal de Bonald consonantly observes, "La littérature est l'expression de la société," while La Place, the modern Newton, whose successor in the Institute, Louis Puissant, afforded another instance of a mathematician's perverse temper, closes his great work with this impressive exhortation to the culture of science. "Conser-vons, augmentons ces hautes connaissances, les délices des têtes pensantes." To these glorious pursuits and aspirations, the animating words of Dante's Beatrice seem equally impellent.

"L'alto disio, che mo t'infiamma ed urge,  
D'haver notitia di ciò, che tu vei;  
Tanto mi piace più quanto più turge."\*

Paradiso—Canto xxx. 67, &c.

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\* It is singular that in the diversified course of Napoleon's conversations at St. Helena, embracing not only war, politics, legislation, morals, &c., but literature, in no instance did they turn on mathematics, although his earliest application of mind, and the only one for which at the College of Brienne he evinced any aptitude. The unmilitary associates of his expedition to Egypt in 1798, were chosen in the scientific class of the Institute; and he contributed two or three papers, of no particular merit however, to the mathematical section of the Grand Cairo Institute; but the portable library of four hundred small volumes provided for his recreation, consisted principally of works on light literature, including translations of our Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, and his favourite Ossian. The Bible is adjoined to the Koran, and the Vedah under the head of metaphysics, a subject so derided by him subsequently, as the visionary yet dangerous phantasies of those he called *ideologues*. The Ex-Emperor read admirably, by no means, however desirable, a common gift, and preferably chose the French tragic writers, of whom Voltaire appeared to him by far the lowest in the relative scale of genius, to a degree of inferiority, indeed, scarcely justified by considerate and impartial judgment.

- ART. X.—1. *A Bill to render valid certain proceedings for the Relief of Distress in Ireland, by Employment of the Labouring Poor.* Prepared and brought in by Lord John Russell, Mr. Labouchere, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1847.
- 2.—*A Bill to make further provision for the relief of the Destitute Poor in Ireland.* Prepared and brought in by Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Labouchere. Ordered to be printed, 1847.
- 3.—*A Bill for the Temporary Relief of Destitute Persons in Ireland.* Prepared and brought in by Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Labouchere. Ordered to be printed, 1847.
- 4.—*A Bill to stimulate the prompt and profitable employment of the people, by the Encouragement of Railways in Ireland.* Prepared and brought in by Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Hudson, Marquis of Granby, and Mr. Alderman Thompson. Ordered to be printed, 1847.
- 5.—*A Bill for Better Securing the Payment of Poor Rates in Ireland.* Prepared and brought in by Mr. Sharman Crawford, and Mr. William Williams. Ordered to be printed, 1847.
- 6.—*A Bill to provide for the Execution of the Laws for Relief of the Poor in Ireland.* Prepared and brought in by Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Parker. Ordered to be printed, 1847.
- 7.—*How to Reconstruct the Industrial Condition of Ireland.* By JAMES WARD, Esq. London: 1847.
- 8.—*The State of Ireland and the Measures of Government for its Relief, considered with reference to the Interests of the Poor.* London: 1847.

A FEW weeks in a single session have produced a multitude of measures, each intended by its author as a mitigation of the miseries of Ireland, a panacea for its evils, or a positive protection and certain security against future misfortunes. We profess our perfect willingness to believe in the good faith of the gentlemen who have propounded these multifarious plans. Each projector, we are sure, conceives himself alone to be in the right, and is actuated by a pure philanthropy, although it may be a shallow and mistaken philosophy.

In venturing to give our own opinion, we desire to be understood as tendering it, not only with diffidence as



regards ourselves, but also with respect as regards others, whose motives we conceive to be good, and whose intentions we deem to be honest. We feel that we stand in the presence of an awful calamity—that a tremendous deluge of woe has swept over the face of our country—that whilst it rages, and absorbs its multitude of victims, the common instincts of humanity should bid every minor passion cease, should subdue into stillness every partisan, factious, and controversial animosity; and should evoke the exertion of every man, whose physical strength and mental energies are yet unabated, to give his mind, and soul, and body for the salvation of life, where it is still possible to preserve it; and to devise, if it be within the reach of human capacity to do so, the means whereby to save his country and his fellow creatures from the recurrence of such tremendous and unparalleled afflictions.

At such a moment as this we should not be captious as to the remedies proposed; but it would be equally censurable to be uncritical and indifferent. We ought not to quarrel with men because they desire, according to their own fancies, to serve Ireland; but we must not hesitate to test their plans, and, if necessary, to expose their insufficiency or inapplicability, as devised in ignorance of the past history and the present condition of Ireland.

Such are the feelings that influence us in devoting a few pages to the consideration of the measures of present relief or future improvement which have been proposed, either by the government or by private individuals, and of their applicability to the circumstances of the country.

The consideration given to each of these measures must necessarily be brief; and in order that we may at once enter upon them, we must take it as granted that the person who peruses these pages has mastered some of the details, at least, of the frightful misery, induced by an absolute famine, now prevailing in Ireland—that the capabilities of Ireland for improvement, and her natural resources, as they are exhibited in the book of Sir. R. Kane, are not unknown to the reader, and that some idea has been gained by him of the contents of the large blue books published by Lord Devon's commission. We are bound to take these things as granted, first, because none but those who are partially or wholly informed, and therefore interested, are likely to bestow a cursory perusal on this article; and, secondly because we wish to avoid repetition on a subject, all the

leading points of which have become common-place—with regard to which, its principal topic, the misery of Ireland, is stereotyped; and its grand proposition, a remedy for that misery, has from time immemorial been a puzzle to statesmen, and an exhaustless theme for speculators, pamphleteers, paragraph writers, and political quacks.

It may not be inexpedient, however, to premise a brief summary of the measures of relief adopted by the successive governments, Tory and Whig, since the first appearance of the potato disease in Ireland.

As to the Tory government, or rather Sir Robert Peel, who not only spoke but thought for the administration that bore his name, it is but justice to him to admit, that the very first rumour of the potato-blight attracted his attention; for we believe that, at the very time that England was riotous with prosperity—when a lust for gain seemed to have seized on every heart, and driven men mad, in the pursuit of gold; when rail-road scrip was regarded as a title-deed to fortune—Sir Robert Peel had anticipated the calamity that was about to overwhelm the empire. We can trace in his speeches of 1846 what was passing in his mind in September, 1845, and that the success of his Tariff, and its results upon the revenue, had less to do with the change in the Corn Laws, than the conviction that it would be impossible to maintain by law an artificially high price for food, at the very moment that Ireland was deprived of its sole means of subsistence, and the English working classes complaining of a deficiency of bread. It was not enough for one of his adroit mind, and extraordinary powers as a debater, that under his Tariffs, between the years 1841 and 1845, the value of exports had risen from £47,000,000 to 58,000,000; for, if disposed to retain the Corn Laws, he would have pointed to these very figures as *the proof* that the Corn Law was *an aid*, and not *an impediment*, to English commerce, as he so turned the argument, in a former year, to the confusion and utter ruin of Mr. Wood, a member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and an avowed Corn Law repealer. That which convinced him as to the necessity of a change was the potato-disease, the reality of which he instantly recognized, and the fearful consequences of which he had the sagacity to provide against. To use his own words, “it was the potato-disease, the famine, that made it a duty to the Queen and country to give up those laws which re-



stricted food.”\* If he failed on the 1st of November, 1845, in persuading his cabinet to open the ports to a free importation of corn, he, at least, proved then, far more than in any other act of his political life, that he was a statesman of no common order—that he was worthy to govern a great empire; for whilst inferior men would have waited their chances of success, or hoped for their escape out of a great difficulty, from accident, trick, or fortune, he was prepared to secure a certain good, to expose himself to a great responsibility.† Defeated by his colleagues—displaced—but again restored to power, he prepared the means by which he might meet parliament, and by his secret purchases of Indian corn in America have a large stock of food ready, at a reduced price, to fill the vacuum caused by the deficiency in the potato crop.

These were the great virtues of the Peel administration, as regards Ireland; and they justly pronounced their own eulogium in the following paragraphs of the Queen’s speech.

“I have to lament that, in consequence of a failure of the potato-crop in several parts of the United Kingdom, there will be a deficient supply of an article of food, which forms the chief subsistence of great numbers of my people. The disease by which the plant has been affected, has prevailed to the greatest extent in Ireland.

“I have adopted all such precautions as it was in my power to adopt, for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings which may be caused by this calamity, and I shall confidently rely on your co-operation in devising such other means for the same benevolent purpose, as may require the sanction of the legislature.”

This speech was addressed to Parliament on 22nd of January 1846, and on the following day, the then Irish Secretary, Sir T. Freemantle, moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend an Act for the extension and promotion of public works in Ireland. He stated that the object of the Bill was to afford every encouragement and facility to “the employment of the people in public works and other-

\* Sir R. Peel’s Speech—Debate on Address, January 22nd, 1846.

† “Esse privatis cogitationibus progressum: et prout velint, plus minusve sumi ex fortuna. Imperium cupientibus, nihil medium inter summa aut praecipitia.” Tacitus, *Histor. Lib. ii.*

wise," and this because there was "the apprehension" of a deficiency of food in the ensuing spring and summer. By that bill, half of the total sum required for public works was to be subscribed by the localities, in which they were carried on, and the period of repayment was to be extended from three to twenty years, whilst a discretionary power was given to the Treasury as to the rate of interest to be charged on such loans.

The same night, Sir Robert Peel's Irish secretary promised to introduce "a bill to amend the Draining Act," and "a bill for the construction of small piers and harbours in Ireland, with a view to the encouragement of the fisheries in that country."

Up to this time, it is to be observed that although Sir Robert Peel had prepared the means for averting the worst consequences of a famine, he had actually done nothing to mitigate its inchoate horrors. We find Mr. O'Connell complaining at a meeting of the Repeal Association (Jan. 19th 1846,) that the fact of a famine "had been made a party question in Ireland and England." Sir Robert Peel's charity was statesmanship; his benevolent measures were parliamentary bills; not to be disregarded, nor condemned on either account; but still to be judged of, for no more than they pretended to be—as the devices of human skill to avert the visitations of Providence.

The policy of Sir Robert Peel included a measure, entitled by him, "a Bill for the better protection of life in Ireland," to which we shall again refer in the course of this article. For the present we desire only to discuss that which was proposed, or performed, as means expedient for averting the horrors of famine. Regarding them in this point of view, we must affirm of them, that they prevented much misery, gave rise to much jobbing, and left unrelieved much of suffering: whilst they were purely and in every sense of the word "temporary." They afforded no materials for future improvement, and had the failure of the potato crop been confined to the year 1845, they would have left the Irish people in that chronic state of debasing poverty, to which they have been doomed for centuries—that state, which is thus depicted in the ever-memorable words of the Devon Commissioners:—

"It would be impossible to describe adequately the privations



which they and their families habitually and patiently endure. It will be seen in the evidence, that in many districts their only food is the potato, their only beverage water, that their cabins are seldom a protection against the weather—that a bed or a blanket is a rare luxury, and that nearly in all, their pig and manure heap constitute their only property.”\*

The utmost success to be gained from the Peel policy was this—that having saved from famine, the millions in Ireland, it would have restored them to the same condition in which it found them. It was the feeding of a host whilst marching from one point of danger to another. It was, at best, but a Commissary-General’s policy; not the strategic skill of a great Commander, who by the able disposition of his forces can safely move them from a post of peril into an impregnable position.

The strongest government this country has ever seen was at length broken up, and driven from office;—bequeathing, by *its acts*, no great moral lesson to the empire as to the proper mode of conducting the affairs of Ireland. On the contrary, it eventually laid down these principles, that, in case the usual misery of the population was invaded by any unforeseen calamity, they were to be cared for by the government, and, *coute qu’il coute*, the rights of the landlords were to be preserved intact—that is, their rights to have the uncontrolled management of their lands and the uttermost farthing that could be squeezed from their tenantry, received, with the smallest possible deduction from those rents, in the shape of poor rates, police rates, taxes, &c. Thus, one of the provisions of the “Protection of Life Ireland Bill,” was, that the expenses created by the operation of that measure should be levied upon the occupying tenants in the disturbed districts, and not upon the landlords. The manner in which such a provision would have operated was thus described by Mr. O’Connell:

“By this bill no grand jury or magistrate can interfere, but the entire is done at the will of the Lord Lieutenant, who appoints his tax-master-general to go about and levy contributions. That tax falls upon the poor, and the rich man escapes, and yet this bill is called a bill to make life and property secure in Ireland. How is it to do so? The wretched man scarcely able to exist at present—poor

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\* Report of Lord Devon’s Commission, p. 35.

as poor can be—scarcely able to pay his rent—will have, in addition, that enormous tax to pay. If he refuse to pay it, you can get a stipendiary magistrate, or any other magistrate, to call out the army or the police to go and distrain and sell the goods, by force, if necessary; you give an irresistible force for the levy being made with certainty; but what becomes of the man against whom the levy is made? Have you conciliated him? Have you rendered him less liable to commit offences?—Will it make him better disposed towards the noblemen and gentlemen who pay nothing? Nay, in what situation do you place him and his landlord? One of the greatest evils of Ireland is the clearance system. See what an adjunct this measure will be to the clearance system. The landlord has additional powers to levy his rent—he has already too much; but in addition to that, the poor man is obliged to guard the rich man by the payment of taxation. He must give up possession of his holding whenever the remnant of his property is sold, and when he has no property, but is a starveling in the land, what security can you have against the wild madness of a wretch of that description? It is likewise an additional stimulant to clear the land; because a man must necessarily be a bad tenant when this additional burden is put upon him. When the landlord enters into possession he has not this additional tax to pay, so that he derives an advantage from clearing it. In addition to other stimulants to clear it, he has the reward in anticipation of not having this tax to pay when he has cleared the land of his tenantry.”\*

So far, therefore, Sir Robert Peel, who deserted his party to benefit the empire, was at least faithful to those to whom he had first pledged his troth, and committed his character, as an Irish secretary; and his last measures, even the best of them, seemed less calculated to save the Irish labouring poor (though this was their direct tendency), than to confer a great boon upon the landed proprietors of Ireland.

Sir Robert Peel was succeeded by the Whigs, and we have now to see what they did to avert or mitigate the famine in Ireland.

The Whigs came into office in the month of June, 1846, and for two months afterwards there was every appearance of an abundant harvest. “Early in August, it was first known, that the potato crop, which up to that time had been most promising, and even luxuriant, was suddenly

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\* Debate in House of Commons on Irish Coercion Bill, April 3rd, 1846.



blighted and in a great measure destroyed.”\* The full extent of the evil might be surmised, but could not be known, whilst the hope was entertained by the Government, that the blight would not be greater than it had been in the preceding year. “In fact there had been a very productive crop of potatoes during the previous year, even though much of that crop had been injured.”† The Whigs, according to their own showing, miscalculated the nature and extent of the misfortune that was impending over Ireland; and hence all their measures were “short measures”—each of them too small for the occasion, and none of them great enough for the emergency. They adopted, and made no addition to, the Public Works Bill of Sir Robert Peel; but they could not imitate, as it was impossible for them to do so, his *grand coup* of a private purchase of Indian meal in the American markets. They bought food privately, but they did not sell it at the right time; they established food depots, but did not open them at the proper opportunity; they had from forty to fifty vessels occupied in carrying food; they aided in the establishment of nine hundred and fifty Relief Committees throughout Ireland: at length they opened soup-kitchens; procured mills for the grinding of corn; overstept the provisions of the law by Mr. Labouchere’s letter, which set aside the act of parliament; and, finally, met the legislature with the declaration, that they were then giving employment to 470,000 persons, representing a population of 2,000,000, at an expense of £158,000 a week.‡ If the Whigs, therefore, could boast of great exertions, their measures were, in point of fact, tardy and inadequate; for all their labours, their toils, and anxieties were accompanied, day after day, by verdicts of the coroner’s juries, that men, women, and children “had died of starvation!”

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\* Earl Grey in Debate in House of Lords, January 25th, 1847.

† Lord John Russell in Debate in the House of Commons, January 25th, 1847.

‡ Lord John Russell. Debate in House of Commons, January 19th, 1847. The number of persons employed on public works, increased in a few weeks to 700,000. See Debate in House of Commons, March 5th, 1847. The amount spent in relief works in the month of February, was £944,141. The number employed on them, in the week ending the 27th February, 708,228. Debate in the House of Commons, March 12th, 1847.

And thus, when the Whig government came before parliament, they were doomed to be taunted, on the one hand, by the political economists for having violated the principles of the "great science," and to be accused, on the other, by some disposed to be their friends, and by others who were their avowed opponents, that "a rigid adherence to political economy had aggravated the evils of the country; that they ought to have established depots of provisions, selling them at a fair market value, so as to keep down famine prices;\* that they ought "to have remitted the duties on corn three months previously;"† that they ought "to have sent their eight ships of the line, which they had ready for sea, to America for corn;"‡ and that they ought "to have removed the 4s. duty on corn earlier."§

The manner in which ministers attempted to answer these objections will be seen in the reports of the debates. The fact is, that they found themselves perfectly unprepared, "under the visitation of an unparalleled calamity—a famine of the thirteenth century acting on a population of the nineteenth."|| They failed, we are free to admit, not from a want of good will, but because they did not at once comprehend all the perils of their position; and when, at length, a portion of the reality burst upon them, they endeavoured to control it by applying to it the weak principles of a science imperfectly understood. They attempted to halt between the axioms of political economy and the emergencies of a great nation—the first were forced to bend, and in the end were broken by the latter; and thus, with the loud wail of famine ringing in their ears, ministers had to consider what measures they ought to propose to parliament.

Lord John Russell met the parliament on Monday, January 25th, with eight distinct propositions as to the

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\* Lord Stanley. Debate in the House of Lords, January 19th, 1847.

† Mr. Smith O'Brien. Debate in the House of Commons, January 19th, 1847.

‡ Lord George Bentinck. Ibid.

§ Sir Robert Peel. Ibid.

|| Lord John Russell. Debate in House of Commons, January 25th, 1847.



present relief and future government of Ireland. He then stated it was intended to embody in acts of parliament these propositions:

“*First.*—To abandon the whole system pursued under the Act of last session, to give up the public works, and to remit to Irish property, on the security of which advances to the extent of two millions have been made by the Exchequer, one half of that sum.

“*Second.*—To constitute Relief Committees upon an extended scale, which shall purchase food and distribute it among the people, the funds to be provided by rates on property, government grants, and private donations.

“*Third.*—To furnish a loan of £50,000, for the purchase of seed, for green crops.

“*Fourth.*—To furnish private loans of money, for the improvement of estates.

“*Fifth.*—To furnish advances of money for the purpose of extensive drainage through the Board of Works, on the security of the properties benefitted.

“*Sixth.*—To expend one million on the purchase and reclaiming of waste lands.

“*Seventh.*—To extend the operations of the present Poor Law.

“*Eighth.*—To enable the owners of encumbered estates, held in tail, to relieve their properties in selling a part.

“*Ninth.*—To improve the tenure on which land is held.

“*Tenth.*—To afford increased aid and assistance to the fisheries of Ireland.”

Every one of these, with the exception of the sixth, seventh, and eighth, is vehemently denounced and strongly opposed by the political economists.\* In addition to these, the government has suspended the corn and navigation laws, proposed the use of sugar as well as malt in breweries and distilleries, and effected a loan of £8,000,000 for the purpose of relieving distress in Ireland.

Some may think that, in the ten propositions which we have stated, the government does not go far enough; others may be convinced that they go too far; few, we believe, who are acquainted with the state of Ireland, will be disposed to say that, however they may err in detail, the principles upon which they proceed are erroneous. They at least embody an attempt to meet the present necessities of the case; and, as regards the future, they propose to aid

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\* See *Economist* newspaper, January 30th, 1847, from which the preceding abstract of Lord John Russell's proposition is copied.

the Irish, who are without capital, in developing the resources of their country, in maintaining themselves by their own industry, and preventing the poor of Ireland from starving in their native land.

In such propositions as these we freely recognize an honest and a sincere commiseration for the misery of the Irish, and the misfortunes of the country. It is not because men are unable to see things as we view them, that we are to suspect they wilfully look awry, and deliberately close their eyes upon what seem to us as self-evident facts. If these measures be timid and incomplete, we have evidence of the sincerity of their proposers in the offence which so many of their propositions have given to that politico-economic party, of which the Whigs constitute, if not the nucleus, at least the recognised parliamentary champions—that almost omnipotent party in England, whose God is Plutus, and with whom the accumulation of wealth is the ne-plus-ultra of good government—who regard man but as an acquisitive animal, whose primal duty it is to possess himself, like the fool in the Gospel, of a well-stocked granary, a full wine cellar, and fatted cattle, where-with he may eat and be merry, and careless whether or not to-morrow he die; because the soul is excluded from their calculations.

To have forsworn their followers, and abjured these cherished tenets, for the purpose of saving life and guarding it from future danger, are proofs of sincerity on the part of the Whigs, which we cannot be slow to acknowledge nor unwilling to avow.

The governments have not been alone in these measures for Ireland. Every party of politicians and every clique of opinionists has proposed its panacea.

To make Ireland happy, Mr. Poulett Scrope proposes the 43rd of Elizabeth; to content her Mr. Roebuck proposes the Income Tax; to secure her future happiness, the politico-economists would have the government confine itself “strictly to its own legitimate functions,” which *they* define to be “furnishing *whatever means*” may be “needful to preserve order, and protect life and property”—in other words, as poverty increased, so should the police—that food depots should be replaced by arsenals—soup-kitchens by artillery—that Ireland, in the most dire convulsions of her despair, should have more military, more jails, and more stringent laws to restrain her; and for



such purposes “*no powers should have been withheld, and no expense grudged.*”<sup>\*</sup> That our politico-economists, who propound such a system of government as this, are moved thereto by a hatred of the Irish, we do not believe. On the contrary, we think that they value the country in the abstract—there are such materials of wealth in her soil! and as to the people, we are convinced that “*they rather like them!*” the Irish are such convenient drudges—they are so useful in harvest-time in reducing, by competition, the wages of the English peasant—and they are content with so little for their toil, that their numbers in England, by lowering the price of labour, adds so considerably to the profits of the capitalist, enables him to accumulate so much more quickly than he otherwise could do, that our politico-economists cannot but esteem the Irish—as they do the steam-engine, and for the same reason. It is not, because the politico-economists hate the Irish, that they would rule them by martial law in a time of pestilence and famine, but because they think it, first, the great duty of a government to preserve “the life” of the rich man, and “the property” of the capitalist; and, next, because they do not like to see England contracting a loan of £8,000,000 for the unremunerative preservation of surplus labour. In their calculations a hundred lives and a hundred pounds are but abstract quantities of unequal proportions, for the latter represents interest and profit, the former only the zero of humanity and a certain loss; and on the purest principles of human reasoning, it is a species of insanity to sacrifice that which is always of value to that which, in the present state of the market for employment, is a drug! To attempt to convince these philosophers that they are in error, would be as vain as to have endeavoured to prove to Don Quixote that the days of knight-errantry had passed away, when he could affirm, that the necessity for the institution still existed, as men had not ceased to be false, nor maidens forlorn.

We pass from the politico-economists to the measures which have been submitted to parliament by persons unconnected with the government. We shall confine ourselves to those which have assumed the distinctive form of a substantive resolution or bill: as the bills proposed by

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<sup>\*</sup> See *Ecônomist* newspaper, February 27th, 1847, pp. 225-228.

Mr. Sharman Crawford and by Lord George Bentinck. The first, who is an old and well-trying friend of the rights of the occupying tenant, declared, in a resolution which we take to be an undeniable truth, "that no measures can be effectual in producing a demand for labour, and improving the condition of the people, which shall not include such an amendment of the laws of landlord and tenant, as shall give to the improving tenant in occupation a sufficient permanency of tenure, or else establish the tenant's right to claim by law full compensation for all benefits created by the expenditure of his labour and capital on the premises in his occupation."\* The substance of this resolution was subsequently embodied by Mr. Sharman Crawford in the "Tenants' (Ireland) Bill;"† and both principles may be found in a notice given by Mr. O'Connell, so long back as July, 1846, when he declared it to be his intention to propose to parliament—1st. "An Act for the establishing

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\* See Debate in House of Commons, February 11th, 1847.

† Debate in the House of Commons, February 25th, 1847. How urgent is the necessity for such a measure, is proved by the Very Rev. Dr. Collins, P. P., of Mallow, who is reported to have thus addressed Lord John Russell:—

"Mutual distrust exists, which, at present, is particularly to be deplored, as it prevents the cultivation of the soil. The smaller farmers say, 'Why should we cultivate the ground when the landlord will seize all the produce of the harvest for the rent?' They add, '*We have not seed, nor money to pay for labour—if we had, our labour would be of no use to our families, for the landlords would take all to themselves.*' This state of things creates a well-grounded apprehension that Ireland is only in the beginning of sorrows, which must naturally affect England in her turn—her position in regard to which country, may be compared to that of a living body united to a dead one. To save both countries, it would be necessary for his lordship to go directly to his object, without regard to the interests that might interpose themselves—to set aside the ordinary rules which regulate a Government, by acting on principles savouring somewhat of despotism. He (Dr. Collins,) would with great humility suggest to his lordship, to cause a law to be passed with a view to the proper cultivation of the land, whereby only one-third of the crops sown since last September, or to be sown during the present year, should be liable to seizure for rent or arrears of rent. This he (Dr. Collins) admitted was a sort of despotism, but a necessary inevitable one in the present state of that country."—*Dublin Evening Post*, Feb. 23rd, 1847.



throughout Ireland of the Tenant Right ;” and 2ndly. “ An Act to provide full compensation in all cases where the Tenant Right may not sufficiently apply for all solid and valuable improvements to be made, or already made, by the occupying tenant.” The second bill of Mr. Sharman Crawford is one comparatively of minor importance, and has reference to the manner in which the poor rates should be collected in Ireland. Its postponement “till after Easter,” renders any further observation upon it unnecessary.\*

We regret still more the necessity of disposing with equal brevity of the “Irish Railways Bill” of Lord George Bentinck. It was a remarkable proposition, coming from the leader of the High Tory party ; from one, too, whose friend and adviser is—Lord Stanley ! The more we consider that plan in its permanent bearing upon the welfare of Ireland, the more convinced are we that every promise held out in it would have been realized—that it would have added to the wealth of Ireland—increased its revenue—enriched its population—been a boon to landowners—an incalculable advantage to farmers and shopkeepers—beneficially employed 110,000 families, or 500,000 souls for four years ; whilst every shilling advanced by England towards the accomplishment of those great objects would have been repaid by interest. It was a valuable project ; but, considered in itself as a means of providing present relief and employment, it was entirely inadequate, and, in many respects, inapplicable ; and it was brought forward at an inappropriate time. It was a good thing out of season ; and, in the condition of the Stock Exchange, impracticable. It failed, because its success in parliament could not have insured its success elsewhere ; and its triumph in the House of Commons would have involved the downfall of the existing government, at a moment when Ireland most required the care of those in authority, and the empire could not, without great danger, be exposed to the anarchical struggles of three weak parties for office. Lord George Bentinck’s Irish Railways Bill was rejected ; but we trust that its principle is not forgotten, and that if it has been postponed, this principle, with some modification of its details, may be revived at no distant period.

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\* See Debate in House of Commons, Feb. 25th, 1847.

We have already, in a former page, dwelt at some length on the spirit in which legislation, in order to be effective, must be made to proceed. Where the evils that afflict a country are many, the remedies to be applied to them must be numerous before we can hope to see the symptoms of returning health. The embrocation that relieves the throbbing temple will not mend the broken limb ; so thinks the physician : but such seldom appears to be the notion that influences our “medicine men” in polity. They profess to have one remedy for everything, and they are only wise and honest when they intimate, that what they propose as a grand and a saving measure includes the enforcement of many other, many important, and many minute measures. Thus, if it be asked in the present condition of Ireland, “What ought to be done?” Our answer is, No one measure, that the wit of man could devise, would be sufficient to mitigate its present sufferings, to ameliorate the condition of the people, or secure them against the recurrence of evils such as those with which they are now afflicted. But if we are asked in what manner we would commence our treatment of Ireland, we at once reply,—*By providing for the present and the future subsistence of the population of Ireland.*

Legislation, *in a kindly spirit*, ought to begin with the masses—the foundation of all society ; and that same spirit ought to be carried upward, as it was applied to each grade in Ireland, or connected by property with Ireland.

The spirit that dictated the demand on the public credit for £8,000,000, to prevent the population from being starved to death, ought to be breathed into every clause of a Poor Law for Ireland, establishing the right of the poor not merely to sustenance in the workhouse, but to out-door relief, labour for that relief being the only condition imposed upon the able-bodied pauper, and such relief being unconditional where the applicant was aged, impotent, infantile, or infirm.

The situation of Ireland, the history of every civilized country with which we are best acquainted, convince us that, wherever the government and the property of a nation have been Protestantized, poor laws become an unavoidable necessity. Wherever the monastery is destroyed, the workhouse must be erected, and the mercenary must, however grudgingly and inefficiently, discharge some, at least, of those duties, so fully, so willingly, and so well



performed by the monk and the nun. Such, as we have already shown in a former article, has been the case in England; and so it has been with Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Saxony, Wirtemberg, Holland — so, too, with Belgium, when infidelity had accomplished that which heresy had before in vain attempted.

We may feel confident that in a country which is purely Catholic, whose government and whose people are alike animated with a Catholic spirit, both will combine in performing that great, good work, “feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, harbouring the harbourless;” that, however opposite may be the conditions in life of the rich and the poor, each will feel he is necessary to the other—that the rich man is made for the poor, the poor man for the rich—that the rich man is bound to give, the poor man to pray—that both thus afford mutual aid in the attainment of heaven, and that the rich man cannot refuse aid to the poor without exposing himself to eternal perdition.\* If the governing power be Protestant, and the people Catholic, as in Ireland; or if the government and people be both Protestant, as in England and some states on the continent; or if the governing power be Catholic, and the people either in a state of barbarism or infidelity, or suffering from the invasions of barbarians or infidels,—then a law, like the Capitulary of Charlemagne, may properly enforce the subsistence of the poor on the communities to which they belong;† or may, like the noble bequest of King Ethelwulf, render the royal domains for ever liable to the support of the poor.‡ In all cases where an impediment exists to the free and perfect action of a Christian state and a Christian community, some aid is required to charity, or there may be demanded, for the preservation of life, the rigid and stringent enforcement of a poor law.

A modern author, Rosmini, (whose opinions have been the subject of much controversy, but who seems to have

\* S. Augustin. Serm. 367, de Verb. Evang. vol. vii. p. 1461.

† “Suos quaeque civitas pauperes alito.” Capit. Carl. Mag. See also Capit. 803, § 3. 805, § 1. § 3. 806, § 9. Pertz. Monument. Germ. Histor. (Legum.) Vol. i. pp. 110, 130, 135, 144.

‡ “Semperque ad finem seculi in omni suæ hæreditatis decima hida pauperem vestiri et cibari præcepit.” W. Malmsb. Gest. Reg. Ang. Lib. ii.

thought profoundly on every subject on which he has written,) although opposed to a poor-law in the abstract, yet admits not only the necessity, but the justice, of it in England; he regards such a law, he says, as a restitution made by the rich to the poor of England.\* If this be true as regards the English poor, who, in the destruction of the monasteries and the spoliation of the Church, were robbed of their estates, and deprived of the ever tender watchful almoners of "out-door relief" to them, *a fortiori* how much more just is it as respects the Irish poor, who were not merely despoiled of those advantages, but whose numbers were increased by the spoliation, of the Irish proprietors, of their estates?

*The justice* of having an efficient poor law in Ireland, we humbly think we have already proved. Not a poor law like the present, which upon a rental of £13,000,000, as calculated by Lord Mountcashel, has but a deduction of £390,000 for one year's poor's rates;† but a poor law which will secure and enforce out-door relief. *The necessity* for such a poor law cannot be more strongly urged than in the following words addressed to Lord John Russell by the Very Rev. D. M. Collins, P. P. of Cloyne, as President of the Deputation from the Diocese of Cloyne:

"They (the Roman Catholic clergy) looked upon out-door relief in a two-fold point of view—viz., as a means to arrest the progress of the existing calamity in Ireland, and as a means to prevent its recurrence. When he (Dr. Collins) served as a curate in the parish of Skibbereen, and the adjoining parish of Tullough, in the year 1822, the then relief committee had 9,000 persons on their poor lists, out of a population of about 11,000. This proved that the existing evil was not one of recent growth, and hence a radical cure was necessary to prevent its periodical return. Out-door relief could effect that end, by forcing on the owners of the soil the proper discharge of the duties annexed to their position. Unfortunately, that class in Ireland seemed to think that their occupation in life should be to extort as much as possible from the poor peasantry. This state of things accounts for the periodical return of famine and destitution among the people of that unfortunate country, who,

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\* Perciò la tassa de' poveri, considerata come una cotal restituzione che fa il governo, diventa un rimedio necessario, una specie di soddisfazione." *Della sommaria cagione per la quale stanno o rovinano le umane società*, p. 22.

† Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Feb. 22nd, 1847.



whenever they lost the potato crop, were unable to go to the market to purchase other species of food. There was no restraint on the landlords to create destitution to any amount, because the poor had no claim upon the soil for subsistence by law. If such a claim was acknowledged, the landlords, instead of making paupers, would exert their ingenuity and resources to discover the means of employment for the people, whereby the value of their properties would be enhanced, and the miseries of the people guarded against. Hence the Roman Catholic clergy of Cloyne and Ross looked upon out-door relief to the able-bodied as a means to an end—viz., the procurement of employment for the people.”

Admitting, then, that we have proved both the justice and necessity of having an efficient poor law in Ireland, we then look at the present state of Ireland, and we find, that there is expended for the relief of the poor no less a sum than £1,000,000 a month; and should there be a failure of the next harvest, as there has been of the last, that expenditure, at the least, must be continued. Eight millions, it is proposed by the government, should be given to feed the Irish poor, whether they work or not; £1,500,000 to be advanced to the Irish landlords, to aid them in improving their estates; £1,000,000 towards the reclamation of waste lands. Thus, the only chance of deduction from a monthly expenditure of a million, is the prospect of return from £50,000's worth of seed in green crops, the improvement of landlords' estates, at an expenditure, on the average, of 19d. per acre! and from a scanty million devoted to the reclamation of the waste lands of Ireland.

We thus present in one view the justice, the necessity, and the difficulties of the case, which we desire to place before our readers. But, in stating thus much, we do not fully dwell on all its embarrassments. There is also this incident in the condition of Ireland, which, next to its actual famine, is the most appalling proof of its desperate situation—the determination of the peasant-tenants, in many parts of the country, not to till the ground, because of their conviction that to do so would be only to benefit their landlords, without securing food for themselves!

Such is the state of affairs to which the imperial legislation is now called upon to apply a remedy. To stop the drain of a million a month to Ireland, that remedy must be efficient, and must include many measures—effective in their action, sure in their results, beneficial in their operation. How must they begin? As every society begins;

by mutual co-operation securing food, raiment, shelter for every industrious man belonging to it. Here is a nation of paupers in a fertile country, situated in the heart of the richest empire in the world. What is to be done for that nation? Because to say, that it shall go on, as it now is, is declaring that its unmitigated misery shall drain the empire of its wealth, exhaust its resources, and render it incapable of resisting the attacks of a foreign enemy.

It is charity to feed the helpless poor—it is statesmanship to secure to the poor the fruits of their labour, to nerve their arms to industry, and to fill their hearts, not with the vain hope, but the perfect certainty, that *the land* which their toil renders productive, shall henceforth be *their security* against utter starvation. Statesmanship, however, does not consist in issuing ukases—in declaring “that there shall be a poor-law affording out-door relief;” it gives, by good measures, the country on which it imposes such a burden, the strength to bear it, and the capacity to meet the many demands consequent upon such an enactment.

*The Property and Income Tax* for Ireland ought to be an *efficient Poor Law*; that is, every man ought to be made to contribute to it in proportion to the profit which he derives, whether directly or incidentally, from the soil and its produce. The tenant, the middle-man, the landlord, the mortgagee, should each have a per centage deducted from their incomes for the support of the poor, and that increased or diminished in proportion to the necessities of each year. In such a case as this, we do not conceive that the mortgagee would have any more right to complain of a breach of contract with him, than the purchaser in the funds in 1841, had a right to complain that Sir Robert Peel’s Income Tax took from him 7d. in the pound in that interest which he had purchased on the faith of the public credit, and for the full amount of which interest he had, as he conceived, *government security*. The case of the Irish mortgagee in 1847 is not, we conceive, as strong as that of the English fundholder in 1841; for here the land on which he lent money has been blighted by a visitation of Providence, and if *all* having an interest in it do not, each in his particular sphere, make some sacrifice, it becomes as useless and profitless to all now having a lien upon it as if Louis Philippe had gained possession of the country, and, like other invaders, parcelled it out and



appropriated it to the benefit of his several followers. In such a case, of what value would his mortgage be to the Anglo-Irish creditor? About as much as it will continue to be, should the present condition of Ireland be perpetuated, and should its population regard themselves as doomed to bear such sufferings as they have hitherto endured, or ultimately to sink under such afflictions as now overwhelm them.

All who are connected with, interested, or involved, in Irish affairs, must make up their mind as to the unavoidable necessity of enduring a great sacrifice in money, and of those profits hitherto derived by them from Ireland. Their present duty and their future welfare alike require this. The burden will fall heavily upon all; but that class which will have the least reason to complain of it, is composed of those to whom so large a portion of the property of the poor was transferred in the last legal settlement of the tithe question.

Let it be supposed that an honest, a merciful, and an efficient poor law is established in Ireland, we have then to consider how it is to be borne. In the present state of Ireland, if unaccompanied by other measures, it would be intolerable.\* It would be a confiscation of the land of Ireland to the poor of Ireland; and the utmost which humanity could effect would be to leave Ireland, as it is, a nation of paupers,—without any accumulative capital—

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\* “The people of Ireland had now nothing left—their industry and their whole subsistence were destroyed; they had nothing to induce them to persevere, and their whole capital had been destroyed by this ruin. It had been estimated that the amount of the loss of food in Ireland was £16,000,000; but not only had this loss occurred, but the seed had also been consumed and destroyed, the seed, in many instances, having been consumed, or sold for small prices, in order to obtain food; and in some places the people had parted with their heaps of manure, in order to get a little money to buy food. He would not estimate the amount in money, which must be added were the items to be taken into account. All that there was to meet this crisis, was the £10,000,000 to be expended by the Government to feed the people, there being absolutely nothing left to be depended upon in Ireland. If the people of Ireland were to look to the landlords for support, it must be recollected that the employment to be found had never been able to meet the demand there.”—Mr. John O’Connell. Debate in House of Commons, March 5th, 1847. *Times* report.

incapable of weathering out, unassisted by extraneous aid, another storm similar to that which has now visited it. The government, then, would only perform a small portion of its duty, if it merely imposed an efficient poor law upon Ireland, fed its starving millions until next harvest, enabled embarrassed landlords to sell a portion of their estates, and advanced in all £2,550,000 for improvement of lands, the cultivation of wastes, and the growing of green crops.

To enable Ireland to bear a poor law—to capacitate Ireland for future independence and prosperity, much more must be done. Three things at least must be looked to; and that not alone by direct patronage and actual grants of money, but also by the encouragement and incorporation of companies for the furtherance of these objects—

1st. The promotion of the Irish Fisheries.

2nd. The reclamation and colonization of the Waste Lands.

3rd. The introduction of Railroads.

The “Piers and Harbours Act,” of last Session, (9 and 10 Victoria, c. 3,) was the first effectual movement attempted for many years to promote Irish fisheries. It has made the commencement with £50,000, to aid in doing that, which those who are the best judges on the subject, declare to be a work of absolute necessity, that is, providing harbours of refuge, near as possible to the bank, where the fish are to be found.\* The additional supply of food, the increase of wealth, the abundance that might be created around the shores of Ireland, by the employment of capital in this branch of industry, were fully exhibited in the debate on Lord George Bentinck’s motion; and the importance to England of having, in case of war, in the Irish fishermen excellent sailors for her navy, will be found fully demonstrated in the Report presented to the Repeal Association, by Mr. Maurice O’Connell.† Whilst the neglect that has characterised the legislature on this point is thus stated:—“a sum of £1,400,000 had been expended on Scotch fisheries since 1809; while on Irish fisheries

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\* See a paper read by Mr. Deane before the Royal Dublin Society, and also a valuable series of papers in the *Nation* newspaper for the present year.

† Reports of Repeal Association, 1844, Vol. 1. pp. 315, 316.



there had been only £300,000 spent since 1800.”\* This neglect must cease. If it be desired to benefit Ireland and to strengthen the Empire—to make the one internally rich, and the other externally impregnable, large, liberal, sufficient grants should be made for the promotion and protection of the Irish fisheries, for the embodiment and disciplining of brave sailors, who, like to those in 1782, to the number of ten thousand, manned the fleet of Lord Rodney, and won for England one of her most glorious naval victories.

(2.) As regards the cultivation of waste lands, we are well aware that of all the good plans proposed for the permanent benefit of the Irish population, this is the one least likely to be successful. It has already encountered the opposition of the politico-economists, and (what is more important) of Sir Robert Peel—who, forgetting his usual gravity, described Lord John Russell, in proposing any such plan, as “an improver of Irish bogs.”† Fortunately Sir Robert’s argument consists in the wit, and the wit is as heavy as the argument is light.

Contrast this Peel-joke about “an Improver of Irish bogs,” with the fact of the recognised capability of Irish bogs for improvement.

The Commissioners on the nature and extent of bogs in Ireland, in their fourth report (1814, p. 17,) say:—

“We confidently pronounce that the extent of peat soil in Ireland exceeds 2,830,000 English acres, of which we have shown at least *one million five hundred and seventy-six thousand acres* to consist of flat red bog; all of which, according to the opinions above declared, might be converted to the general purposes of agriculture; the remaining 1,255,000 acres form the covering of mountains, of which a very large proportion might be improved, at a *small expense*, for pasture, or still more beneficially applied to the purposes of plantation. We wish, indeed, it were possible to fix the attention of their proprietors upon this subject, so connected with the interests of the British empire.”

Let us look also to the statement recently made by an Engineer, as to the employment that might be produced, and the comfort that might be diffused, by the conversion of

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\* Mr. John O’Connell in Debate, House of Commons, Feb. 15th, 1847.

† Debate in House of Commons, Feb. 2nd, 1847.

the soil of bogs into peat manure and peat charcoal.\* The writer shows that a small expenditure in this way, would give a full and profitable employment to thousands of the poor in different parts of Ireland. And yet such a source of employment, and such means of locating the poor are to be abandoned because—Sir Robert Peel “loves a joke,” whilst hundreds are daily dying of starvation or perishing by fever!

There were memorable words once pronounced on this subject, in the very centre of “the waste lands and bogs” of Ireland. In a few sentences we are told how desolate now is the region of Connemara, and how the care of man, and the watchfulness of a paternal Government, might convert it into a scene of industry and happiness. The extract is brief: the beauty of its language will ensure its perusal, and a wise administration would act upon the suggestion it contains.

“Oh! I love the wild and majestic scenery through which I have this day passed in coming to your meeting. Perhaps I might be justified in saying, that nature did not intend me for a politician; but that judging from my feelings, I was rather destined to pass my life in the quiet and undisturbed admiration and enjoyment of nature’s beauty and magnificence. The scenery which I have this day passed through has made me think so. It filled my soul with a thrilling and indescribable sensation, to behold that wild and swelling morass surrounded by cloud-capt and majestic mountains—the regions of the storm and the mist; and the quiet lake surrounded by the high and heath-covered banks, or sometimes embosomed in the midst of trees, its surface scarcely disturbed by the soft and perfumed autumnal breeze, while the tiny waves by which it was rippled, seemed to smile approbation on our procession as it advanced along the banks. I love the music of the running waters; the silvery echoes of the mountain rill, and the sound of the torrent rushing over the brow of the precipice. They seemed to whisper to my soul the joys of youth, to arouse the energies of manhood, and to dictate to me a command that I could not refuse to obey, to rouse every energy of my soul, every power of my mind, every faculty of my being, to make that majestic and neglected country the garden and the paradise for which nature has so obviously designed it. Yes, in my flattering hopes for my country,

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\* “An appeal for the Irish peasantry, with facts of paramount advantage to the Iron Masters, Manufacturers, and Agriculturalists of England, respecting the value of Peat and Peat-charcoal, as a fuel and fertilizer.”—By J. W. Rogers, C. E.



I would fain think that the injustice and misgovernment of the oppressor, have left this noble district the desolate wilderness which we find it, in order that the effects of our country's regeneration, should be made in it powerfully and immediately obvious to the world, when the stream which murmurs among its lowly villages shall be converted to a manufacturing power, and its harbours be filled with the commerce of the western world.”\*

It is however objected by the politico-economists, that “if you reclaim the waste lands of Ireland, and place the pauper population upon them, you lay out money to accomplish mischief—the great evil of Ireland being its subdivision of land, and small holdings the cause of all the present misery.” To this objection it might be replied, that facts do not correspond with their theory; for, comparing the wealthiest part of Ireland, with the poorest—that in which distress is least felt, with that in which it is most felt—Ulster with Connaught, the number of small farms in the first is greater than in the second.

Taking it however to be true that the subdivision of land is the bane of Ireland, what is the value of the objection of the politico-economists to the cultivation and allocation of waste lands by and amongst the destitute poor of Ireland? It is strange that those who are so fond of figures should be so obtuse as to facts, when they have “a notion” to hunt up, “a principle” to be maintained, or “a theory” to illustrate. They forget, that what is now to be done in Ireland is not to found a new society, but to

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\* Speech of Mr. O'Connell at the Repeal meeting at Clifden. *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, September 23rd, 1843. In the debate on Mr. John O'Connell's proposals respecting the state of Ireland, March 5th, 1847, Mr. Labouchere thus referred to the state of Connaught, and the Christian patience of its population:—“I trust the honourable gentleman and the other Irish members will do me the justice to admit that I have never attempted to underrate the importance of the crisis, and I will say that in my opinion, if any circumstance was necessary at the present juncture to stimulate the Government or the Legislature to do everything in their power for the benefit of their Irish fellow-countrymen, it would be found in the *patient endurance of calamities almost beyond human power to sustain, which the suffering people of Ireland have manifested*. I make this remark with reference to the general body of the Irish people, but I also refer particularly to the people of Connaught and the West coast of Ireland, where *the distress has been almost inconceivably great*.”

deal with a state of things already established—that there are now the millions in Ireland unemployed—depending for their daily bread on the Treasury; and that a million a month, without any return, must go to their support, or more than a million must be given to employ them, and as, in the case of the waste lands, with the certainty of giving them an independent existence, and thus rendering them contributors to the public Exchequer, instead of being pensioners upon it. The question is not whether there should be large or small farms in Ireland, but whether the poor of Ireland are to be State paupers, or independent labourers; or, according to the plan of the *Economist*, starved to death under the careful superintendence of the police, and the vigilant eye of an increased military establishment. If the question were between small and large farms, we would place these facts and figures before the Economists.

“Ireland contains of cultivated or cultivatable land eighteen millions of acres; and on the calculation that a farm of 500 acres gives employment at the rate of twenty men through the whole year, if the available land be divided into 36,000 farms, employment will be given for 720,000 individuals; but the agricultural population being 5,406,743, the difference, about four millions and a half, would be left without subsistence, in a country of no manufacture, or few public works, or any mode of living but the soil.”\* What, we ask the Economists, are they to do with the four millions and a half of Irish population “*without subsistence*,” when abolishing small and establishing large farms in Ireland? They have already answered the question, by telling us how they would *enforce peace*, amid a nation of starving men. “*For this purpose*, no powers should have been withheld and no expenditure grudged.”†

This might be in accordance with the shrewdness of political economy; but it would be certainly bad government, for it would justify the loss of a kingdom, and might involve the ruin of an empire.

(3.) The judicious introduction and encouragement of Railroads. *This* was the proposal of one of the wisest,

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\* Report of Repeal Association, on Industrial Resources of Ireland, pp. 232, 233.

† *Economist* newspaper, February 27th, 1847.



ablest, and most honest men, who ever aided in the government of Ireland. That which Thomas Drummond proposed, none but a faction infuriated with a thirst for power, could have refused. The plan, however, which Mr. Drummond desired in 1839, and the Tories opposed, was far different from the plan of Lord George Bentinck, and also far superior to it. It would have advanced the public money on the security of the Irish Counties for making railways—it would have made these railways the means of employment, and of future profit—and whilst they benefited Ireland, have rendered them auxiliary to Imperial purposes. With the testimony of such men as Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Chaplin, on this question, we believe it to have been extreme timidity on the part of the Legislature to have hesitated in undertaking, while they were yet unoccupied, the management of the trunk lines of railways through Ireland, leaving it to and assisting private companies to carry on the branch lines. For Government, as far as it is yet possible, not to do this, would be to forego a great advantage—one, of which the most dull must now perceive, it would have been well it had availed itself at an earlier period in the English railroads. And at all events to refuse to apply, on some modified plan, to the construction of railroads, the public labour which yet remains available, appears to be little short of downright fatuity. The distinction between civilized, half-civilized, and barbarous states, at this day, will be found in their internal modes of communication. The first, like England and Belgium, have railroads branching out in every direction; the second, like Spain and Ireland, have military roads alone; the third, like Africa and South America, have the trackless wilderness, the bye-road, or the rugged mountain pass. No exertion can fully develop the resources of Ireland, without railroads. It gives employment now—it affords profitable employment in a thousand different ways hereafter.\* Government has to choose between the feeding of hundreds of thousands idly and unprofitably, or directing their labour to the completion of works of inestimable

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\* See Mr. Hudson's speech on Irish Railway Bill, even with all the deductions which the reply of Sir Robert Peel and of the Chancellor may require.

value to the empire. To suppose that they will prefer the one and neglect the other, is to imagine that they are alike devoid of sense and feeling. We think far otherwise of them, and therefore do we look to some plan being proposed by Lord John Russell, in the present Session, for the encouragement of Railways in Ireland. In expecting Government to act thus for Ireland, we only expect them to do that which every Government in Europe has done, but in England. The choice is between unproductive doles, and productive labour. Choose.

There are other topics, which press for our consideration—the tenure of land in Ireland\*—emigration†—an absentee tax;‡ but which we pass by, leaving it to the legislature to deal with, discuss them calmly, and treat them fairly. We feel it, however, the less necessary to dilate on the settlement of any of these subjects; because, we conceive, (and we cannot repeat it too frequently,) that all would be facilitated by the establishment of a merciful, and at the same time a stringent Poor Law. It would, we believe, be an insuperable bar to the double operation of rack-renting, and insecurity of tenure; bestow in time upon Ireland, the blessings of a resident and careful proprietary, and put an end to that system, which has existed but too long, and through which the Irish emigrants have been treated as the step-children of the Government—harboured without tenderness, and cast off without care.

In suggesting the promotion of the Irish fisheries, the cultivation of the waste lands, and the formation of railroads, we propose means by which Ireland may be capacitated to bear the burden of a Poor Law, and we also point out the mode and the manner by which constant employment may be afforded to the able-bodied poor. To give constant employment to the population would be to confer on them the greatest of blessings; that which beyond all others they most desire, and to procure which,

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\* See a most valuable speech made on this subject by the Earl Fitzwilliam in the House of Lords, March 23rd, 1846.

† See Debate in House of Commons on Emigration, March 4th, 1847.

‡ See Ramsay's "Proposal for Restoration of Irish Parliament," p. 9.



they become temporary, or permanent exiles. None feel more bitterly than the Irish poor, that one of the greatest misfortunes of their country is, that its industry is, like its epidemic fever—intermittent—that it perpetually oscillates between compulsory idleness, and insufficiently compensated toil.\*

It may be said, and we are certain it will be said, that the plans which we suggest must, if adopted, involve England in considerable expense. Undoubtedly they will do so, in the first instance; but did not the abolition of slavery involve an expenditure of £20,000,000? In the present instance, too, the expense will not be permanent, nor, like the million a month, if unaccompanied by other measures, an expense to which no man can foresee the certain termination. *Parties* have changed in England, but *its government* has ever remained; and *that* which now exists must take upon itself the consequences of *its* predecessors' acts. *The land* of Ireland is now afflicted—the curse of Providence seems to have fallen on *that* which the evil passions of man had blighted for centuries. It is said by a clever German authoress, "A stone may have a history, but only a creature with consciousness a destiny." Every acre of the land of Ireland *has a history*, in its triple confiscation; and what has been the sad destiny of its people, through the repeated misconduct of *the* English government? Without entering upon any political question whatever, look, we say, to the manner in which English governments have dealt with *the land*—displacing the natives to make room for the foreigner; refusing to recognize the right of natives to live on what had been their own lands; and, when planting Englishmen on lands in Ireland, not binding them by the laws of England. Even the *penal* laws were *land* laws; and so were the Whiteboy acts, insurrection acts, and coercion bills. We are not the defenders, neither will we be the maligners, of *the Irish landlords*; but if their conduct be the constant theme of execration in every English journal, if their name has be-

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\* See on this subject, the eulogium pronounced on the untiring industry of the Irish labourers, delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. Wakley; a gentleman who has devoted his life to a study of the condition of the poorer classes in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Debate in House of Commons, on "Fever (Ireland) Bill," March 18th, 1846.

come a bye-word of scorn and a term of reproach in every civilized state,—let it be remembered that *the* English government, and the laws that government proposed or sanctioned, have rendered them “the wretches” which they are now declared to be, by inducing them to believe that their acts were to be without responsibility, and their crimes without punishment.\*

What, then, is *the cause* of the present state of Ireland? What the normal state of Ireland, as described by one full of unchristian and anti-Irish prejudices? And whether is *the* English government in any way responsible for the miserable condition of the Irish population?

On these three questions we mean to quote *English* authorities.

First, as to the cause of the present state of Ireland, it is said by the Earl Fitzwilliam.

“He asked why was the rural population of Ireland what it was? He asked wealthy London—he asked wealthy England—why Ireland was poor? Who had been the cause of the poverty of Ireland? He said that *England had been the cause—the original tyranny of England*. Was Ireland to be regenerated by Ireland herself? You must assist in this great work; you could not escape from the duty of it, even if 22,000 Irish paupers had not in one day been relieved out of the pockets of the ratepayers of Liverpool. This proposition was too true, the inference to be derived from it was too striking, not to impress itself on their lordships’ and the public mind of England. He thought it was wise to enable the land-owners of Ireland to assist in regenerating the country.”†

Secondly, as to the normal state of Ireland, it is thus described by the *Economist*.

“There a great police scattered over part of the country, has reduced the bulk of the people to be, in ordinary matters, little better than the automatic servants of the Government and the landlords; there two sets of clergymen in almost every parish, have limited freedom of thought, and have checked freedom of action; *there education has been provided for the mass*; there a set of gentlemen, hostile to some extent to the native population and stipendiary magistrates, have administered every part of the law, and left the

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\* “Infelices esse eos, qui omnia sibi licere existimarunt.” Ammian. Marcell. Lib. xxvi. § 10.

† Debate in the House of Lords, January 25th, 1847.—*Morning Herald* report.



people with no other task in their country than that of cultivating potatoes. *They have been deprived of all legitimate motives for exertion. In them honourable ambition has been killed.*"\*

The third question, as to whether the English government is in any way responsible for the miserable condition of the Irish population, is thus answered by the *Times* newspaper of Feb. 25th, 1847.

"The Irish ulcer is exhausting the resources of the empire. It was to be expected that it should come to this. The people of England have most culpably and foolishly connived at a national iniquity. Not to go farther back than the Union, for now at least half a century England has had a collateral voice in Irish affairs. It has been notorious all that time that Ireland was the victim of unexampled social crimes. Besides lesser evils, there existed no public provision for the poor. Property ruled with savage and tyrannical sway. It exercised its rights with a hand of iron, and renounced its duties with a front of brass. Age, infirmity, disease, and every form of weakness and bereavement were cast out to perish. The 'fat of the land,' the 'flower of its wheat,' its 'milk and its honey,' flowed from its shores, in tribute to the ruthless absentee, or his less guilty cousin the usurious lender. It was all drain, and no return. But if strength and industry fared but ill in a land where capital was in a perpetual flux and decay, how much more poverty and weakness? In an integral part of the British empire, on soil trodden by a British Sovereign, the landowner was allowed to sweep away the produce of the earth, without leaving even a gleanings for them that were ready to perish. And they did perish year by year continually from sheer destitution. The whole Irish people were debased by the spectacle and contact of licensed mendicancy and recognized starvation. *England stupidly winked at this tyranny. Ready enough to vindicate political rights, it did not avenge the poor. It is now paying for that connivance.* The dreadful consequences of the crime have recoiled both on the immediate agents and on the consenting bystanders. We are now beginning to wipe off the score of a long neglect. Such is the usual law of retribution. *If it is asked why we have now to support half the population of Ireland, the question answers itself—because, with our eyes open, we have deliberately allowed them to be crushed into a nation of beggars.*"

Nothing can be more true. For all that has happened, and all that is occurring, the English government, and through them the English people, must bear the conse-

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\* *Economist* newspaper, January 23rd, 1847, p. 87.

quences. They are responsible, because they have neither ruled Ireland as a province, cared for her as a colony, nor respected her as a nation. The expenses of misgovernment are great in proportion to its duration; and we suggest the means for their ultimate diminution—we even think, their certain extinction.

We have abstained, throughout this article, from all allusion to the “Irish Party,” because we have already in another place, dwelt at some length upon the subject. Recent events have justified our anticipations. The party may now be said, practically at least, to have ceased to exist: factious feelings have predominated over its deliberations; the selfishness of a class has influenced its policy; and to those who do not consider the unpromising elements of which it was from the beginning composed, its fall will appear to afford another lamentable proof, that Irishmen cannot co-operate for any one great object—that, in the shipwreck of their country, they are less careful to preserve the vessel entire, than they are desirous to see those embarked with them exposed to peril, it may be to death, whilst each selfishly calculates he may possess himself of a plank, wherewith he can, perchance, by individual skill and daring, reach the shore in safety.

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## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I.—*Sketches of the History of Christian Art.* By LORD LINDSAY.  
3 vols. 8vo. Murray: 1847.

WE regret that we have not room, in this Number, for more than a mere acknowledgment of having before us this learned and most interesting work. Of its merits we will not at present say more; because it is our intention to write more fully on it in our next Number.

- II.—*From Oxford to Rome: and how it fared with some who made the journey.* By a COMPANION TRAVELLER. London, Longman's: 1847.

THIS work contains the imaginary history of a youth, converted from High-church Anglicanism to Catholicity.



He is described so as to form a type of a young clergyman of that school. Ardent and eager, full of hope, nay, confident beyond his wary tutor, in the practicability of Puseyism, he receives orders with the most solemn feelings, renounces an early attachment which amounted almost to an engagement, throws himself, as a curate, into the work of a large manufacturing town, (Leeds, we suppose,) with every advantage; becomes dissatisfied with the incapacities and unrealities of Anglicanism; resigns, travels abroad; is smitten with the beauties of the Catholic system, and at length disgusted by the proceedings *in re* Ward at Oxford, embraces the Catholic faith. He then, with four other companions, enters a religious house in Italy. So far we could believe the outline of the tale to be true; for we know of many counterparts to it. But now mark the sequel. Eustace, the hero, soon begins to pine with useless regrets, and remorseful sadness; is ever quoting, "By the waters of Babylon, &c.," (and his companions do the same,) and at last dies rejecting (if not cursing) the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and making profession of what *is meant* to represent a Protestant principle—the Oneness of the Mediator. (P. 176.) To all this we have one very serious objection to make; it is, that there is not a word in the book to warn its readers that all this is a pure fiction. We are sure that many will be deceived. They will think that it did indeed thus "fare with some who lately made the journey:" and that the "Companion Traveller," bears witness to what he has seen. One such fact, as is here related, would weigh more with many minds, than the most acute reasoning. Satisfy them that they who have left Anglicanism for Rome, have found nothing in the exchange but disappointment, regret, remorse and almost despair, and they will justly place these results in the balance against any amount of argument or persuasion which we can bring. And again we repeat, the author of this little work will be thought by many to have brought forward such a case. We feel it, therefore, a duty to deny its existence; point-blank, unequivocal, universal denial do we give it. Not one of those who have joined the Church from the Universities, since the period specified in the book, has died. Moreover, we can name every one who has joined a religious community in England or abroad; that is in Belgium, for in Italy, Rome excepted, there is not, we can safely say, one. Let any one examine

the matter for himself. Any Catholic will direct his steps towards Charnwood Forest, or St. Wilfrid's, or Hodder, or almost any of our Colleges. There he will see the reality instead of the romance. Let him see how light the bond—how easy to be snapped by one act of will—which ties the convert to his chosen life of restraint and rigour. Let him enter in as a guest; and let him watch silently; converse as though unguardedly, or interrogate studiously; and let him judge by the results. Nay, we will not be satisfied with so little; he shall have better evidence than negatives. If he find the care-worn, pining frame and features of Eustace, the absent gaze, the stolen sigh, the “longing lingering look behind” towards dreary Anglicanism, then let him consider it an argument in his favour. But on our side let him require more. We will pledge ourselves that he shall have every opportunity of ample examination. He shall watch the student or the novice in church, himself unobserved; he may fall into his company as a casual stranger, or throw himself upon his conscience as one wishing to learn from his experience; and if he find not cheerfulness, joy, gratitude, delight at being what and where he is; if he hear not words of pressing invitation, of eager, loving, encouragement to hasten on and taste with him the sweets of peace and truth, and be partaker of his spiritual treasures; if he find not in countenance, in eye, in tongue, evidence of bright and serene security, nay of exultation and almost bliss, then let him believe that the latter part of poor Eustace's history is no fiction, and that recent converts have met with disappointment. But surely what they themselves have written to the contrary, ought to convince sufficiently the most incredulous.

There is a sad episode in Eustace's history still less true, or even probable, than the main story. Our Catholic readers will smile, when they hear that it turns on the existence of unhappiness, insecurity, and protestantism, lurking under the nun's veil. Puseyite ladies become nuns, and are miserable for what they have done. Whether such things may or may not be, it is not for us to say; it is enough for the present that they have not been. We say it with confidence, the whole is a fiction, and what is worse, a fiction put forward as though it were a truth. But there is one part of the tale, which we must qualify by a stronger epithet; it is positively calumnious, detestably



false. It is clearly intended, by it, to make Protestants believe, that any married clergyman who joins the Catholic Church will be, not merely permitted (where there is mutual consent) to separate from his wife, but compelled to do so; or at least that the poor lady must submit to this severing of what God has joined, whether she will it or no. Now every Catholic knows that such a course is not even advised; that if wished by the parties themselves it is scarcely permitted; and never till strict investigation has satisfied the authorities of the Church that it is a spontaneous, free, unbiassed and cheerful step on *both* sides, both wishing to serve God and Him alone, in separate paths of religious life, guarded by holy vows. "In Domo Domini ambulavimus cum consensu," would be the motto of such a blessed pair. And even then no consent would be ever given, unless the children, if any, either were by age beyond the want of parental care, or were amply provided with every requisite for their proper education.

III.—1. *The Unity of the Episcopate Considered*, In reply to the work of the Rev. T. W. Allies, M. A., entitled, 'The Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism, upon Testimonies of Fathers and Councils of the First Six Centuries,' by EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON, M. A. London, Richardson and Son: 1847.

2.—*A Letter addressed to the Rev. T. W. Allies*. By PETER LE PAGE RENOUE, late of Pembroke College, Oxford. London, Toovey: 1847.

MR. THOMPSON'S work is far too solid and valuable to be dismissed with a short notice like the present. In fact, we had actually an article on it written for this number, but have been obliged to postpone it from press of other subjects. It is, in truth, a much more careful answer than Mr. Allies's work deserves; for, admirable though the latter be in its candid and generous spirit, we never read a more shallow and inconsecutive treatise. It is hardly credible that a writer could bring together such facts as may be seen in Mr. Allies's pages, and gravely maintain that the doctrine to which they witness is the "sovereign and independent power of every individual bishop;" a doctrine extravagantly at variance, no less with the spirit and meaning of Church history in general, than with every single fact contained there in particular. Yet such is

unquestionably Mr. Allies's assertion; for not only does he make the statement above quoted (p. 17), but distinctly maintains also that the patriarchal system, in which he includes the papal, is "*not* strictly of divine right." (p. 54.)

Here, then, precisely it is that Mr. Thompson joins issue. "This," he says (p. 21), "is *not* the Catholic doctrine: it was not the doctrine of the Fathers and the Councils of the first six centuries." "The Catholic doctrine is, that the episcopate is one, indivisible, sovereign, and independent; and that every bishop has part in this episcopate, not as an independent individual, but as a member of the episcopal body." "That body consists of bishops corporately united, not only one with another, but with one as their head and connecting bond. This head and bond is the bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter," (pp. 24, 30.)

Mr. Thompson's real controversy is, not with Anglican, but with simply Protestant, or with openly infidel, opinions. A person who can read history, and come to Mr. Allies's *positive* conclusions, must be beyond the reach of argument, and a subject only for our prayers. But there are facts which that gentleman has brought together, which present *primâ facie* difficulty in the way of *Catholic* conclusions, and tend to the inference that Church history is one unintelligible maze. These facts our author has confronted with singular accuracy and completeness. He applies to them the principle above quoted, and shows plainly that it is the only true mode of understanding and harmonizing them. He then proceeds to establish, that this very principle is precisely identical at bottom with Bellarmine's doctrine, and utterly inconsistent even with the Gallican notions. In fact, we cannot too highly recommend the study of Mr. Thompson's work; and we hope, in our next number, to give a fuller account of its argument.

Mr. Renouf's Letter to Mr. Allies is connected with the same general subject, but with a different part of it. Mr. Allies, characteristically enough, having maintained that the internal organization of the Church possesses no higher than a human sanction, yet calls organic unity an *essential law* of the Church (p. 198); and then immediately afterwards proceeds to maintain that this *essential law* may be broken, and yet the *essence* of a Church not neces-



sarily destroyed. Further, he holds, that the Church in communion with Rome is destitute of the attribute "Catholicity;" and, further still, that there are practical corruptions in the latter Church which show her marked inferiority to the "undivided" Church Catholic of a former age. It is to these allegations that Mr. Renouf addresses himself; and he meets them in a very masterly way. On the two latter heads he points out in substance, (1.) that the Church was Catholic on the day of Pentecost, when she was confined to one city in an obscure province of the Roman empire, and much more may be so now, though many may have chosen to schismatize from her; and (2.) that *worse* practical corruptions existed in the times of the Fathers than are even *alleged* at the present day. There is also a very valuable historical discussion on the conversion of Russia, showing (in opposition to Mr. Allies) that the Church which effected that conversion *was* in communion with Rome.

IV.—*A new Comparative French Grammar, and Phraseological Reference Book, prepared expressly for the Royal Children of England.* By MARIN DE LA VOYE. London: C. M. Law. 1847.

It has been said that there is no royal way to learning; and particularly to the knowledge of languages. M. de la Voye has given practical evidence of his faith in this axiom. A French Grammar, the pages of which, compactly printed, reach the awful and somewhat ominous number of 666, and that only forming one work of a "Grammatical Series," is evidence enough that Royal children are doomed, like meaner mortals, to fight through their accidence, and to battle with the elements of grammar. And yet M. de la Voye shows, by examples, that his is in truth a short work. But long or short, it is undoubtedly an able and a learned work: and independent of the fashion which royal patronage may confer on it, we sincerely believe that it is sure to make its way, by its own merits, to general acceptance. We have found much in it that would be sought in vain, in common grammars; though not partial to over-much of what is called philosophy, in grammar, we like what there is of it in this; while at the same time it is a thorough practical work, that is, one by which a person may learn to speak the language—

and that is more than we can say of many books of the kind.

V.—*The National Music of Ireland, containing the History of the Irish Bards, the National Melodies, the Harp, and other Musical Instruments of Erin.* By MICHAEL CONRAN, Organist of St. Patrick's, Manchester. Dublin, Duffy: 1846.

THIS work is another proof, if more are wanting, of what we have more than once had occasion to remark in the course of this Number, that there is a growing interest in all that relates to the antiquities, learning, and history of Ireland. The Music of Erin has surely a right to partake in this. It links itself, in a thousand ways, with every one of these objects of affectionate research. It reaches back to the earliest period of national existence; its musical instruments are among its most curious archæological remains. And to our taste, a *Stoc* or trumpet, and a *Cruit* or harp, is a more interesting relique of antiquity than bows or arrows, or warrior's mail. The bard too is a more pleasing character to contemplate than the hero of a thousand frays; the stiller of passion, the smoother of the roughnesses of savage life, the inspirer of lofty and gentle thoughts, the framer of wise laws, and the chronicler and immortalizer of great deeds and men. How naturally his office prepared the way for the nobler morality of Christian faith; and how much the ground must have been broken for its worship to a nation that could ever listen to music, without satiety. *Trahitur dulcedine cantus*, may have been said of the Irish people. Their ears and hearts were attuned to the sublime strains by which Christianity replaced their native music, and the still sublimer doctrines which they conveyed. And so in fact it was. The Bardic education, and Bardic Colleges, required but comparatively little to have engrafted on them the monastic rules of the Catholic Church; and learned monks and saints succeeded to the inheritance of the harpers of more ancient times. Thus far Mr. Conran's task belongs to the domain of archæology and history; and we gladly acknowledge that he has availed himself of every ancient fragment of evidence, as well as of every stray tradition, to construct as complete a history as could be expected, of the national music of Erin. But



another part remains, which required different qualifications in the writer—the technical or scientific view of the subject. Into this Mr. Conran, as himself of the craft, and duly qualified, has boldly entered; and we think with good success. He has endeavoured to establish the exact relations between the early Irish music and that of other countries, ecclesiastical or profane. We are sure that his work will meet with the hearty approbation of all that take an interest in his subject. And what soul with any music in it has not learnt to love and prize those “Irish Melodies,” which have been imperishably rescued from oblivion, by the Bard of Erin?

VI.—*A Few Earnest Thoughts on the Duty of Communion with the Catholic Church.* Affectionately addressed to an Anglican Friend, By A RECENT CONVERT. London: Richardson and Son, 1847.

WILL meet, we trust, with the careful attention of those for whom they are designed. The Catholic reader, too, will be much interested to see the brief and compendious, yet lucid and forcible, statement of the general question, which he will here find. Being in the form of a letter, a greater *particularity* of appeal is practicable than in a more formal treatise.

VII.—*The Eternal Happiness of the Saints.* Translated from the Latin of the Venerable Cardinal BELLARMINE, By the Rev. JOHN DALTON. London: Richardson and Son.

THOSE who know the Gradual of Cardinal Bellarmine, (we speak of unlearned readers,) and have been delighted with its curious and imaginative reflections, will welcome the present work as a great addition to our devotional literature. The meditations of the aged saint upon the joys of heaven, kindled into fervour by the near view of that happiness upon which “he meditated in the chamber of his heart,” cannot but be edifying and cheering to every Christian. Cardinal Bellarmine considers heaven under its scripture designations as a City, as a Kingdom, as a House, as a Paradise,—making bold use of the sensible images presented to our minds in Holy Writ, the richness and variety of his ideas give to the imagination the help which it so much needs when approaching the ineffable

vision which it is not given to the heart of man to understand. There is occasionally a quaintness in the style which reminds us of "Pilgrim's Progress." Speaking of the narrow way which leads to heaven, the holy writer says:

"But we will explain how it is that the gate of this most extensive House is narrow. The gate has four divisions—The threshold, the inner court, and two side passages—that is, four stones, one below, another above, and two at the sides; which, in our gate, are four virtues, essentially necessary in order to enter the heavenly house. These are faith, hope, charity, and humility."—p. 122.

And thereupon follow the most impressive and practical instructions, with which, indeed, the meditations are interwoven throughout. We consider that Catholics are much indebted to Mr. Dalton for this translation.

VIII.—*The Seven Churches of Asia, their Rise, Progress, and Decline; designed to show the Fulfilment of Scripture Prophecy. With notices of the Cities of Lesser Asia visited by the Apostles.* By the Rev. T. MILNER, M. A. London: Richardson and Son.

THIS is a reprint of a very well known work, in a popular form, and at a low price. It contains much curious information, defaced by bigoted and false views, of which we have not time or space now to repeat the innumerable refutations.

IX.—*The Apostolic Succession Explained; a Short Treatise in which certain Theological Questions of the day are calmly examined and resolved.* By a PRIEST OF THE ORDER OF CHARITY. London: Richardson and Son.

It is impossible, in a notice like the present, to give any adequate idea of such a work as the one before us, of which every line contains matter of thought and instruction; we can but recommend it earnestly to the perusal of our readers, satisfied that there are none who may not derive great benefit from it. This little treatise can scarcely be called controversial, for the objections of opponents are not so much discussed, as met by a learned, clear, and authoritative exposition of the Catholic doctrines upon the authority and supremacy of the successor of St. Peter.



The distinction between the power of order and the power of jurisdiction—between the hierarchy of order and the hierarchy of jurisdiction; and the question of what in these more abstruse distinctions is matter of Faith, the nature of schism, and other subjects of great importance, with the consequences flowing from them, are laid down briefly, but with great clearness, and will inform and settle the opinions of many Catholics. We should think the work must also make a great impression upon Protestants, for there is something in the structure of the Catholic Church, so simple, consistent, and suitable, so adapted to produce order and peace, that, with that key-stone to the arch, the Divine promise of the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it is evidently *perfect*—perfect as respects this world; and we should think no impartial mind could require more than once to see and understand it as a whole, in order to recognise in it the work of Divine wisdom.

X.—*History of the House of Austria.* By WILLIAM COXE, F. R. S. Vol. i. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

THIS is another addition to Mr. Bohn's valuable collection, of which we have already had several occasions to speak most favourably. Coxé's historical works are already too well known in English literature, to require any further notice here, beyond our congratulating the lovers of historical lore, on their now being made more accessible to many, who before could hardly have aspired to the possession of them. At the same time, a Catholic need not hope to find, in a work written by a Protestant Archdeacon, a favourable, or even an impartial account of events connected with religion. The history of the House of Austria embraces, necessarily, that of Luther, and the so-called Reformation. While, therefore, the writer is much more just than his Protestant predecessor, in his estimation of the character of Maximilian, he is thoroughly Protestant himself in describing the character and conduct of Luther. It is not a little comfort to us to find ourselves living in a new era, in regard to these matters. Brief as is the interval since the death of Archdeacon Coxé, we have gone through a century of improvement in historical ideas; Luther has been stripped of his saintship, and the Reformation of its charms; nor is either likely to recover the loss.

XI.—*The Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien. A Tale of the Wars of King James.* Dublin, James McGlashan, 21, D'Olier Street, and William S. Orr and Co. London: 1847.

THIS is a strictly anonymous publication, but we hope to meet the author again; for he has given us, what we begin to feel a great desideratum in these times, a genuine and stirring novel. We were a little afraid at first of an "historical romance," at best a questionable sort of composition, and which could have little chance of pleasing, if it were drawn from that most unsatisfactory portion of English history, the brief struggle made by King James II. in Ireland; but the "*Fortunes of Colonel Torlogh O'Brien*," tells really, as it professes to do, the story of individuals, with no more of the history of the times, than is requisite to give vraisemblance and spirit. The Castle of Glindarragh is defended by Sir Hugh Willoughby, a Protestant gentleman and his friends, from the attack of the Irish peasantry; the siege is powerfully described, and they are rescued at length from imminent peril by the troops of King James, headed by Colonel O'Brien, the Irish and Catholic lord of the castle. The old knight is transferred with his daughter to Dublin, accused of high treason, he defends himself before King James; many and various are the characters that gather round him as the chief point of interest. Jeremiah Tisdal, a stern old puritan, the knight's long tried friend, is brought by fear of death to give evidence against him; and the remorse of this man, who has been a murderer and is now striving to lead a better life, but always pulled back by an associate of his crimes, who from time to time starts up before him, is powerfully drawn; there is much that is pathetic and much that is humorous in the story, which is too complicated to be easily condensed; but at last, after the defeat of King James, Colonel O'Brien, after many hair breadth escapes, becomes the husband of the beautiful Grace Willoughby, and undisputed heir of the castle and lands of Glindarragh.



## FORTUNES MADE BY ADVERTISING.

From a small pamphlet, entitled the "Art of making Money," an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life ; but to suppose that men in general must as a matter of course acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion." Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose ; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone ; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozratee, Persian, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment, according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials, by means of Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philippine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large dépôt : his agents there supply all the islands in the Indian Seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic—at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco ; he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and other portions of the Barbary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the "Journal" and "Courier" of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire ; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable

barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entrée of patent medicines, Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the river Gambia; also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India and ending, as we now do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom: we might add that he has also started his medicines in some parts of France: in some portions of Germany: as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, "the Art of making money," is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for his pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment, and prudence necessary? Failing in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. No doubt he has been well repaid for all his labours; and is, we should suppose, in a fair way of making a large fortune. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the "Edinburgh Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated, that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period, Holloway's mode of advertising was most prominently set forth: and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.—*Pictorial Times*.



THE  
DUBLIN REVIEW.

JUNE, 1847.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Church of England cleared from the charge of Schism, upon testimonies of Councils and Fathers of the first six centuries.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M. A., Rector of Launton, Oxon. Burns, London.
- 2.—*The Unity of the Episcopate Considered, in reply to the work of the Rev. T. W. Allies, M. A.* By EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON, M. A. Richardson, London, Dublin, and Derby.
- 3.—*The Greek and Anglican Communions. A Letter respectfully addressed to the Rev. T. W. Allies, Rector of Launton.* By P. Le PAGE RENOUE, late of Pembroke College, Oxford. Toovey, London.
- 4.—*Tentativa Theologica. Episcopal Rights and Ultra-montane Usurpations.* By FATHER ANTONIO PEREIRA DE FIGUEREDO, Priest and Doctor of Lisbon. Translated from the original Portuguese, with Notes and some additional matter, by the Rev. E. H. Landon, M. A. Masters, London.
- 5.—*Notes on the Nature and Extent of the Royal Supremacy in the Anglican Church.* By DAVID LEWIS, M. A. Toovey, London.
- 6.—*A Few Earnest Thoughts on the Duty of Communion with the Catholic Church, addressed affectionately to an Anglican friend.* By a Recent Convert. Richardson, London, Dublin, and Derby.

WE have never in our memory read a controversial work on the anti-catholic side, which has so much pleased us in its general temper and spirit as Mr. Allies's volume; and we rejoice to observe that it has been met by Mr. Thompson with a kindred feeling. "The tone and style in which Mr. Allies writes," observes his opponent, "are not only every way superior to that of ordinary controversialists, but

worthy of the admiration of all serious and earnest men. The candour, honesty, and generosity, which he so remarkably displays, must command the respect and sympathy of his readers, especially of those [i. e. the recent converts] of whom he has spoken with so much equity and kindness." (p. 15.) "I have seen the eyes of Catholics glistening with pleasure and hopeful interest at the reading of" a certain earnest expression of feeling on Mr. Allies's part. (p. 180.) Mr. Renouf also, though only having seen an extract from the work, expresses himself with great personal respect towards the writer. It is truly delightful to find that the heartless and most shallow criticism to which Catholics have so constantly been subject, has in no way made them insensible to real generosity and an open-hearted search for truth, when such qualities are brought before them. And we are the more anxious ourselves to express our sympathy with the *moral* aspect of Mr. Allies's work, because (to say truth) we have the meanest possible opinion of its *intellectual*.

Mr. Thompson's work contains a careful and accurate statement of principles; and also an application of them well and thoroughly worked out, to the purpose he has had in view: that purpose being twofold, viz. an interpretation of those particular facts or general features in church history on which Mr. Allies rests his attack on Catholics, and an exposure both of the baselessness and the inconsistency of that gentleman's *positive* doctrinal statements. Mr. Renouf's pamphlet, on the other hand, has no pretensions to be considered an answer to the work in question, which the author, indeed, had no means of seeing as a whole; it is an effective and complete refutation of an episodical argument, introduced by Mr. Allies into his earnest and eloquent peroration—an argument, however, which, although but subordinate to Mr. Allies's general train of reasoning, is yet, as Mr. Renouf truly remarks, "more likely than any other part of it to weigh with some minds in retaining them within the communion of the Church of England." Mr. Renouf, in short, has produced a very able, popular, and effective pamphlet, peculiarly seasonable and peculiarly valuable at the present time: but Mr. Thompson's treatise is still more than this; it is a permanent addition to theological literature, and it will exceedingly well repay, what is requisite indeed for its due apprehension and appreciation, a careful and attentive study.



Of the three other works named at the outset, we have thought it advisable to mention Mr. Landon's translation of Pereira's "*Tentativa*," because it has been published in direct connection with Mr. Allies's treatise and on a precisely similar subject, and also because one or two particulars of its history are amusingly significant; but we have been quite unable to find in it any argument beyond the thrice-repeated common-place of the old Gallican controversy, such as Mr. Allies also has put together. Mr. Lewis' pamphlet is only connected with the preceding productions by the rule of contraries; seeing he has carried the war into the enemy's country, and instead of defending the Roman Supremacy, has mainly occupied himself with exposing the real nature of that which the Anglican Church has endured in its place. He has stated indeed, in his Introduction, with great calmness and force, the position held by the Catholic Church in relation to other religious communities; but the body of his work is composed of quite an invaluable collection of extracts from Anglican authoritative documents, illustrating the real nature of the ecclesiastical proceedings which have taken place in that unhappy body since its separation from Catholic unity. The little work which stands last on the list, explains its own object by its title; and is remarkable for its particularly clear and popular way of stating arguments, in themselves most solid and cogent.

Of the work, then, which has given occasion to the present controversy, we are unable to speak highly, in respect either of depth or comprehensiveness of view; and when we speak of Mr. Thompson's service in answering its allegations, it is not because Mr. Allies's *conclusions* are in any way formidable, but because the facts which he has brought together might be used by a deeper thinker than himself, and pressed into the service of a cause which Mr. Allies abhors as cordially as we abhor it. At the same time, utterly untenable though we consider Mr. Allies's position, it is one for which, in one respect, we feel the sincerest sympathy, and in behalf of which we are willing to make the utmost allowance. He is not one of those who refuse to admit that holiness is holiness or unity is unity, for fear such an admission should charm them from their insular and exclusive sympathies. He opens his eyes to see, and his heart to admire, what is beautiful and attractive in the Roman Church; he gladly recognizes the marks she bears

of special divine help and of a special divine presence; but he is withholden from yielding to his first feeling of reverence and submitting to her claims, by what appears to him a still higher and diviner authority. Such has, before now, been the feeling of many who have been led by divine guidance, step by step, out of the labyrinth in which they were placed; such may possibly be still the feeling of many besides Mr. Allies, who as yet distrust the clue that has been proffered for their extrication. But what Catholic can entertain any feelings but those of sympathy and affectionate hope, in behalf of one who could so express himself as in the following passage?

“That power for which the heroic and saintly Hildebrand died in exile, if exile there could be to him who received the heathen for his inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for his possession; for which our own St. Anselm, forced against his will to the primacy, stood unquailing in the path of the Red King, most furious if not the worst of that savage race, whose demon wrath seemed to justify the fable of their origin; for which St. Bernard, the last of the Fathers in age but equal to the first in glory, wrote and laboured; for which our own St. Thomas shed that noble blood, which sanctifies yet our primatial church, an earnest of restoration and pardon to come; that power for which St. Francis, the spouse of holy poverty, so long neglected since her first husband ascended on high; and St. Dominic,.... *and one greater yet, the warrior Saint Ignatius*, raised their myriads of every age and of both sexes, armed in that triple mail of poverty, chastity and obedience, ‘of whom the world was not worthy;’ that power to which have borne witness so many saintly bishops, poor in the midst of [riches,]\* and humble in the exercise of more than royal power,—so many scholars marvellously learned—so many prodigal of labour and blood, who are now counted among the noble army of martyrs—so many holy women *who have hidden themselves under the robe of the first of all saints, and followed the Virgin of virgins in their degree*—that power is indeed the most wondrous creation which history can record, and one to which I am not ashamed to confess that I should bow with unmingled reverence, had not truth a yet stronger claim upon me, and *did not the voice of the early church, its fathers councils, and martyrs, sound distinctly in my ears another language*. Still human and divine, ambition and providence, are so mingled there, that I would not utter a word more than truth requires.”—p. 192.

Such language as this must of course act powerfully in

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\* In the original, apparently by a clerical error, the word “poverty” stands here.



drawing Catholic minds towards one who uses it; and we earnestly hope no strength of expression we may use in criticizing the work in which it is contained, may be taken to imply that we are insensible to the rare candour and other high qualities which it indicates. In fact, the intense dislike which we fairly profess to entertain towards the reasoning of Mr. Allies's work, arises in no small degree from vexation that so paltry a theory can have the power to detain one moment a mind, apparently well fitted for a far worthier and higher position. Even as to the quotation we just made—though it is not worth while dwelling long on minor inconsistencies where the whole work is pervaded by one uninterrupted logical flaw—but how does the author's language about "St. Bernard, equal to the first of the Fathers in glory," and "St. Francis, the spouse of holy poverty, *so long neglected*," and "*one greater yet*, St. Ignatius Loyola," and "the myriads of every age and of both sexes," raised up by them, "of whom the world was not worthy"—how does all this, we ask, fall in with his judgment expressed only seven pages later, (p. 199.) that, since the "separation of East and West," the several parts, "Latin, Eastern, and Anglican," are "languishing, and far from that healthy vigour which they ought to possess?" St. Bernard, though "equal to the first of the Fathers," lived subsequently to the conversion of Russia; an event which Mr. Allies's chronology dates after the final Eastern schism. St. Francis, who lived after the same schism, was "the spouse of holy poverty, *so long neglected* since" our Lord's Ascension; and therefore, at all events, not so heartily embraced before the said schism as after. Nay, St. Ignatius lived not till a still later period in this disastrous progress of decay, as Mr. Allies would term it, nor until "the Anglican branch" also separated from the parent tree; yet he was "greater yet" than St. Francis or St. Dominic: nay, he too, as well as these former members of a "languishing" Church, "raised up myriads of whom the world was not worthy." And the very page to which we have been referring for this inconsistency, presents us also with another. For the author comments (p. 199) on those "who have suffered themselves to be driven by fearful scandals out of our bosom, who have brooded over acknowledged, but unrelieved, wants, till the duty of patient long suffering has been forgotten." So speaks Mr. Allies—he, the same writer, who began his

work with the equitable and generous avowal, that, "to talk of impatience under deficiencies, [under] want of discipline, or [under want of] sympathy in spiritual superiors, and such like causes, as being those which have impelled a man to the most painful sacrifices.....is surely *untrue as regards the individual*.....when the ground of schism... is felt to lie at the bottom." (p.11.) We might expose similar contradictions in a number of other places, but it is better to enter without further delay into the heart of the subject; nor should we indeed have spoken of these, except to show samples of what we are compelled to call the "slipshod" style in which the whole work is written. The author has taken no pains to form a definite judgment on the matter in hand, and to preserve in his mind the habitual impressions of that judgment; but has allowed his imagination to follow up whatever train of feeling suggested itself at the moment, careless what sacrifice of reality and consistency might be the result.

Now be it carefully observed that, when we speak of the work under notice as shallow, we are far from implying (the very contrary indeed) that it is any mark of shallowness, to find considerable difficulty at the outset in reconciling the present Roman\* theory with the facts of church history. It is not because he finds difficulty in the Roman doctrine, but because he finds no difficulty in his own, that we so speak of his reasonings. The Roman doctrine may have its *primâ facie* historical difficulties; but of Mr. Allies's theory one would hardly say it is encumbered with *difficulties*, rather it is wild and extravagant beyond all power of comment; setting common sense and the most ordinary and well-known facts equally at defiance. And this allegation we are now to make good.

But let us first explain our admission, that there are difficulties which even the Catholic student of church history will meet at starting; for this is a subject on which it is very important there should be a right understanding. *All* history is, on the surface, difficult and perplexing;

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\* We occasionally use the word "Roman" in controversy with Mr. Allies, after Mr. Thompson's example, as not wishing to beg the question by assuming the very designation which is in dispute.



Were church history, indeed, the Catholic's *rule of faith*, why should we expect church history to be an exception? as it seems to be Mr. Allies's,\* the question would be very different; but there is no one statement on which all the great Catholic doctors are more unanimous than on this, that, not individual study of ancient records, but the living voice of the Church, is the appointed interpreter of Apostolic Tradition. The notion opposed to this has been, indeed, mainly introduced into theology by Anglican "high-church" writers; though we cannot deny that Bossuet and some of his Gallican followers may have unconsciously admitted it into their thoughts and reasonings. The Catholic's faith, we say it again and again, in no way depends upon his knowledge of the Fathers. God forbid! Even of priests, how large a number are able to attempt any systematic and continuous study of the patristic writings? Notoriously an exceedingly minute fraction: such study is absolutely incompatible with the duties of an active missionary life. Has the zealous and energetic priest, then, who is ready to give his life, if need be, as a sacrifice for his flock,—or, again, has the pious and devout layman, who carries a watchful heart and an ever-burning love of God into the pressing and arduous duties of every day life,—have these men, we ask, no means of attaining a firm and reasonable faith? The Church, surely, is a city set upon a hill; with the notes of her divine commission so distinctly impressed on her whole aspect, that rich and poor, learned and simple, alike may read them, so only they have some real sense of their own ignorance and sinfulness, and some real desire of supernatural truth and holiness. Of these notes, indeed, some will be more directly significant to one class of persons, and some to another; but, taken collectively, they are addressed to collective man: all would discern them whose moral dispositions are as just now supposed, as they come from under the shadow of their early discipline and associations, except for those prejudices which possess to the full as frequently the learned and intellectual as the rude and ignorant; yes, and which exist in forms, different indeed but to the full

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\* His *professed* rule of faith, we mean; we are of course not conceding that his theology is accordant with the facts of church history, for we have just stated how conspicuously it runs counter to them.

as dense and darkening, in the one class as in the other. And while such is the case even as regards strangers to her communion, for those who have the blessedness to be admitted within her pale, to borrow Mr. Thompson's beautiful expression (p. 9), "sight seems to supersede the necessity of proof, and the harmonious proportions and solid structure of the city of the living God ask not for line and measure, but the admiring eye and adoring heart."

This is not the place to prove this statement, or even so to explain and guard it as to prevent possible misconstruction: to do so would require a separate essay of itself, and one of no inconsiderable length. It is quite sufficient, indeed, for the purpose of our argument, merely to state that Catholics *do* hold a rule of faith distinct from the historical. For the state of the argument is as follows:—God, having made a revelation to mankind, requires those to whose knowledge it comes to hold faithfully and firmly the doctrines contained in it. Now, if He had appointed the study of church history as the means of learning these doctrines, there would necessarily be the greatest harshness and improbability in the supposition, that they were not at once, and without possibility of question, there discoverable. But if He have appointed quite a different means for learning them, as all Catholics are bound to hold, viz. a submission to the existing Church's authority, then it is in no way opposed to our impression of His attributes, nor inconsistent with the sweet providence wherewith He governs His Church, that He should not have specially interposed in this particular case, to make ecclesiastical history unlike all other history; that in the study of patristic, as of secular, documents, there should still be found, at first starting, that disorder, and confusion, and difficulty of reduction to any fixed principle, which, in the natural course of things, is inevitably attendant upon a mass of historical facts.

Let it not be said that any disparagement here is implied either of the value of ecclesiastical history or of the certainty of its results. Certainly, in a parallel case, such an imputation would present a very strange appearance. If one were to urge, e. g., that, in order to appreciate rightly the prominent and salient facts of Athenian history, and to detect the principles really at work under them, some far greater exertion of mind is necessary than a mere



orderly collation of these facts—that the historian must search diligently and indefatigably for every ascertainable trace of the daily habits and the general tone of feeling on matters religious, personal, and social, prevalent among them—that he must study attentively and profoundly the contemporary poetry and the conflicting systems of philosophy—that he must carry his investigations deeply into human nature itself, and base his superstructure on no shallower or less secure foundation; if one were to urge all this, certainly an objector's mind must be very unusually constituted, which should charge one with a wish to speak disparagingly of the science of history. The very contrary is the case: if history be more than “an old almanack,” it must be precisely because the placing of ancient facts before our mind as living and breathing realities, which is the province of history, is an incomparably higher and nobler effort of the mind than their mere recital as naked and characterless events.

And as we are not undervaluing, in what we have said, the inherent *dignity* of the science, neither are we undervaluing the *certainly* of its *results*. The very contrary, again: it is by help of such principles as we have been laying down, that history is fast rising into the rank of a positive science; that now, for the first time, it is tending to gather together conclusions which are accepted by all thinkers as undeniable; and which may serve as fixed premisses from which future investigation shall start. Little as has yet been done of this kind, in comparison with what we may expect; still, what has been done is not in itself insignificant. Just as in the region of external facts, we owe it to the unwearied labours and minute accuracy of Dr. Lingard, that the very children of the present day are taught to put no confidence in Hume's romantic fiction, called by him a history; so also, in the region of deductions and generalizations, so much at least has been effected, on the one hand by such writers as Thierry and Guizot, on the other by such as De Maistre, that not Voltaire's absurd puerilities only, but the views set forth by authors of Hallam's stamp on the history of Christian times in general and of the mediæval period in particular, are finally and for ever exploded in the minds of thinking men. And the progress of thought is most rapid on the subject. It is not so very long since the history of eighteen hundred years was treated as hardly

more than an armoury, from which conflicting parties seized as it were at random the first weapon that came to hand, so it had any promise of effectiveness, and hurled it in each other's teeth. Then was the time to descant on the hopelessness of obtaining results from history; but that was for the very reason that history was consulted with the expectation of *finding* its real lessons *on the surface*. But now that deeper and truer views of the science are prevailing, we believe the time is not very far distant—there are signs of it already neither few nor faint—when it will be a matter of agreement among all really well-informed and philosophical thinkers that, whether Christianity be true or false, at all events Catholicism and Christianity are historically *identical*.

It is not, then, from any misgiving as to the historical strength of Catholicism, but for the sake of truth itself, that we protest so vehemently against the notion, that to test the Apostolicity of doctrines by means of patristic studies, is an easy and simple process, open to enquirers of ordinary attainments and of ordinary leisure. It is natural enough for readers of mere compendia to think so; passages of the holy Fathers are put before them as containing some particular doctrine, while the innumerable qualifying or perplexing circumstances are passed over in silence. But never did we meet with a student who had himself launched upon the sea of Antiquity, who had himself gone through a wide and deep course of patristic reading, who was not forward in the avowal, that the task of combining, systematising, and representing the varied information conveyed by such studies, is one which requires the employment of much patient thought and much careful analysis; and that, moreover, on many subjects, nothing short of the most extensive acquaintance with the whole theological literature of a period will afford sufficient materials for the task. At the same time, one can well understand what pleasure the historian reaps at every stage of his onward progress: when the key is found which will serve as the solution of a hitherto confused and entangled knot—when the point of view is discovered from which a mass of facts, hitherto disorganized and mutually obstructive, assumes at last the shape of a complete and harmonious whole—we can well understand with what especial richness and significance of colouring each feature of the scene becomes adorned. And in this connection it is



interesting to mention, that more than one of the recent converts, who had been especially given to the study of the holy Fathers, and had been drawn towards the Church mainly by that study, have declared that, since their accession to the light of Catholic Faith and the grace of Catholic Communion, their former reading has been invested with so much of new significance and of deeper meaning, that it appears as though they had never before really understood it.

Of course there *are* truths readily and certainly discoverable on the very surface of Christian history; especially there are many *negative* truths so discoverable. That Christianity is not Protestantism, for example, is one of those truths; and another is, we will add, that Mr. Allies's own theory is contrary both to the external facts and the inward spirit of the whole current of church history. We may say also, in reference to this very question of the papal supremacy, that we have stated the general difficulties of history, more for the sake of asserting the principle, than for any especial obscurity which hangs over the facts connected with this doctrine. For, though they do not quite carry their own interpretation on their face, and some little careful attention is necessary to detect the principle at work under them, it requires no very great research or reflection to do so; though we must search a little deeper than Mr. Allies's plummet has reached, it is no very profound abyss we have to fathom. Not only has Mr. Thompson executed his task on the whole with triumphant success in a work of little more than 200 pages, but he has really met with no serious impediment to be overcome. He has had possession, as he very tranquilly tells us (p. x.), "of an *idea* which so perfectly harmonizes with the language of the Fathers, and so completely coincides with the facts to which Mr. Allies has appealed, that the result of a perusal of his [Mr. Allies's] work has been only a *deeper apprehension of the divine rights and powers of the papal see.*" We may add, that we know of another person, wholly unversed in the writings of the holy Fathers, on whom the work had a precisely similar effect.

Here, as we are speaking of truths which are on the surface of church history, it is important to notice one, which is so apparent as absolutely to force itself on one's notice, and to require for its appreciation no other qualification than the most general and cursory acquaintance with

that history: while at the same time it precisely performs the service we have been desiderating; viz. that of serving as a clue to the comprehension of those facts, which it is difficult otherwise to harmonize and interpret: a truth this also, which has always, and most justly, ranked among Catholics as one of the most convincing and undeniable notes of the Church. But, in order to make clearer its force and bearing, let us first take a brief retrospective glance.

If we look back, then, to the picture of the Apostolic Church contained in the Acts and Epistles, we shall observe a most remarkable correspondence with our blessed Lord's declaration about His "kingdom" and its "keys," as well as with the anticipation of Gospel times held forth in the Old Testament. The first Christians, as we shall find, were formed into one visible and organized society, under the governance of those who were divinely inspired to teach them. Whether the special office of St. Peter be or be not plainly apparent on the surface of Scripture, this, at least, is most plainly apparent, — that the Christian Church was one organized body politic, just as truly as England or France is a body politic; and differing in its constitution from this world's kingdoms only in this one respect, that its sanctions and punishments are not material but spiritual. The spread of Christ's Gospel was the propagation of the Apostolic Empire; the two proceeded *pari passu* together, or, rather, were one and the same thing, separable only by the intellect. As a flock look to a shepherd for guidance, or children to their parent, and never in their very dreams (if we may so speak) separate the idea of humbly learning from that of willingly obeying, so was it with the first Christians. With them, to be within the Church was salvation, to be without it was eternal ruin; and to be within the Church, implied in its very nature to be obedient to her laws and governance, and to be gradual recipients of her doctrine. With them to be taught and to be governed were not two different things, but only two different aspects of one and the same thing. Nor was this kingdom to end with the life of the Apostles. Our blessed Lord's own words plainly point to it as the essential form which Christianity is to wear while the world lasts; and, as a matter of fact, the bishops contemporary with St. John, who must necessarily have known God's will on the subject, continued onwards this kingdom



after his death, on the very same principles on which it had proceeded under Apostolic guidance.

So far as this we have, of course, Mr. Allies cordially with us; and we have his express testimony (p. 15.) to a fact, which, indeed, no reader of history can doubt, that, although, "so long as the Church was engaged in a fierce and unrelenting conflict with the paganism and despotism of the empire, she could hardly exhibit to the world her complete outward organization;" still, "united she had ever been, from the day of Pentecost, in charity, in doctrine, in sacraments, in *communion*." "No other idea about the Church prevailed up to St. Gregory's time," than that of "one organic whole: a body with One Head,\* and many members; a kingdom with one sovereign and rulers, an Apostolic College appointed by that Head." (p. 198.) We may add, too, though, as Mr. Thompson truly remarks, (p. 144, note,) Mr. Allies seems very shy of speaking out on this particular question, that the Church of that day claimed to herself the attribute of infallibility in the most signal and emphatic manner in which it was possible to claim it. For, on the one hand, she most distinctly and consistently proclaimed the doctrine, that communion with her was essential to salvation; and, on the other hand, she was constantly in the practice of expelling persons from that communion on the ground of heresy. To suppose that a Church, endued by Christ Himself with spiritual power, could so act, unless her supreme authority (wherever that might be lodged) had the gift of infallibly pronouncing on matters of doctrine, would be to suppose it possible that our blessed Lord should exclude a man from salvation for the offence of—holding a doctrine which He had Himself taught. However, it is needless to say more in illustration of a fact which no one will question: the claim, namely, to infallibility made by the Church during the period on which Mr. Allies speaks. It appears, then, that this single-minded and filial feeling of which I have already spoken, as characterising the first Christians in

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\* Mr. Allies means to speak of our *Blessed Lord* as the One Head and One Sovereign; and he adds at the end of the quotation we have made, the words, "with a direct commission from himself." The words refer to a notion of Mr. Allies, which will presently come into controversy, but do not bear on the direct subject with which we are engaged in the text.

their demeanour of mind towards the Apostles, has its exact counterpart in the immediately succeeding times of the Church; that then also, as at first, the office of authoritatively teaching and of authoritatively governing were regarded as merely two aspects of one identical office.

Now, the truth to which we just now referred, is this:—that, as from the Apostolic period to the Nicene, so also from the latter period to the present day, there has always been one, and there has never been more than one, organized body, claiming to be the direct and lineal heir of the Apostolic Church—requiring all men to whom knowledge of her position shall come, to unite themselves to her communion and submit themselves to her laws, on pain of eternal condemnation—asserting to herself the distinct privilege of infallibility, and, in virtue of that privilege, anathematizing freely from time to time such new opinions as she judges to be either directly, or by implication, at variance with the doctrine committed to her charge—in a word, claiming at the hands of her children, and, we may add, receiving in no stinted or unwilling measure, that very childlike, simple, and loyal confidence in her authority, as in that of Christ's one earthly representative, of which we have already more than once spoken. It is plain, we say, that there is one only such body. The very word “infallibility,” by an inevitable association of ideas, leads the mind on to the word “Rome.” When persons complain of some one church as domineering, as encroaching on the territory of others, as enforcing articles of faith on her own authority, is it of Mr. Allies's friends, the schismatical *Greeks*, that the discourse is running? Almost as we write a certain Mr. Finch, in the House of Commons, \* declares that, for his part, he would grant toleration to every sect *except the Roman Church*; because she, and *she alone*, claims to be mother and mistress of churches. If there be a successor to the Apostolic Church, the Church which alone, both in words and deeds, *claims* to be such, is that successor; if there be not such a successor, prophets have prophesied falsely, and the Christian Church, just coming from the very living presence of the Apostles, has misinterpreted her Lord's declarations and commands on the very primary law of His kingdom.

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\* See the Debate on the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill.



The objection to this statement, founded on the various anti-popes who have risen up from time to time, is almost too frivolous to deserve an answer. In such cases there has been no dispute on any point of doctrine; no dispute on the principle that the Church is essentially one organic whole; no dispute on the principle that St. Peter was the divinely appointed centre of unity; no dispute on the principle that the Bishop of Rome succeeds St. Peter in that office. The dispute turned wholly on a question of fact, whether this or that individual were the canonically elected Bishop of the Holy See. And in all the cases without exception, before any great lapse of time, our Lord showed plainly to the Church which one was His real Vicar, by bringing the rival successions, if such there were, to a close.

We may set forth the same substantial statement as to the position of the Church, which we have just made, in Mr. Lewis's deep and pregnant words (p. 6); though he seems rather engaged in setting forth another and not less important phase of the same truth. He seems, namely, to look at it, not so much in its historical connection as in its moral bearing; and to be setting forth the claims of the Church, not so prominently in its aspect of successor to the Apostolic, as in its aspect of the one authoritative guide, by its whole constitution and demeanour plainly marked out as such, to those who are in search of such a guide under a deep feeling of its indispensable necessity.

"One solitary corporation," he says, "there seems to be, aggressive and exclusive, favourably regarded by none who are not part-takers of its immunities. It professes to be the only one that is in possession of the true religion, and warns all who resist it, that they are fighting against God. It announces itself as infallible, so cutting off from the others the bare possibility of their being right; it puts forth its principles in plain intelligible words, shrinking from no conclusion to which they lead; it explains away nothing that may have given offence to those who are without; what these call impious, wicked, or profane, it teaches, practises, and enforces, just as if no question had been made of the matter. Moreover, conscious of unearthly strength, it ascertains its own position, defining the several duties of its several members; it allows of no vague and uncertain obedience, but insists upon it in a specific clear way, putting forth its regulations with that particular minuteness of detail, which leaves no room for ignorance or mistake. Is it in error? Its adversaries say so with one voice; but for itself it has no misgivings, it claims the possession of supernatural powers, and we

see it use them ; it has one definite local habitation, so that all may find it ; it has one fountain of visible authority, but it flows through the whole world ; one supreme incontrollable dominion to which all must have recourse, from which issues forth the voice of St. Peter himself, giving law to the Catholic Church.”

Another salient feature of similarity between the Catholic Church of the Nicene period and of the present day, has been drawn out by the “Recent Convert.” The Nicene Creed gives formally a description of the Church, “One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic.” To what body does this description apply at the present day ?

“The Established Church of England *manifestly* fails in two, at least, of these notes, viz. Catholicity and Unity. Catholic she not only is not, but from her very constitution cannot be ; for she is the Church of the English empire alone. She has no existence and no mission out of the Queen’s dominions ; she spreads or she shrinks, as these are enlarged or contracted. The single apparent exception to this rule is the Jerusalem Bishopric, which churchmen disown. Moreover, even at Jerusalem the Established Church possesses no local See, but a mere superintendence of British residents ; the title of the Bishop is not Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, but Bishop of the United Church, &c. in Jerusalem. The Church of England, therefore, in herself, is not, and cannot be, the ‘Holy Church *throughout the world*,’ of which the Te Deum speaks, nor the ‘One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church’ of the Nicene Creed.

“In herself she cannot be such : is she, however, such, (as some say,) inasmuch as she is an integral part of the Catholic Church ? Not so ; for, to be such, she should be owned by what are called the remaining parts. Her bare assertion, that she is such, does not make her such ; again, as a *Church*, she does not assert this, but only in the person of a comparatively small number of her members. Other views of her character and mission are quite as rife within her as this ‘branch’ theory ; nay, far more so ; and those views, rather than this theory, have the sanction of her actual authorities. But even were it otherwise ; even did the Established Church love the Roman and Greek churches, as much as she certainly hates the former, and shuns the latter, this would not prove her to be one with them, in the teeth of their entire disavowal of all connexion with her. It is at least as likely they should be right in their view as she in hers, considering how far they outnumber her ; and especially since, although at variance with one another, they agree in disowning her. Now what is the fact ? That, whether members of the Anglican Church go to the Roman or to the Greek Church, they are alike refused communion, on the ground of their



being an integral part, not of the Catholic, but of the Protestant body.

“And hence the Established Church of England lacks also that primary note of the Church—Unity. ‘Hereby shall men know that ye are My disciples,’ says our Lord, ‘if ye have love one to another.’ Our Lord here plainly refers to some *visible* token, not to any mere inward bond or tacit agreement. ‘Hereby shall men *know*,’ &c.; therefore Unity is styled a ‘note’ of the Church. This indeed follows from the Church being (as all churchmen consider it) a *visible* body. Her unity, the mutual affection between her members, must be *apparent*, or it is not the unity our Lord requires. And how can it be pretended that there is even so much as an *internal* unity, *i. e.* a unity of feeling, between the churches of Rome and Greece and that established in England? Are the members of the Church of England, as a body, more kindly affected towards the members of the Greek or of the Roman Communion, as a body, than towards Dissenters and other Protestants? Nay, is it not the fact, that they are notoriously less so? Is it too much to say, that any manifestation of sympathy with the Church of Rome, at least, so far from being natural to the Church of England, is rather the one especial signal for mistrust on the part of her members, and of discountenance on that of her authorities? There is no subject on which the Established Church is perfectly at one; but that which, perhaps, unites the largest amount of suffrages in its favour is—dislike of the Church of Rome. And this is certainly true of the Established Church during the whole period of her history since the Reformation, as any one may know by consulting the language of her best divines.

“If the Church of England be thus clearly wanting in the notes of Catholicity and Unity, (the very first principles of her constitution, as an independent national body, being essentially Anticatholic,) there is no need to go into the questions of her correspondence with the other marks, of Sanctity and Apostolicity, though much might be said on these subjects also; because, since the Church is to be denoted by *several* signs together, the clear absence, in the case of any particular Communion, of *one* essential mark, is decisive against the claim of such communion to be accounted the Church of Christ, or part of it.

“Is there a Communion in which all the acknowledged notes of the Church combine? There is one, and but one. The Church of Rome is certainly Apostolical; certainly she has the note of Sanctity (witness the unbroken chain of her canonized Saints;) she is certainly Catholic in constitution, in profession, and in fact; and certainly One in the essentials of Doctrine and of the Sacraments, as well as in the mutual and active inter-communion of her members, and of the different local Churches in her obedience.

“To compare her, for an instant, with the Church of England in respect of Catholicity and Unity: is not a Roman Catholic *at home*

in every country, and in every quarter of the globe? Is not the spiritual empire of the Holy See quite independent of geographical boundaries and national distinctions? If England should lose her colonial possessions to-morrow, where would be the Church of England but shut up in England? But the empire and province of the Catholic Church would remain, as they are, universal, though the boundaries of earthly kingdoms should be entirely changed.

“Now, consider our Blessed Lord’s command to His Apostles, and through them to His Church of every time: ‘Go and teach *all nations*.’ Of institutions now claiming the name of Churches, which *alone* can obey this command?”—pp. 3-6.

It is a significant fact, that the first named of these two arguments we have drawn out in defence of the claims of the Catholic Church—an argument which, in one shape or other, is of all the most common in Catholic controversial works—seems never to have been present to Mr. Allies’s mind. Let us now, then, advert to *his* statement on the elementary principle which is to be our key in interpreting church history. Here it is:

“The bishops throughout the world.....are successors of the apostles, invested with the plenitude of that royal priesthood, which the Son of God had set upon the earth in His own person, and from that person had communicated to His chosen disciples, and so possessed of whatever authority was necessary to govern the Church.....And viewed in itself, this power *was sovereign and independent in every individual bishop*, who was the spouse of the Church, the successor of the apostles, and of Peter, *the centre of unity*; able moreover to communicate this authority to others, and to become the source of a long line of spiritual descendants....The see of Peter, so often referred to by St. Cyprian...means the see of every bishop who holds that office, whereof Peter is the great type, example, and source.”—pp. 16, 17, 31.

Now, in dealing with so confused and misty a writer as Mr. Allies, it is extremely difficult to save one’s self from the charge of unfairness, and of pressing individual statements without due consideration of the writer’s general meaning. We can only say, that we have done the utmost in our power to avoid such a course; but we have a very difficult part to play in the matter. Thus, as to the expressions above quoted, however clear and distinct in themselves, it might still very easily be said, that there are many other passages in the work which, not only in their spirit, but even in the way of direct logical conse-



quence, are directly contradictory to these expressions. We cannot deny all this: Mr. Allies is an inconsecutive, contradictory thinker. Still, the doctrine expressed above is contained in a more precise and definite shape than is any contradictory doctrine; and, consequently, it seems more natural to make it the foundation of our remarks. In fact, if we were to go by the general spirit and drift of the work, we should be led to think that the author regarded *the patriarchal system* as of divine right: but we cannot impute to him this opinion, because (1.) such an opinion would be fatal to his own cause, seeing there is no patriarch from whom the Anglican bishops derive jurisdiction; and (2.) because he has distinctly contemplated the question, and rules (p. 54.) that, though that system “approaches very nearly to” being of divine right, “and was the effluence of the Spirit of God, ruling and guiding the Church of the Fathers,” still it was “not *strictly* of divine right, *as is the high priesthood of the bishops.*”

And we feel ourselves the more at liberty to take this as the fundamental doctrine for which Mr. Allies is to be responsible, because it is the recognized doctrine of Anglicans of his own school. Thus Mr. Thompson (p. 187) quotes an Anglican reviewer of Mr. Allies’s work, as distinctly laying down the principle: “Every small, poor, humble diocese is competent, if all the rest were swallowed up by physical or moral ruin, to refill the world. *Each bishop is bishop of the entire Church*; holds the full apostolic powers,” &c. The same doctrine was the one key-note of all the earlier “Tracts for the Times,” and was never in the Tracts qualified or retracted. “Our holy fathers, the bishops,” are “representatives of the apostles and the angels of the churches,” because “if we trace back the power of ordination from hand to hand, we shall come to the Apostles at last.” (Tract i.) “We are members of the Church Apostolical,” because “we have apostolical succession, (Tract iv.); and so on to the end of the chapter. On this doctrine, too, is grounded the whole notion of the Oxford writers about Catholics being schismatics in England; and, again, the strange sort of race that seems to be run for prior possession of some hitherto unappropriated locality; as when the Anglican Bishop of Tasmania gets a fortnight’s start of his opponent, and then pronounces that the Catholic Bishop of Hobart Town is a schismatic. Exhibitions of this kind, which would be

unspeakably amusing if they were not so lamentable, and if one's heart did not bleed for those unhappy victims of the delusion, who, by such absurd child's play, are kept in ignorance of their true home—these exhibitions, we say, all proceed avowedly on the precise principle to which Mr. Allies above has given expression. Let us first, then, see what comes of this principle.

It is not a *consequence* of this principle, but a simple statement of it in other terms, that no bishop or episcopal body can possibly be schismatical. The "centre of unity," to use one of Mr. Allies's phrases, cannot possibly be *external* to unity; he with whom "sovereign and independent power" is lodged, to take another of his phrases, must possess that power "independently" of any condition as to communion with others; if to be governed by apostolically-descended bishops is a sufficient proof of being within the visible church, as the *Tracts for the Times* with one voice assert, it is simply an equipollent proposition to say, that no body governed by apostolically-descended bishops can be outside of the visible church. "The union," therefore, "of these several portions of the church," as Mr. Thompson observes, (p. 187,) "is not an *organic* but merely a *federal* union;" just such an union as there is between two independent nations, while a cordial understanding subsists. It is fully sufficient to state this proposition nakedly, and contrast it with the whole doctrine on church unity, expressed in all the language, and implied in all the proceedings, of the Fathers of the Nicene era. However, as it is worth while taking some little trouble to make clear the real nature of this preposterous theory, we will just draw out one or two consequences which, by logical necessity, are involved in it.

Thus, (1,) where such a view is held, there will be unceasing and unlimited tendency to break up the church into an indefinite number of episcopally-governed atoms. It may be quite true that, in a great number of cases, the act of a bishop in separating from the general mass will involve even grievous sin against charity and brotherly love: still there will be many cases also where it will not. Such is Mr. Allies's own judgment. There would be, he tells us, (p. 17,) "not only imminent danger, *but almost certainty*, that a power unlimited in its nature, committed to so large a number of men, *who might become indefinitely more numerous, yet were each independent centres*



*of authority*, instead of tending to unity would produce diversity." And it requires only a very little consideration of human nature and the circumstances of the world, to see on how large a scale such a result would follow. If two Saints, at a period too so close to the Apostolic, could differ on a matter in which no one now-a-days will deny that one view or the other was a heresy, (we allude of course to St. Stephen and St. Cyprian,) much more would ordinary bishops, who need not be Saints, so differ: and a difference on a subject of this nature, where there is no common authority to which obedience is due, must inevitably produce a separation: a bishop would fail in his duty, who should not guard his flock from contamination, by forbidding them intercourse with those who, in his serious judgment, were corrupting the pure faith of the Gospel. Nor is it only on questions of doctrine that such separations would be built; there are numberless matters of discipline, of ritual, of what we may call ecclesiastical prudence, which would produce a like result. Various bishops might all be in their way men even of holy and mortified life, and yet legitimately and naturally take such opposite views on a multitude of such questions, that intercommunion would be impossible: unless, of course, (which is the Catholic theory,) their own power is *not* by Divine right "sovereign and independent," but there is some other tribunal to which they are bound by God's law to submit. And we have only further to carry our mind gradually onwards from the fourth century, and recall to our memory the innumerable new questions on faith and practice which the church has had to encounter in her course, to form some idea of the Babel-like confusion, the indescribable hubbub, in which the whole church would be involved, by the time she came down to the nineteenth century.

But Mr. Allies tells us that a remedy was provided against this by the patriarchal system. Certainly if that system were of *divine right*, a remedy would be so far provided; instead of "*tot ecclesiæ quot episcopi*," it would only be "*tot ecclesiæ quot patriarchæ*;" which, as the patriarchs were only four, and the bishops more nearly four thousand,\* would be a very considerable mitigation. But then Mr. Allies, as already quoted, tells us distinctly that this con-

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\* More than *one* thousand unquestionably.

stitution was *not* of directly divine authority; and if this be so, we see not how it would provide any remedy at all. A bishop would fail very disgracefully in his bounden duty, if when seriously believing christian faith or morals to be tampered with, he were restrained by a rule of the *church* from snatching out of contamination those committed to him by the law of *God*. Nor would even any *engagements* of obedience to his metropolitan or patriarch, affect the question. If I made the most solemn promise in the world to allow my young children to mix familiarly with those of some one of my acquaintance, and afterwards discover that he encourages or allows his children in immorality or heresy, there is no casuist that ever lived who would hold me bound to my promise. Why? Because the duty of religiously educating my children is one of prior obligation. Not the *breaking* then, but the *taking*, vows of obedience to a metropolitan, would be the sin, according to the theory of “sovereign and independent” bishops.

To reasoning such as this, there is the strangest answer that was ever seen, in an article which appeared in the “Christian Remembrancer” of last January: the Reviewer says (p. 203), that in fact there has been no such interminable division, and to a moral certainty there never will be such; “because, therefore,” he continues, “the fact of existing division has to be accounted for, we have not therefore to account for the fact of a vast amount of division which does not exist.” As if, forsooth, all bishops throughout the world held this theory of their own “independent sovereignty,” and were restrained from mutual separation, by the “love”\* they bear to each other. Whereas we seriously believe that there is no one bishop or so-called bishop in the world, who really believes in any such theory. It is all very well to declaim on Mr. Allies’s text of the “sovereign and independent power of bishops,” as a weapon ready at hand to fling against Catholics; but does the Reviewer seriously mean that there are Anglican bishops who practically hold themselves to be at

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\* The Christian Remembrancer characterises the hypothetical case of such indefinite schism, as being “a state of things in which Christians, *instead of loving each other*, had grown to *hate* one another to such an extent, that no one single particle of the Church would cleave to any other.”



liberty, if they will, to separate from the Established Church, and to have the power of carrying the members of their diocese along with them into their new community? The "Recent Convert" reminds us, (p. 16,) of the fact that one Anglican bishop protested against Dr. Gobat's appointment to the Jerusalem bishopric; and he too, if any one, professing "high-church" principles. Does the Reviewer wish us to understand that Dr. Philpotts believes he has the power, if he pleases, to mark his sense of this measure, by separating from the national communion and founding a "Church of Devonshire" as contrasted with the "Church of England?" Observe the inconsistency of Anglican controversialists. Here is an appointment objected to for no minor reasons, but on the distinct grounds of schism and heresy.\* Catholics reproach the Anglican Church with the ignominy of the transaction. It is replied that two prelates alone are answerable for it, for that the Anglican Church itself has its hands tied.† And then the next minute we hear that so far from having its hands tied, each bishop has full liberty to act as he pleases; and that it is a proof of his "love" for his brethren on the episcopal bench, that he still unites himself to their communion.

(2.) Next it must be remembered, in judging of the theory under discussion, not only that bishops who really held it, would inevitably, and that without supposing any grievous sin, fall into constant divisions and sub-divisions; but even if they separated from each other in a spirit directly sinful, from a spirit of contention, or a desire of

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\* Mr. Allies himself is honourably explicit on this subject, (p. 203.) "If the Jerusalem bishopric," he says, "promoted (at the instance of a foreign minister not in communion with our Church, and who has recorded in the strongest terms his objection to her apostolical episcopacy,) by two bishops on their private responsibility....be the commencement of a course of amalgamation with the Lutheran or Calvinistic heresy, who that values the authority of the ancient undivided Church, does not feel his allegiance to our own branch fearfully shaken?"

† Thus Mr. Allies tells us, (p. 204.) that the "constitution" of the Anglican Church "*violently suspended by an enemy*, for one hundred and thirty years, yet requires that every one of her acts which bind her as a whole, should be assented to by her priesthood in representation, as well as by her episcopacy."

aggrandisement, their spiritual subjects would be compelled in bounden duty to follow them. This, we say, is necessarily involved in this theory; unless indeed Mr. Allies holds the Wickliffeite principle that, "dominion is founded in grace," and that mortal sin in a superior absolves the subject from his allegiance. This principle is of course simply anarchical, and was so used by those who invented it: it is so, as for other reasons, so also because no one except God and (if so be) his confessor can know the state of a bishop's conscience, and the whole principle of settled jurisdiction must therefore fall to the ground, if it be admitted. Here then is a new aspect of an old position; and "*quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*," becomes true in a deeper sense than the poet intended. No one, in fact, can open a single page of Ecclesiastical History, without seeing how numerous and how serious were the contentions of bishops. We have, e. g., St. Gregory Nazianzen's criticism on their behaviour at General Councils.

(3.) But the constitution of the Anglican Church requires a still further admission; it requires us to believe that each individual bishop may devise "*articles of religion*" of his own invention, and from his own private judgment on the Sacred Text; and require assent to such articles on the part of all whom he ordains. In other words, he may require his own private and peculiar notions to be held by every one of those from whom the people are to learn their religion.

(4.) Nay, what is to hinder him from imposing them actually on all as *terms of communion*? Or, rather, how can it be otherwise than his *duty* to impose new terms of communion, if some new and pernicious heresy be infecting his flock? But if God require this at his hands, He must have invested him with the correlative privilege of *infallibility*. "If every bishop," says Mr. Thompson, "possesses the episcopate in himself, he must also possess *infallibility* as well as sovereignty; if not, the episcopate is divided and its attributes separated from itself as well as from each other." (p. 144, note.)

And here too there will be present to the minds of all the continually reiterated assertion, that members of the Roman Communion, e. g., in England, are schismatics: an assertion indeed, which, to be consistent, ought to be carried further. Every one knows that the deliberate inten-



tion of committing mortal sin under given circumstances, is itself a state of mortal sin. But there is not a Catholic living, who does not deliberately intend, should he come to England, to go to mass and not to the Anglican service: therefore there is no Catholic living, who (except from invincible ignorance) is exempted from a state of mortal sin. We really owe our readers an apology for taking so much trouble with these puerilities; but it appears there *are* controversialists who are unable to enter into one's meaning, unless we draw it out even to tedious minuteness, and express it in terms "level to the meanest capacities."

Such then is the extraordinary position which a number of respectable gentlemen writing on theology have gravely maintained—in their closets and on paper. We will not, however, lay any further stress on the conclusions we have logically deduced from it; but we will take the theory in its undeveloped simplicity, and compare it with Mr. Allies's own test, the writings of the Early Fathers; nay, with the very quotations which Mr. Allies has himself brought together from those Fathers. Every bishop, says Mr. Allies, is himself "the centre of unity," and possessed of "sovereign and independent power." St. Hilary, bishop of Arles, in a provincial council, *deposes* Celidonius, bishop of Besançon: this also Mr. Allies tells us, (p. 103.) Again St. Cyprian writes to Pope St. Stephen, begging him to read a letter to the people of Arles, by which their bishop, *who had joined himself to the schismatic Novatian*, might be *excommunicated and another substituted for him*. What! "The centre of unity" excommunicated? One possessed of "sovereign and independent power" deposed? "The spouse of the church" divorced? "The successor of St. Peter" thrust from his chair? The Council of Antioch ordered that bishops, condemned by a provincial council, might recur to a larger council of bishops; the Council of Sardica, that they might appeal to the Pope: the "sovereign and independent" potentates are surely here exhibited in rather a dependent light. But it is really unnecessary to make further extracts; it is not too much to say that there is no one fact in the early ecclesiastical annals, be it as isolated, detached, and anomalous as you will, that can by any violence be so distorted, as to give even a momentary colour to this truly astonishing allegation. Whether we

look on the surface or under the surface, whether to the general spirit or to individual details, all facts of every kind conspire with one accord to negative and disprove it. We desire the candid reader merely to read through Mr. Allies's work, and question this statement of ours if he can.

And no one feels this fact more acutely than the author himself, though he has contrived to blind himself to his own feelings. No sooner has he stated his general theory, (p. 17,) than, under the influence of a secret consciousness how extravagantly that theory contradicts facts, he begins to qualify and half to retract. The episcopal power was by divine right "sovereign and independent;" *only* in practice "a preponderating influence was exercised by certain sees." In another place, where he expressly denies (p. 54,) that the patriarchal system was "strictly of divine right," he adds that, "it approaches very nearly to it, and was the effluence of the Spirit of God ruling and guiding the Church of the Fathers;" as though such an evasion would enable him to escape the legitimate consequences of his own formally expressed doctrine. A similar want of confidence in his own principles, is exhibited by his desire (p. 54,) to "justify himself from the damning blot of schism," by alleging against the existing Roman Church, innovation upon ancient principles: whereas, if his own views be just, he cannot possibly be *obnoxious* to the charge of schism, unless he doubts the validity of his diocesan's, Dr. Samuel Wilberforce's, consecration; a doubt which, however well-founded, has evidently never entered his mind. But there is no passage in the work which more signally exemplifies, on the one hand his rare candour and freedom from the ordinary controversial spirit, and on the other hand the dense confusion of ideas which possesses his mind, than the following very noteworthy passage. The "precedence or prerogative of Rome," he says, "to whatever extent it reached, was certainly...not either claimed or granted merely because Rome was the imperial city. It was explicitly claimed by the Bishop of Rome, *and as freely conceded by others to him*, as in a special sense successor to St. Peter.....From the very first the Roman Pontiff seems possessed himself, as from a living tradition which had thoroughly penetrated the local Roman Church, with a consciousness of some peculiar influence he was to exercise *over the whole*



*Church.* This consciousness does not show itself here and there in the line of Roman Pontiffs, but one and all .... seem to have imbibed it from the atmosphere which they breathed..... That they were the successors of St. Peter, who himself *sat, and ruled, and spoke* in their person, was as strongly felt and as consistently declared by those Pontiffs who preceded the time of Constantine..... as by those who followed..... The feeling of their brother bishops concerning them may have been less definite, *as was natural*, but even those who most opposed any arbitrary stretch of authority on their part, as St. Cyprian, fully admitted that they sat in the See of St. Peter, and ordinarily treated them with the greatest deference. This is written *so very legibly upon the records of antiquity*, that I am persuaded any one, who is even very slightly acquainted with them, *cannot with sincerity dispute it.*"

Now it is precisely on this fundamental view of Mr. Allies, which we have been endeavouring to place distinctly before the mind of our readers, (in the hope that Mr. Allies may possibly be induced to place it distinctly before his own mind,) it is precisely upon this fundamental view that Mr. Thompson joins issue with him. "This is *not*," he says, (p. 2,) "the Catholic doctrine; it *was not* the doctrine of the Fathers and Councils of the first six centuries." "No individual bishop, as such, possesses a sovereign and independent power. *Sovereign and independent power is the prerogative of the whole episcopal body*; and the power which each bishop possesses, he possesses simply *as a member of that body*. But that body consists of bishops corporately united, not only one with another, but with one *as their head and connecting bond*. This head and bond is the Bishop of Rome, the Successor of St. Peter." (p. 30.) Such is the elementary principle or key, which Mr. Thompson brings forward as harmonizing and explaining both the acts and the words of the early centuries; and he proceeds to apply it to various quotations which Mr. Allies had produced. There is of course no room to follow him in this process: and we can only most strongly recommend our readers to procure the work itself; which they will find solid and convincing in the highest degree. At the same time nothing more is really necessary for an earnest enquirer, than to bear in mind the two antagonist principles, Mr. Allies's and Mr. Thomp-

son's, and apply them respectively, page after page, to an appreciation of the phenomena on which Mr. Allies rests. He will at once find, that while Mr. Allies's view only makes "confusion worse confounded," and would reduce the history of those times to one mass of inexplicable contradictions and incongruities, by help of the Catholic principle as stated by Mr. Thompson, the facts form themselves into an intelligible and harmonious group.

Mr. Thompson directs attention to the distinction, so continually forgotten by Anglicans, between *jurisdiction* and *order*; and explains that the present controversy turns wholly on the former. Were the validity of the Anglican orders as certain and unquestionable as it is in truth most doubtful and problematical, the cause of Anglicans would not be advanced one step. No Catholics doubt that the separated Greeks, or the Nestorians, or the Jacobites, have true and valid ordinations; yet, at the same time, no Catholic doubts that men dying in those communions, unless they have the plea of invincible ignorance, forfeit salvation. The question of *jurisdiction* is the one really at issue: and on that question Mr. Thompson does not for a moment hesitate to adopt Bellarmine's statement, (the very statement against which Mr. Allies so earnestly protests,) as being logically "involved in the primary idea of the Episcopate," and expressing moreover pretty evidently the *mind* of the Church at the present day; although it is not as yet formally defined and sanctioned. That statement, as is well known, declares that the jurisdiction of all other bishops is, not directly from God, but derived from the Pope. This "may be regarded," he says, (p. 5,) "by some as an extreme conclusion; but I am thoroughly satisfied that men's hearts in these days are not gained by half-statements, nor their convictions secured by withholding the full logical consequences which appear to be logically deducible from any ruled doctrine of the Church."

The other side of Bellarmine's statement is perhaps less generally known. While contending zealously for what is really essential, with characteristic moderation he opposes the extreme opinions of those, who maintained that *the Apostles* derived their jurisdiction from St. Peter. His doctrine is well illustrated and explained by Mr. Thompson. (p. 65.)

"While on earth, our Lord was not only, as He ever is, the head



of His mystical body, and the true source of all power in it, but He was also the *Visible Head* and *Visible Source* of jurisdiction. Ere He ascended up into heaven, He commissioned Peter and made him the supreme pastor and visible head of His Church.....then also He commissioned the rest of His apostles in conjunction with Peter. He conferred upon them *an universal mission*. He conferred it upon them *corporately in union with Peter*. He did not give the whole world to each singly.....neither did He divide the world into twelve equal portions, and give to each a twelfth; but He gave it first to Peter, and then He gave it to the rest in union with Peter....Hence Peter may be said to be the *source* of their jurisdiction, not as if it were conferred by him, but because, though conferred immediately by Christ, it was conferred upon them only as united with Peter.....

“The jurisdiction which the first *bishops* received, was not conferred upon them immediately by Christ, but by the Apostles. This power of conferring jurisdiction the Apostles had in virtue of their universal mission: but the mission which the bishops received was *not universal*, but *particular only*. When the Apostles founded churches, they did not communicate to those they placed over them that universal mission which they had themselves received, but conferred upon them a restricted and limited power. And moreover, in conferring it, they did it not of their single independent authority, but in virtue of their corporate union, with one at their head, viz., Peter.

“Now a little reflection would convince us that nothing less than *Apostolic* power could bestow jurisdiction; and that the question therefore is, *where* that Apostolic power has continued to reside, and consequently it might be sufficient to observe that as *there were not many episcopates, but one episcopate*, so *there were not many sources of jurisdiction, but one source*; in other words, that the twelve Apostles were not twelve original sources of jurisdiction, but that, as the episcopate had its origin in one, viz., Peter, so the source of jurisdiction was in the same; and that, in fact, *he alone of all the Apostles left an actual successor*, who therefore succeeded not only to his Apostolic power, but to his headship or supremacy over the Church.....If it was James the Apostle who was bishop of Jerusalem, his successor in the see possessed not his Apostolic but his episcopal or diocesan power.....Whatever, therefore, may have been the discipline of the Church at different times, the real ultimate source of jurisdiction has ever been the same. By whomsoever conferred, jurisdiction has always been *derived* from the source which Christ established at the beginning, viz., Peter and his successors. Each of the Apostles, in virtue of their universal mission, had, in union with Peter, the power of bestowing jurisdiction. But since they departed from the Church, the Pope alone possesses that power singly, which the episcopal body possesses in *corporate union* with him; for it is thus only that the bishops are the

*successors of the Apostles.* The Pope is therefore, *jure divino*, the ultimate source of all ordinary jurisdiction, whether it be actually conferred by him or no. In the present discipline of the Church it is actually conferred by him."

It is of course impossible, by any abridgment or extracts, to give any fair or adequate idea of Mr. Thompson's argument; which is the most masterly and the most completely worked out, that we have met with for a long time. If it be said that the theory stated above, however consistent and comprehensive, is *only* a theory; the answer of course is ready: the historical proof of it is to be sought in the writings of the Holy Fathers. Mr. Thompson maintains that this theory does on the whole explain and harmonize their separate statements, views, and acts, and that no other theory has any pretensions to do so: and in particular he applies himself to the various quotations or facts brought forward by Mr. Allies, and shows that not that gentleman's view but the Catholic doctrine, is the true and legitimate exponent of those facts. Mr. Allies indeed himself does not attempt to deny, what his quotations expressly declare, that the Pope was explicitly and distinctly regarded from the first, as the divinely constituted centre of unity in the Church; fatal though such an admission be to his own cause. And on the other hand, Mr. Thompson is far from alleging that the full extent of the consequences, or the full depth of the significance, involved in this high office, was realised in earlier as in later times.

"It is not necessary to suppose, as it is not here maintained, that the exact relations between St. Peter's successor and his episcopal brethren, were finally determined and specifically defined in the earlier ages. These would be gradually developed and more accurately stated, as the circumstances of the Church brought them under consideration. I do not mean that the supremacy would be developed, for that existed by Christ's institution from the beginning; but that the Church, as a living body, would exert whatever powers she possessed inherently in herself, as occasion required; and in the course of such exertion, would demonstrate *where* they resided, and cause them to be more clearly ascertained and defined. Thus the Church seems to have been possessed from the first, with the simple primary idea, that the Apostolic body in indissoluble union with Peter as its head, composed the one episcopate, and was the source of all authority and jurisdiction. The early Fathers might not have as clear and definite idea as now possesses the Catholic mind, that the fulness of those powers resided in the Pope, as acting by



himself; but though not as clear and definite, the *true* idea they certainly possessed—and I am far from allowing that every truth has not been from the first in the mind of the Church—as shown indisputably when emergencies arose, and called for final adjustment and decision. Whenever such emergencies arose, the mind of the Church immediately *felt* where her appeal and help lay. She turned to the see of Peter. This Mr. Allies allows, though he does not appear to perceive the cause of it. The cause was this, that the Church implicitly held, what she holds now, that the see of Peter is the source, and the seat, of her supreme authority. She was habitually acting upon that knowledge in the manner and degree which circumstances called for; and as the truths at the foundation of this her constant practice were impugned or denied, she, who like the wise householder can produce from her treasures things new and old, brought forward into prominent teaching, that which from the first she had implicitly held and acted on. How otherwise is to be accounted for the constant turning of the Church in her distresses and difficulties, whether from heresy or injustice, to the see of Peter? Why should such turning be natural to her, but for a divine instinct deeply seated in the heart of the Church, upon which she had not as yet consciously reasoned, which told her where lay the rock and foundation of that strength? To deny her knowledge on that account, would be unphilosophical and untrue; *conscious reasoning is but one form and shape in which knowledge expresses itself, and naturally not the first.* Neither let it be said that the Church herself was in her infancy and had a limited understanding; the truth rather being that her *state* at first was an infant state, and that she put forth only such powers as that state required. Surely it is not to degrade the Church to argue thus, *since He, whose body she is, and whose life she represents, condescended Himself, who was Infinite Wisdom, to become an 'infant of days,' and to display His divine knowledge by a sort of economy, increasing in wisdom as in stature.*

“I do not mean that there was nothing more than an instinct and a feeling, for the mind of the Church at times expressed itself in the very strongest terms. Still there was more in these terms of the expression of a feeling, or the incidental allusion to a well recognised principle, undisputed and unquestioned, and therefore the less defined and analyzed, than of precise dogmatic statement. We are perhaps less capable of speaking clearly upon the primary principles upon which we act, which being, as it were, the starting points of our action, are therefore neither questioned nor reflected upon, than any others. The more the whole moral being of a person is at unity with itself, the less he seems capable of dissecting and examining the springs of action, and the principles by which his life is governed. The deepest feelings express themselves the most spontaneously, and therefore unconsciously, and the process by its rapidity evades the eye; and thus it was with the Church in her youth, as we may conceive it was with man in his primæval

state ; her actions embodied deep thoughts and prophecies ; her feelings were divine instincts.”—pp. 95-99.

Having begun to cite this exceedingly beautiful and forcible passage, we could not forbear from bringing it to a conclusion ; though the earlier part of it alone would have sufficed to show the course of Mr. Thompson’s reasoning. And now, from the Pope’s prerogative of *supreme governance*, let us turn our mind to another of his chief prerogatives, that of *infallibility*.

“ It is a matter of notoriety, that wherever a council has opposed the Pope in matters of faith, the council has yielded at length, and been proved to be wrong ; but that whenever a Pope has refused to ratify the decrees of a council, his judgment has been accepted in the end and proved to be right. This exemption from error Mr. Allies remarks upon, attributing the great ‘moral weight’ which ‘the voice of the bishop of Rome’ obtained in the Church to a ‘concurrence of events,’ in all which he ‘was beheld immoveable, supporting with his whole authority what *turned out* to be the orthodox view.’ Rather, I would say, it was thus that the feeling which had possessed the Church from the beginning, gradually assumed the form of a conscious and settled conviction. And what, I would ask, can have so firmly fixed in the mind of the Church, a belief in the infallibility of her head, as this constant experience of the unerring orthodoxy of his authoritative judgments ? As then it was part of God’s providential dealings with His Church, that the unity of her faith should be more clearly demonstrated by the consent of her bishops, so He would show to the world, rather by experience than by express declaration, that the infallibility which resided in the whole collective episcopate, resided also in him, who, as Peter’s successor, was ‘the head and pillar of the faith, and foundation of the Catholic Church ;’ and that it was the same Spirit of Truth Who spoke, whether the whole body concurred in an audible judgment, or the head alone gave utterance to His word.”—pp. 158-160.

By the phrase “rather by experience than by express declaration,” we do not understand the author to deny, indeed his whole argument shows that he is as far as possible from denying, that the Pope’s infallibility in his dogmatical decisions, was *really involved* in the express declarations made by our Blessed Lord and His Apostles ; but only that the course of circumstances was the especial means whereby the “mind of the Church,” if we may use such a phrase, came to see that it *was* so involved ; and whereby individual christians felt more deeply and habitu-



ally the *doctrinal truth* of the original instinct. For observe,—if (as is most certain from the very surface of Church History) the Church was looked upon from the very first by the faithful, as being both the one only ark of salvation, and also the one only visible light to guide them in their pilgrimage to Eternity; if (to use an illustration we have already adopted) their feeling towards their spiritual rulers in their respective spheres was that of sheep towards a shepherd, of children toward a parent, insomuch that the respective ideas of obeying their commands and submitting to their instruction, were united into one inseparable impression in the mind of any humble-minded Christian; it follows, both that the general doctrine of the Church's infallibility was held, at least implicitly, from the very first, and also that in proportion as the idea of "centre of unity" was seen to involve that of "supreme governor," in that proportion and with precisely a corresponding march, would it be seen to involve that of "infallible interpreter of Apostolic doctrine."

Let us look at this more closely. Mr. Allies, with characteristic candour, mentions the following as a fact, "written so very legibly upon the records of Antiquity," that he is "persuaded any one who is even very slightly acquainted with them, *cannot with any sincerity dispute it.*" (p. 20.) This fact is, that "the Roman Pontiff seems" to any one who reads Church History, "possessed himself, as from a living tradition which had thoroughly penetrated the local Roman Church, with a consciousness of some peculiar influence which he was to exercise on the whole Church," in that they, the line of Roman Pontiffs, "were the successors of St. Peter, who himself *sat and ruled and spoke in their person.*" (p. 19.) "The feeling of their brother bishops concerning them, *may have been less definite*, as was natural." (p. 20.)\* Now here precisely is

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\* Mr. Allies, with his usual carelessness, has forgotten this very reasonable observation of his own, when commenting (p. 60,) on the extremely strong language used by Pope St. Innocent on the extent of his prerogative. These expressions, says Mr. Allies, "come from a Pope; *in St. Augustine's mouth they would have had much more force.*" And he has no less forgotten the facts of the case; for St. Augustine, as Mr. Thompson reminds us, (p. 78,) expressly says, "he (the Pope) *wrote back to us in such manner as was fitting, and as became the Prelate of the Apostolic See.*"

the interpretation of the few explicit anti-papal facts or sayings, which Mr. Allies has brought together. The "local Roman Church was thoroughly penetrated with a consciousness of some peculiar" and most signal "influence which" the Pope "was to exercise on the whole Church;" which he was to exercise, we will add, in virtue of that position in which he had been distinctly and explicitly placed by our Blessed Lord, as the essential centre of unity. On the one hand, in proportion as the Church was knit together externally and consolidated, through the cessation of persecutions, the eye of the faithful would be directed upwards, beyond their immediate pastors, to the acknowledged Primate of the Church, in search both of commands to obey and of guidance to follow; while on the other hand, each successive event would bring with it some new consciousness to the mind of the reigning Pontiff, as to the nature and extent of the post which God Himself had assigned to his keeping. Now, since the feeling of his brother bishops concerning him was naturally "less definite," it would frequently enough happen that the other parties concerned would be far less clear-sighted in their estimation of the Pope's legitimate prerogative, than was the Pope himself. Nor would anything be more reasonable or natural, or more like what happens every day, (and this remark is often to be found in the works of the old Catholic controversialists,) than that the Pope in argument with *them*, should base his claims on what was common ground to him *and* them; on what *they* acknowledged to be authority as well as *he* did; on ancient custom, or on the Nicene Canons, or on whatever other support presented itself; that he would *so* argue with them, we say, rather than insist on what (consciously or unconsciously) he felt to be the higher and the truer ground, but which *they* were not prepared to admit. Any fair and honourable means would a holy Pontiff be anxious to press, if by so doing he might hope to save the Church (humanly speaking) from shipwreck; and it would continually happen that the Church *could* only be saved from shipwreck, through his assuming that place of authoritative guidance in doctrine and governance in discipline, which had been assigned him by God Himself.

We have been the more anxious to express this specifically, because we think Mr. Thompson (p. 145-157) does not do full justice to Mr. Allies's argument, (or, rather,



the well-known Gallican argument, reproduced by Mr. Allies,) founded on the circumstance that general councils occasionally reconsidered questions, which the Pope had already decided. Indeed, Mr. Thompson on this head seems hardly consistent with himself. He ends his discussion (p. 158) by saying, very reasonably and forcibly, that the various "decisions, which proved the consent of the Church, proved also—not simply declared, but proved, with an amount of moral certainty not to be resisted—the marvellous fact, that the judgment of the Pope was the judgment of the Church." Now, surely, that which was in any sense proved by these decisions, could not have been so fully known *before* these decisions: and yet, in the earlier part of the argument, the author seems almost to contend that the assembled bishops in every case were conscious and explicit believers in the Pope's infallibility; a supposition which it certainly does seem difficult to reconcile with the facts of the case. M. de Maistre has a distinct chapter (livre i. chapitre 14.) to consider the argument in question; and replies to it by a very observable and profound reflection. Before proceeding, however, with this, as his name has thus occurred, one word in reference to Mr. Allies's repeated charges against his trustworthiness as an historian.

It may be quite true that this writer's *accuracy* of erudition is not so great as its extent and variety, which are indeed truly surprising; nor will we deny that we occasionally desiderate in him a sufficiently fair and attentive consideration of an adversary's position or argument; nay, and in his "Du Pape," we feel painfully at times a more serious omission—a tendency, namely, to consider his subject too exclusively in what may be termed its *political* aspect. Still, no one who has read his "Soirées de S. Petersbourg," can doubt that he has a most deep sympathy, appreciation, and reverence for Catholic doctrine, *as doctrine*. And, for the rest, he has an ever exuberant fountain of "*bon sens laïque*," to use his own expression, which gives him a singular and admirable instinct in detecting at one glance the real bearings of a period or of a controversy; and a historical genius, which enabled him to become the unquestioned originator of a system of historical interpretation, which subsequent writers have more fully and accurately worked out, and which is becoming daily more and more the one acknowledged exponent of

the political effects and influence of Christianity: a system which has thrown light on a whole period formerly given up as obscure and unintelligible, and has, for the first time, traced back modern European civilization to its primary and essential elements. That every thing at once valuable and characteristic in the present features of the human society is mainly the creation of the Catholic Church—such is the great discovery made by De Maistre; and which subsequent enquirers—Catholic, Protestant, and Infidel—Montalembert, Guizot, Comte—are but illustrating and confirming.

Here is the passage of De Maistre to which we were referring:

“La plupart des écrivains Français, depuis le temps surtout où la manie des constitutions s'est emparée des esprits, partent tous, même sans s'en apercevoir, de la supposition d'une loi imaginaire, antérieure à tous les faits et qui les a dirigés; de manière que si le Pape, par exemple, est souverain dans l'Eglise, tous les actes de l'histoire ecclésiastique doivent l'attester, *en se pliant uniformément et sans effort à cette supposition*; et que, dans la supposition contraire, tous les faits de même doivent contredire la souveraineté.

“Or, *il n'y a rien de si faux que cette supposition*, et ce n'est point ainsi que vont les choses; jamais aucune institution importante n'a résultée d'une loi, et *plus elle est grande, moins elle écrit*. Elle se forme elle-même par la conspiration de mille agents, *qui presque toujours ignorent ce qu'ils font*; en sorte que souvent ils ont l'air de ne pas s'apercevoir du droit qu'ils établissent eux-mêmes. *L'institution végète ainsi insensiblement à travers les siècles*; ‘*crescit occulto velut arbor ævo*,’—c'est la devise éternelle de toute grande création, politique ou religieuse.”

In a passage which immediately follows, he makes it quite plain how far he is from maintaining, that the earlier popes in general placed distinctly before their minds in each case any general principle, in virtue of which they acted; rather he considers that they felt unmistakeably, in the present circumstances of the case, *here and now*, that such was the course required by their divinely-appointed position, and acted or spoke accordingly. Much less, therefore, need it be supposed, that the other public characters of the day had before their minds any distinct enunciation of a principle, to which, nevertheless, in numberless cases, they may have been unconsciously yet really deferring. And he represents the opposite way of looking at church history as a peculiar habit of the Gallicans; and



as owing in great measure to the mania for written constitutions and codes, which was characteristic of the French at that period.

We are thus brought directly into the presence of a principle, which has made some little stir among Catholics at the present time, under the name of "developments;" a stir rather owing, we must think, to the novelty of the name and, perhaps, of some applications which have been made of the general principle, than to any novelty in the general principle itself, which is as old as Catholic theology. We had intended in this place to enter at some little length into the subject; but have judged it best on the whole to allot a separate article to its consideration. To that article therefore we refer our readers, as to an indispensable complement of the present. Especially, as various Anglican writers have lately maintained or implied, that the historical arguments, adduced by writers of their school, have driven Catholics to the necessity of devising a new theory, we invite their attention to the passages we have there adduced; which suffice to show that the said theory was fully recognised by doctors of the highest repute in the Church, centuries before they or their arguments were heard of. In the meantime we conclude this branch of our subject with one final observation.

There can be no question, certainly, that the Apostles explained distinctly and expressly to their converts the place held in the Church by the Successor of St. Peter, as the divinely appointed Primate and Centre of unity. On the other hand, in order to estimate aright the *extent* of their disclosures on this subject, we must bear in mind the following consideration. There is nothing more indubitable, nor, in fact, more undoubted, than that the Apostles gave no such information as to the *duration* of the Church's life, as to prevent each successive generation of Christians from having a continual and anxious expectation, that in *their time* Christ was coming to judgment. It follows of course from this, or rather is involved in it, that no knowledge was given as to the future condition and privileges of the Church, which should in any way imply her protracted continuance. That the Church was to be coeval indeed with Christianity itself, or (to speak more truly) that Christianity could have no existence apart from it; moreover, that the Church was ever to remain the one appoint-

ed and sufficient guide on all matters of faith and morals;—this was unquestionably declared. And in proportion as Christians came to realize and reflect upon this doctrine, of course (as we have more than once observed) they would feel that it necessarily implied the gift, inherent in the supreme tribunal of the Church, of interpreting infallibly the apostolic teaching. Still, while the impress and memory of that teaching was fresh and lively in the minds of all, permeating the Church as if with a certain atmosphere of Truth, the office of their rulers as guardians and transmitters of that sacred deposit would be consciously and habitually contemplated by all, rather than that gift of infallible interpretation. And there are many parts of early church history on which this remark will throw light.

There cannot be a more forcible illustration of the general principle of development, than a subject which Mr. Allies absolutely forces on our notice; the Gallican rebellion against the Pope. Mr. Thompson, though a staunch adherent of pure Catholic doctrine, yet treats this Gallican movement with a tenderness and gentleness, for which ourselves we have really no heart. Of all the pictures in history we know none more sickening, than the sight of such a prelate as Bossuet, rebelling against his acknowledged Ecclesiastical Superior, isolating himself with petty nationality from the rest of Christendom, and bearing part in acts of the most paltry and cowardly sycophancy to the secular power; nay, and defending his course on what we must call the pitiful pretext of an appeal to Antiquity. However, putting aside the moral aspect of the case, let us look at it as a mere question of theology and of history. The King claims a right throughout his Kingdom, which before he had enjoyed in parts of it, to enjoy the revenues and patronage of a see during its vacancy. Those who, in obedience to the Pope, resist this innovation, are imprisoned in considerable numbers; and the king proceeds to call together an ecclesiastical council, which, under the auspices of Bossuet, proclaims these Gallican “*Liberties.*” The Pope refuses to confirm Louis’s bishops elect; whereupon the latter, by his own prerogative, confers on his nominees the spiritual supervision of their new dioceses. Such are the proceedings which are gravely represented, (Mr. Allies him-



self seems so to represent them,) as a return to the "pure times of St. Cyprian and St. Augustine!" Can any thing show more plainly, how ludicrously impossible it is really to return back upon the past? Each age has its own advantages and its own evils; and you do not advance one step towards ridding yourself of the latter, by choosing to surrender the former. Give up modern definiteness and precision of doctrine, you are no whit the nearer to (rather so much the farther from) the freshness and liveliness of earlier tradition. Give up obedience to the Pope, you only lose the more effectually that ancient, free, ecclesiastical spirit, which was the old bond of union between orthodox bishops in communion with St. Peter's See; you only change a mild ecclesiastical superior for a secular and tyrannical master; you sell the church into subjection to the world, and set yourselves at variance with the whole episcopal body through all the rest of Christendom.

The same is the case with the worthy Pereira, whose work we named at the head of our article. "Don Joseph," says his English Editor, "had forbidden his subjects under heavy penalties, to have recourse to the Pope under any circumstances whatever. Three or four years past, and people who wished to intermarry within the prohibited degrees could get no dispensations. In this emergency the king and *the equally able and unscrupulous Pombal*, turned their eyes on Pereira;.....if any divine could assist in the dilemma, it was clearly he." (p. ix.—x.) Such is the respectable origin of the work; and of course, as we turn over the leaves, all the well-known names in this hackneyed controversy, Cyprian, Cornelius, Felicissimus, Novatian, Victor, Decretals, and the rest of it, meet our eyes. Looking through the table of contents, we find, "The Seventh Principle. When access and recourse to Rome is prevented by kings and sovereign princes, *it is not the part of bishops to inquire into the justice of the case, but to obey*, and provide in the interim what is needful for the spiritual welfare of their people." Worthy advocate of the episcopal cause! surely the very spirit of St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian breathes in such passages as these. So would *they* have demeaned themselves towards the secular monarch, who should have forbidden their intercommunion with each other, and with the Holy See! Mr. Landon, the translator, must feel himself very oddly assorted with principles of this kind; though it is truly wonderful in

what disreputable company many a well-meaning man will remain, rather than give up a favourite theory.

It is a consolation, however, to hear that the book was publicly burned at Rome (p. xi.); and a still greater to find Mr. Allies's full admission (p. 185) that "the ultra-montane theory alone has now life and vigour in the Roman Church. It seems to absorb into itself all earnest and self-denying minds, while the other is left to that treacherous conservatism which would use the Church as a system of police for the security of worldly interests." When and where was it anything better?

It must not be forgotten, too, that, since Bossuet's time, a very remarkable fact has occurred, which makes the mind of the Church still clearer than before against Gallicanism; we allude to Pope Pius 7th's suppression of the French sees, against the will of many of the bishops: a fact to which Mr. Allies alludes. (p. 51.) There was not a Catholic living who was not bound to treat, and who did not in fact treat, those who separated from the Church on this ground, as external to the one way of salvation. Yet what did they do but remain faithful to their Gallican principles? Doubtless a person may hold these principles without being an actual heretic; but it is difficult to see how he can act upon them without becoming an actual schismatic.

It is remarkable that, confidently as Mr. Allies seems to build upon history, he confesses at the end of his work, (p. 192.) "that he would give up the strongest individual conviction" on that head, were it not for the life and success of the schismatical Greek Church. Here it is that Mr. Renouf joins issue with him; and we heartily wish we had space for a full comment on his excellent pamphlet. As to Mr. Allies's notion that schismatical Greece converted Russia, Mr. Renouf enters at some length into the subject, and conclusively refutes it. (p. 14-17.) Though were the case otherwise, as Mr. Renouf observes (p. 15), "the *Arians* converted and helped to civilize the *Sabæans*, the *Alani*, the *Suevi*, the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, the *Burgundians*, and the *Lombards*; and the *Nestorian* missions were crowned with such success in their day, that the converts to their creed from paganism, together with the *Jacobites*, were once thought to have out-numbered the *Christians* of the *Latin* and *Greek* communions."



Mr. Allies makes much of the point, that, if the Roman Church have preserved the note of *unity*, she has lost that of *Catholicity*. Indeed! Surely, then, on the day of Pentecost she had it not! How could a church, confined to one city, in one obscure province of the Roman empire, be Catholic? As Mr. Thompson observes (p. 192), "the Church is therefore Catholic, because wherever it extends it preserves its identity; it has the property of universal diffusiveness, and is the Church, not of this or that locality, nor of this or that nation, but of the universe;" because it is "the Church of all nations, and people, and languages; because it is at all times and in all places *potentially Catholic*." Hear Mr. Renouf on this head:

"To those who think that the question is affected by numbers, I would offer the consideration of a possible case. The population of China is supposed to exceed three hundred and eighty millions, and, consequently, to outnumber all the existing Christian Communions put together. If the Emperor of China became a Christian, and, like the first Christian sovereign of Russia, made the profession of Christianity obligatory upon his subjects, we should have more Christians in China than in all the remainder of the world. How is it, I ask, an inconceivable or extravagant hypothesis, that a future Emperor and a handful of obsequious bishops should start a heresy or schism, in which their ignorant but obedient population should be involved? And if so, are they still to be considered as belonging to the Christian Church, for the paltry reason, that the exclusion of three hundred millions would ruin the catholicity of the Church?

"There is, in fact, no necessity for going so far as China, to see the futility of judging by numbers. You surely do not believe that perpetuity is promised to the Russian Church. There is no divine promise to secure it from falling into schism or heresy. If you once allow that it *may* fall, in spite of its extent and numbers, it is very bad logic to appeal to its extent and numbers, as a proof that it has not fallen.

"I am addressing those who pay deference to ecclesiastical history, and I call upon them to test the validity of their defence by the history of sects which they themselves consider heretical and schismatical. The Donatist Communion, with its four hundred bishops, formed in its day as large and as active a portion of Christendom as does the Greek Church in our day. They had as much right as any one to talk of the gain of unity at the expense of catholicity. They had valid orders, valid sacraments, pious ascetics, consecrated virgins, vows of chastity, martyrs for the faith. They had the most complete conformity of worship, and all but complete conformity of belief, with the existing Catholic Church. On the

matter of controversy between them and Catholics, both Scripture and the earliest fathers were utterly silent. On *their* side was the undoubted authority of St. Cyprian and Firmilian, not to speak of Councils which represented the traditions of the African and Eastern Churches. The more moderate, like yourselves, admitted the catholicity of the Transmarine Churches; yet St. Optatus and St. Augustine refute them, by pointing to the Chair of Peter, and the indivisible unity of the Church of Christ. What ecclesiastical argument can be advanced for the Church of England, which is not available for the Church of Tichonius and Parmenian?\*

“At a later period of the Church, ‘when all the West and South were in possession of the Arians and all the East in possession of traitors to Chalcedon,’ did the Church lose for a moment its essential note of catholicity? You say: ‘It is a complete refutation of Rome’s claim to be by herself Catholic, that there exists out of her Communion a body of Apostolic descent and government (viz. the Russian Church,) with the same doctrinal system as her own, with the ascetic principle as strongly developed, with the same claim to miracles, with all, in fact, that characterises a Church; a body, moreover, so large, that, supposing the non-existence of the Roman Communion, the promises of God in Scripture to His Church might be supposed to be fulfilled in that body.’ Was it then a complete refutation of the claims of the Catholic Church, that the Monophysites possessed the Churches of Asia and of Egypt,—that they sat on the Apostolic thrones of Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Ephesus,—that they ruled the monasteries of St. Anthony and St. Pachomius? They celebrated the Eucharistic rite with the liturgies of St. James and St. Mark; they spoke the theological language of St. Athanasius and St. Cyril; they exhibited and still continue to exhibit that un-Protestant appearance which you admire in the Greek Church; they are most ardent advocates for the ancient patriarchal system; ‘they have the same body of doc-

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\* The common reply to this is extremely pitiable: “We, High Church Anglicans, do not confine the Catholic Church to England; we include in it the Greek and Roman Communions; whereas the Donatists looked upon all Christendom but themselves as apostate. They called Church Antichrist,” &c. The fact is, that the history of Anglicanism is most strikingly similar to that of Donatism. The *first* Donatists, like the *first* Anglicans, condemned all Catholic Christendom as apostate; they said nothing worse than what is said in the homilies; nor is there any proof that they required a subscription to this opinion from their clergy or people, any more than the Anglican Church has done. In process of time a party sprung up, which admitted the Churches *beyond the sea* to be parts of the True Church, so that the parallel is complete.—(Mr. Renouf’s Note.)



trine,\* the same seven sacraments, the same real presence, the same mighty sacramental and sacerdotal system, the same dogmatic and hierarchical fabric,' which you consider tokens of a True Church. In short, one could plead their cause in precisely the same words in which you plead for the Greek Communion. If the argument be insufficient in one case, it is equally so in the other.

"Neither can *duration*, any more than extent or numbers, be admitted to affect the question. Duration, extent, and numbers are necessary, but not sufficient, conditions of catholicity. The existence of the Russian Church for eight or nine centuries is no proof of its truth. It is not nearly so wonderful that it should still exist after eight or nine centuries of almost undisturbed tranquillity, as that the *Monophysite Communion should still exist after fourteen or fifteen centuries*, during which it has undergone the most fiery persecutions.

"You state that the see of Constantinople was *never* subject to the Pope, and that the Greek Church never ceased to protest against the Papal Supremacy from the moment that it first began to be claimed. Yet St. Gregory the Great assures us,† that the Emperor and Archbishop of Constantinople were both earnest in their profession of submission to the Apostolic See. 'De Constantinopolitanâ ecclesiâ quod dicunt quis eam dubitet Sedi Apostolicæ esse subjectam? quod et piissimus Domnus Imperator et frater noster ejusdem civitatis episcopus assidue profitentur.'—pp. 9-12.

Another of Mr. Allies's "points" is thus alluded to:

"In common with other writers of your school of theology, you

\* I use this expression in the same sense as that in which you speak of the Catholics and Greeks having the *same* doctrine. I cannot suppose that you used these words as overlooking the importance of the doctrine of the "Double Procession." Some recent Anglican writers, from their total ignorance of theology, have represented the dispute as one about words, and they have misquoted Catholic schoolmen and divines in support of their opinion. They might with equal justice have represented St. Athanasius as careless about the doctrine of the "Homousion," because he dispensed with the use of that *expression* in the case of some who undoubtedly held the doctrine. The case is totally different, when Latins and Greeks, after hearing each other's explanations, still recognise the difference of belief to be so serious as to justify their anathemas. Besides, it is exceedingly unfair to talk, as if *we* only anathematised the Greek Church. The Greek Church is anathematised in the Athanasian Creed as retained by the Church of England.—(Mr. Renouf's note.)

† St. Gregor. Lib. ix. Ep. 12, ed. Ben.

consider that the scandals which exist in different Christian countries present a strong confirmation of (what we, as Catholics, cannot help calling) that frightful heresy, which teaches that there is no longer a Church, which is *One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic*.

“‘Does the ‘obscene rout’ of Ronge and Czersky, bursting forth from the bosom of the Roman Church, awake no misgiving?’ ‘How has nearly the whole intellect of France become infidel? From the French Revolution, it will be answered. But how could that great Satanical outburst have ever taken place, had the Church of Christ.....been discharging its functions, I do not say aright, but with any moderate efficiency?’ Objections like these can only result from a very inadequate view of the mission of the Church, of the scandals which have afflicted it in *every* period of its history, and of the marked distinction between these scandals and those which exist out of its bosom. To judge from the writings of some Anglicans, one would be led to fancy, that, ‘before the Church was divided,’ all its members, or at least the majority, were exceedingly religious people, not to say martyrs or confessors. The prevalence of this erroneous idea makes it necessary to point out its essentially *Donatist* character. The Church has *never* been free from corrupt members. The tares are destined to grow with the wheat until the last day. The very ages of martyrdom had to bewail the crying scandal which the author of ‘Ancient Christianity’ has made familiar to Protestant readers. And when persons contrast the purity of the ‘undivided Church’ with the ‘immoralities of Italy and Spain,’ I would simply refer them to the pictures drawn by St. Chrysostom of the Christians of the East, and by Salvian of Christians in the West, at a time ‘when the Church was most pure in faith and practice.’ The holiness of the Church does not consist in the absence of flagrant immoralities, but in the presence of supernatural holiness, within her pale.

“The ‘obscene rout of Ronge and Czerski,’ bursting forth from the bosom of the Catholic Church, is certainly anything but a proof that the bosom of the Catholic Church was congenial to that miserable band of apostates. The Apostle argues in a manner\* very different from yours: ‘They went out from us,’ says St. John, ‘but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us.’ Their departure, however fatal to themselves, was a blessing not only to the communion which they left, but to many Protestants who were led to reflect upon the subject. The same year which saw their schism

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\* 1 John ii. 19. The fathers of the Church have related very startling obscenities of the Gnostics and Manichees, yet they never dreamed that any one would feel “a misgiving” at such “an obscene rout bursting from the bosom of the Catholic Church.”



witnessed a re-action, and in Berlin alone four hundred families were received into the Catholic Church."—pp. 21, 22.

We avoid here any discussion with Mr. Allies on the practical state of the schismatical Greek and Russian Churches, because such conflicting statements are made on the subject, that it would not be fair to express a positive opinion where there is no room to state its grounds.

We are grieved to find how little space we have to devote to Mr. Lewis's pamphlet. As a matter of argument, indeed, it is superfluous. The *Gallican* principle, indeed, has at least some show of resemblance, some hollow and external parallelism, to the principle of the Fathers; but a person who can believe that the doctrine of "sovereign and independent bishops" is patristic, will readily believe the royal supremacy, nay, if requisite, the Mahometan religion, to be patristic also. But the Catholic will read with feelings of pity, mixed with amusement, how that Henry VIII., "in his own person unable to do all things, calls on the bishops 'ut vices nostras in ea parte suppleant,'" (p. 32); and how an act of parliament was passed to declare the "consecration" of Parker and others to be "*good and perfect to all intents and purposes*," (p. 73); and how, in George the 3rd's reign, parliament ordered that a bishop should be sent to India, "provided always and be it enacted that such bishop shall not have or use any jurisdiction, or exercise any episcopal function whatsoever.....but only such jurisdiction and functions as shall be limited to him by His Majesty," (p. 42); and how, even in the present reign, our gracious Queen has been anew invested with patriarchal power, by the enactment of parliament that "it shall be lawful for Her Majesty.....to appoint one of the bishops of the same province.....to exercise all the functions and powers with regard to the .....spiritualities of the incapable bishop;" and divers other curious and entertaining matters which Mr. Lewis with great care and accuracy has brought together.

In truth, we sincerely pity and sympathize with Mr. Allies. It is his peculiar praise that he does not blind himself to the enormities of the Anglican system, though unable to discern a way of escape. He professes, indeed, that his Church is not committed to them, and that the present "state of the English Church" is "confessedly

provisional and temporary." But, "Is it requiring too much," asks Mr. Renouf—

"Is it requiring too much to ask, *by whom* its isolation from Catholic Christendom is *confessed* to be provisional and temporary? Certainly by individuals who have no more right to represent the voice of their Church, than their Erastian and Evangelical co-religionists. You say that 'the Church of England has *never* rejected the communion of the Western and still less of the Eastern Church; neither has the Eastern Church pronounced against her.' In one sense, it is true that the Church of England has not rejected the Communion of East or West, for there is absolutely no act of hers by which she has rejected *anybody's* Communion. *This is common to her with Socinians.* But, in the sense in which you probably understand it, facts are surely at variance with your statement."—p. 6.

We confess that, if those in general who remain members of the "Anglican High-church" party, displayed as much sensitiveness and candour as Mr. Allies, we should fear much less than we do (to speak plainly) for their salvation. We desiderate in them the appearance of straightforwardness and real desire for truth; we desiderate in them the appearance of looking their own position fairly in the face; we desiderate in them a continuance of that genuine confession, which we used to hear from them, of the claims of Rome on their spiritual sympathies. This has been observed by the "Recent Convert:"

"Those of us who have been admitted to the society of their former Anglican friends, have been much struck by observing the great alteration which many have undergone in their views, not merely about the Church of Rome, but about Church principles altogether. Instead of receiving the Holy See as the great authority of Christendom, and indulging the hope of re-union with it as the consummation of earthly happiness, they now speak of the Catholic Church in a tone of indifference and almost of antipathy, as a power of which England has been well rid, and of which she does well in being shy. Instead of living in Catholic devotions, as they formerly considered it no breach of duty to their own immediate communion to do, they now eschew them as so many temptations to restlessness; and instead of leaning to the practices of the Church of Rome, they are now rather in danger of deserting ecclesiastical principles altogether.

"But I will meet you on ground which is more public and unquestionable. You will feel, I am sure, with me, that a corresponding change has come over your current ecclesiastical literature. The periodicals, for instance, which represent the opinions of your



party, and which there is no need that I should specify, exhibit more and more of antipathy or indifference to the Roman Catholic Church in this country. Far from making friendly advances towards it, your writers seem to ignore its very existence; and, though they know very well that it is, in its doctrines and rites, at least, the faithful representative and successor of the anti-reformation Church, have the effrontery to speak as if either the Establishment were the successor, or there were none at all. It is very easy to be eloquent in praise of the continental churches, which are out of the way. What your writers have to do, and what they disingenuously avoid, is to encounter the fact of those ordinances, which they affect to admire in the ancient Church of England, having been preserved in all their integrity, not in the Establishment, but by a body of despised yet devoted men in this country, whom they choose to call aliens and schismatics. To those who are cherishing the hope of union with Rome, such tokens should, I think, be in the highest degree discouraging.

"On the other hand, there are significant appearances of a declension among you, not merely of especially Roman, but of ecclesiastical principles in general."—pp. 13, 14.

But, if we have estimated rightly Mr. Allies's fair dealing with himself, we cannot allow ourselves to doubt the final issue. Catholic sympathies being supposed, an honest heart is far more to the purpose than a clear head; even if it were not fair (as it is) to attribute very much of Mr. Allies's mistiness to the perplexity of his position, and to the stupifying effect of the study of Anglican divines. If God have really granted him the grace of a pure intention, in addition to the grace of much enlightened perception of true doctrine and principles, and if Mr. Allies continue faithful to that grace, no good Catholic can doubt that the crowning grace will follow.

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ART. II.—*Irish Popular Songs, with English Metrical Translations, and Introductory Remarks and Notes.* By EDWARD WALSH. Dublin: 1847.

THE present work is one of the many symptoms, which the present time affords, of an increasing taste for the study of Irish Literature. We have on many previous occasions taken opportunities of expressing our satisfaction at the promise of a better order of things, which we thought

we were able to discern. If men, that never were known to meet together in any possible contingency, or for any object however urgent, and whose political and religious tendencies diverge widely as the poles asunder, have within the last few years been found at the same council table, putting their heads together, and discussing earnestly and amicably, the most effectual means of rescuing the literary monuments of our country from oblivion, and encouraging the study of its language, is not this a proof that the flood of bitter waters that overspread the land is beginning to subside? The injuries sustained by the social relations of the country have not indeed disappeared, nor been repaired, nor will they for centuries to come, but we can discover an anxiety in many instances to forget the evils which cannot be repaired, and to unite for the accomplishment of the good which can even now be effected. The children are becoming insensible to the appeals which were wont to excite the stormiest passions of their ancestors, and turn a deaf ear to the party, or the battle cry, that in the olden time would have urged them on to madness. Irishmen begin to find that the points in which they have a common interest, are far more numerous than those on which they are compelled to differ, and that without compromising in any manner their deliberate or conscientious convictions, they can labour much together for the benefit of their common native land. The attention which has of late been devoted to the study of Irish literature, may seem to some, a subject of comparatively little importance; but viewed in its least favourable light, we doubt not it will prove like the olive branch brought by the returning dove into the ark, the symbol of harmony and hope for the future.

The little volume before us, which has elicited these observations, must be received, and principally valued, as evidence of returning nationality. It promises, rather than has achieved, much. Yet, however small the present contribution to our national literature, we hope that the feelings which urged the author to this performance, will urge him also to a continuation of his labours. The present collection consists of forty popular songs, with metrical translations. Some of these songs have already appeared in public; and with them all, the Irishman who has spent much of his time in the rude homesteads of the peasantry, or is in any measure familiar with their language, will find himself acquainted. The metrical translations alone are



new. These translations are of fair average merit, and though not pretending to any high poetical excellence, have succeeded in rendering pretty correctly the sense of the original, and preserving it as faithfully as metrical versions can be expected generally to do. Nearly all the songs are of an amatory character, and though the author seems anxious to give some of these an allegorical meaning, by supposing the minstrel's lady-love to be none other than his native land, we are disposed to think that there was more of flesh and blood about the personage that inspired his muse, than he is disposed to acknowledge. There can be little doubt that the warm and vivid colouring of the original, the deep and earnest feeling that pervades it, the life-like portrait of rustic beauty so vigorously drawn, and the minute detail of personal attractions, which are found in the text, must have had a more actual existence than the ideal representation of the poet's fancy. No doubt in the insecurity of those troubled times, when the child of song was a proscribed and outcast member of society, and the objects of his political enthusiasm, the unfortunate house of Stuart, as proscribed and outcast as himself, the language of allegory was that which naturally presented itself, as the vehicle of his thoughts and aspirations. The feelings of the desponding lover would serve to express those of the desponding patriot, and devoted loyalty may be supposed to vent itself in the outpourings of tender and affectionate expression, as well as devoted love. Very many of the Jacobite relics are of this description. It may be that the bards of this period had a common conventional mode of expressing the political feelings and hopes of that day, that this language was very intelligible to the initiated, and answered the purposes of public communication, while by its secondary and obvious meaning, it protected the authors from the penalty of sedition. But it is surely straining this principle too far, to make it apply, as some do, to almost all the amatory productions of the Irish muse. We do them no injustice in supposing them to have been sometimes animated by other than political passions, and that their powers of song were occasionally exercised on objects not always of an imaginary character.

The number of poetical compositions in the Irish language is very considerable. Whether owing to the wonderful facility afforded by the language itself, or the poeti-

cal temperament of the people, or the influence of those institutions which are said to have been formerly established for the cultivation of poetry, we know not; but the fecundity of the Irish muse is absolutely astonishing. There is as much unpublished poetry at present in the kingdom, composed within the last two centuries, as would fill many volumes. When we consider the general insecurity of the times, the absence of national encouragements, nay, even the positive danger to which the poor bard was too frequently exposed, it is surprising that we should have so much. And if so much has reached our times, and been rescued by hurried and irregular copying from destruction, it is not unreasonable to suppose that much more has been utterly destroyed. What would not the Irish bard have been, if fortune had smiled upon his efforts, and beckoned him up the ascent of fame, with accents and gestures of fond encouragement?

The limits to which we are confined will permit us to give but a few specimens of our author's powers of metrical translation. The following song is the composition of a bard that was born blind. William Heffernan, or, as he is more popularly known, Blind William, was a native of the county of Tipperary. He is the author of a poem called Carrig Cliona, the fame of which has extended far beyond the limits of his native county. The following song, though not equal to it, is yet of very considerable poetical merit. We give the original and the translation.

# ԱՂԱՆ-ՀԱՇ ԱԳԻ ԱՍԿԱՅԻ

ԱՆՆԱՄ ԵՂԼ ԽՈ ԵՂՆ

1.

Արի Երաճե՛ն Ուր Երաճե՛ն,  
Ի՛նչ Երաճե՛ն-Երաճե՛ն Երաճե՛ն,  
Երաճե՛ն զի Երաճե՛ն Երաճե՛ն,  
Երաճե՛ն զի Երաճե՛ն Երաճե՛ն

Արի զի Երաճե՛ն զի Երաճե՛ն  
Երաճե՛ն զի Երաճե՛ն զի Երաճե՛ն,  
Երաճե՛ն զի Երաճե՛ն զի Երաճե՛ն.

## THE VOICE OF JOY.

1.

By Kilmore's woody highland  
Wandering dark and drear,  
A voice of joy came o'er me,  
More holy to mine ear  
Than wild harp's breathing  
dreamy,  
Or blackbird's warbling  
streamy;  
No seraph's choir could frame  
me  
Such soft music dear!



## 2.

Գէն զո ծո տշնի լիւն իւր  
 Եւ մօր մոր զ'ն իւն,  
 Գէն իւր ծո ծոն իւն լիւն  
 Զ իւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Գէն ծոն ծո լիւն լիւն  
 Զ ուն ծո լիւն լիւն լիւն;  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Մոն մ-բոն լիւն լիւն լիւն!

## 3.

Դիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն,  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն

## 4.

Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն,  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն  
 Զ լիւն լիւն լիւն լիւն

## 2.

More sweet than anthems holy  
 Brought seaward from Rome,  
 Than spells by wizards spoken  
 O'er stolen maiden's doom,  
 Or cuckoo's song inspiring  
 Where woods green hills  
 environ—  
 Save love for one fair syren  
 It banish'd my gloom.

## 3.

The golden bees were ranging  
 The air for a chief—  
 'Twas freedom's trumpet woken,  
 And dark tyrant's grief;  
 And George, a homeless ranger,  
 His tribe, the faithless stran-  
 ger  
 Far banished—and their danger,  
 My glad heart's relief.

## 4.

If o'er me lay at Shronehill  
 The hard flag of doom,  
 And came that sound of sweet-  
 ness  
 To cheer the cold gloom—  
 Death's darksome bondage  
 broken,  
 My deaf dull ear had woken,  
 And at the spell word spoken,  
 I'd burst from the tomb!

In this song it will be perceived that the translator has faithfully followed the metrical construction of the original. In this respect his translation possesses a very decided advantage over those of the Irish songs which Mr. Hardiman has published in his *Minstrelsy*.

The following ode to his native country was composed by Donagh Roe Mac Namara, a well-known Irish poet of the last century. He was a native of Waterford, and is better known as the author of an imitation of the *Æneid*, in which he gives a humorous description of the horrors of

\* The poet seeing a swarm of bees confused and wild at the loss of the queen-bee, accepts the omen as a prognostic of the destruction of the English power in Ireland.

a sea voyage, and the real or imaginary dangers he encountered in a voyage to Newfoundland.

ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn

Donead fluad Mac Flannabá Cnt.

FAIR-HILLED PLEASANT  
IRELAND.

1.

1.

Beir beanáct o'm eioide zo tír ná  
h-eiuonn,

ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn,

Cum á máluiou do fluabá Ir á'g Eivir\*

U m-ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn—

Ua ait ion ár ḃ'aoibinn binn z'g éan,

Marí 'gám eínt éaom áz eínnne Záoabá,

Ye mo éar á beir míle míle á z'eím

Ó ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn!

Take a blessing from the heart  
of a lonely griever

To fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland,

To the glorious seed of Ir and  
Eivir

In fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland;

Where the voice of birds fills  
the wooded vale

Like the mourning harp o'er the  
fallen Gael;

And oh! that I pine many long  
days' sail

From fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland.

2.

2.

Bíon bárrá boz flim áirí éaom-enné  
Eiuonn,

ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn,

'Yor feárrí ioná'n tír feo díe z'áe fléibe  
ánn,

ḃán-enné doibinn Eiuonn,

Bá binne ná meárráib áirí teádráib  
ceól,

Yim ázúr zeimreáe á láoz 'r á mbo,

Uzúr táitniom ná z'méine oíra áorá  
á'g óz

Uirí ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn!

On the gentle heights are soft  
sweet fountains

In fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland,

I would choose o'er this land the  
bleakest mountains

In fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland,

More sweet than fingers o'er  
strings of Song,

The lowing of cattle the vales  
among,

And the sun smiling down upon  
old and young

In fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland.

3.

3.

Uaáid z'árrá líonmáirí á d-tír ná  
h-eiuonn,

ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn,

U'g feárrácom z'moide ná élaoidreáe  
ceádrá,

Uirí ḃán-enné doibin Eiuonn—

There are numerous hosts at  
the trumpet's warning

In fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland;

And warriors bold, all danger  
scorning

In fair-hilled pleasant  
Ireland.

\* Eivir the son of Ir, who with his brothers the sons of Milesius, shared Ireland between them. Ir and his son Eivir had Ulster for their share.



|                                       |                                |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Μά τήγρε εμπίδε ά'γ μο εγμνεάδ ιζεάι, | Oh! memory sad, oh! tale of    |
|                                       | grief,                         |
| Ιάδ άζ ζάλλά-ρνε ίόγ ρά ζρειμ, μο-    | They are crushed by the stran- |
| leun!                                 | ger past all relief,           |
| Ά'γ ά m-báilte δά ποινν ρά είογ ζο    | Nor tower nor town hath its    |
| δάρι,                                 | native chief                   |
| Ά m-bán-εnne δάιβιν Ειμονν!           | In fair-hilled pleasant        |
|                                       | Ireland.                       |

When so many and abundant materials are at hand, and so rich a field open to his labours, we should have expected a more copious and varied selection than the one before us. But we cannot regard the present volume in any other light than an experiment upon the public taste, soliciting its favour, and promising a continuation of similar exertion. In this respect it merits every reasonable indulgence, and shall receive it at our hands. The author is capable of rendering good service to the language of which he is so ardent an admirer. There are many of those, whose names he himself alludes to in his prefatory observations, that would well repay his editorial care, and merit the favour of being placed before the reading public in a good metrical translation. Such is the name we have just now alluded to. Such, also, is Timothy O'Sullivan. We would willingly see his poems rescued from the state in which they now are, and published in a fitting manner. In the earlier poets there are many pieces that we would gladly see introduced to the public, and sharing in that patronage which others less deserving have enjoyed; for instance, those of O'Daly, the abbot of Boyle. We hope the day will come when some competent individual will collect the works of this distinguished ornament of the Irish Church, and save them from the neglect and danger to which they are now unfortunately consigned. Many more might be added to this list. Those who are familiar with Irish literature, will need no reference to their works, and the mention of their names is here unnecessary.

The study of the Irish language is a subject strongly urged upon Irishmen by the publication of works like the present. Would that all our countrymen were able to peruse and understand the treasures of their national literature, and that a reading public was in existence to appreciate and encourage the exertions of editors such as the editor of the work before us. A knowledge of the Irish, such as would be sufficient to read a printed book or

understand a spoken word, would not detract from the possessor's previous stock of information, nor make him a less valuable or a less honoured member of society. To the Irish Catholic, more especially, it should be an object of affectionate and reverential regard. Surrounded as it is with solemn and sacred associations of those earlier periods of his country's history, when Ireland was "*Sanc-torum et Doctorum Insula*," and when the sainted men who spoke the Irish tongue were the apostles of religion and the ministers of Christian civilization to the nations of Western Europe. It is worthy of honour, too, as having been employed by Providence as one powerful means of preserving from the progress of corruption the religion of the people. It was their language that hedged it round with a fence far more impenetrable than even the mountain fastness or the rugged glen. The isolation produced by the diversity of language contributed in a great degree to preserve the inhabitants of this country from the seductions and fallacies of the missionaries of Protestantism. The clergy of the Established Church held out in vain the hand of fellowship, and proffered for acceptance the benefits of their communion. But they were aliens in language as well as in religion, and the alliance was spurned with disdain. It is probable (judging at least from human chances) that if English had been the common spoken tongue, the Reformation would have made more progress than it did, notwithstanding the attachment of the people to their ancient faith, and in spite of the most zealous exertions of their pastors. In that state of things the weak would be more exposed to temptation, and the worldly to corruption. But the difference of language was an obstacle not easily overcome. The priest who spoke to his flock in their rude cabin, or on the wild hill side, in a language which they knew, and which their fathers also knew, made an impression on their hearts; the minister of the new faith spoke in a language which they did not understand, and which was associated in their minds with many a bitter remembrance of insult and wrong.

Entertaining these feelings of respect and grateful attachment to the language of our native land, independently even of its literary merits and its etymological importance, we need scarcely say that we are pleased with this volume, however small and incomplete, because it affords us some grounds for believing that the Irish lan-



guage and literature are each day receiving more and more of public attention. We also accept it as some small promise that the translator will extend his labours, and continue his services, and that when he comes before us at some future time, he will have some more substantial claim upon our favourable notice and critical approbation.

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ART. III. — *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. New Series. No. 1,  
Art. 2. Greene, Boston, U. S.

IT is perhaps hardly according to the strict rules of etiquette, that we should head an Article with the name of a brother Quarterly Reviewer: but as we wish to offer a few comments on the above-named essay of Mr. Brownson's, the simplest plan is directly to specify it. And Mr. Brownson himself pursues a similar course from time to time, when he notices the attacks made on his theology by the various Protestant Reviewers of his country.

It is a more important matter for enquiry, *why* we take on ourselves to comment on the article in question. The answer however is easy: It is not that we are so presumptuous as to come forward in defence of the publication which is the immediate subject of Mr. Brownson's remarks; but because that gentleman has included others in his censure, who may fairly claim to be heard in their defence. With especial reference indeed to Mr. Northcote, but still with a wider scope, he speaks of "*a school* formed at first outside of the Church, but.....now brought within her communion; and compares, in regard to their dangerousness, the principles which he considers to be held by that school on the subject of *doctrinal development*, with those of Hermes and La Mennais." (p. 43.) Nor is this the charge of some obscure writer, whose censure might be regarded as little worthy of notice. Mr. Brownson's name must be held in high honour by every Catholic, were it only for his unwearied and unflinching championship of true doctrine, and the zeal and success with which he exposes the chief Protestant fallacies of the day. But still more is he recommended to our admiration by what implies even far higher qualities; his open

and unaffected expressions of sorrow for past intellectual wanderings, his frank and even vehement renunciation of former errors, his humble and loyal submission to the Church's teaching. It cannot be a matter of indifference to be regarded by such a person as radically unsound in faith.

It so happened, moreover, that at the very time Mr. Brownson's article reached this country, we were engaged in reviewing the treatises of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lewis. Both these gentlemen are recent converts; and both happen to give expression to this very doctrine of "development:" Mr. Thompson especially, in a very beautiful passage which we have quoted at length in another article. It seemed impossible, under these circumstances, to avoid considering the arguments and objections which had been adduced.

Now it is to this allegation about "a school," to which we shall first allude. Certainly it is inevitable, and no one will say it is blameworthy, that if one regards any individual as possessed of rare spiritual excellence and of the highest intellectual gifts, we must attach considerable weight to his opinion on theological subjects. Certainly, also, it is inevitable, that, if a number of persons come from under the long-continued action of the very same set of influences, (be those influences good, or bad, or of a mixed nature,) they must resemble each other in a great number of minor opinions, ethical or philosophical, and they must consequently bear on them for a time the general appearance of a distinct *school*; however anxiously desirous they may be to mix themselves up with the general Catholic body, and to surrender themselves with all humility to the action of what one may call the Catholic *atmosphere* around them. But if it be meant that they rank themselves as the disciples of an individual—that they look up to any human authority as a final and authoritative guide—that they have any other desire, in matters of doctrine, than to learn the genuine spirit of the Church's teaching, in order that they may humbly submit to it their minds and their hearts—we are convinced that, however unintentionally, the greatest injustice is done them. And as to the particular theory before us, did not the present writer (who is one of these converts) consider himself to see it implied in the whole continuous history of the Church's



dogmatic definitions, and did he not find it expressly recognized by some of her greatest theologians, he would abandon it without question.

We will first, then, to avoid misconception, make as precise a statement as may be of the general principle which seems understood in the language of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lewis—we will add, also, of Mr. Northcote: although those writers of course are in no way responsible for *our* interpretation of their sentiments. Next, we will bring together a sample of the high Catholic authority on which that principle rests. Lastly, we will make such brief observations as space will permit, on such testimonies adduced by Mr. Brownson as appear to lead towards an opposite conclusion. It will be impossible of course, as we are not writing a volume on the subject, to consider how the case stands, as to historical evidence, with the principal Catholic doctrines, one by one. Indeed, it is perhaps better that there is no room to make such an attempt: because, on matters of particular application, it must be of course expected that Catholics will mutually differ; whereas on the general principle, when both sides come to explain themselves, we really think that no essential difference will be found.

We make our statement, then, as follows.—We suppose we shall not be at all exaggerating the matter, if we say that the Apostles, by virtue of their inspiration, possessed a knowledge of the Christian Mysteries, as lively, lucid, and complete, as is consistent, in the nature of things, with the condition of pilgrims on earth, “*viatorum*:” inferior, indeed, even *in kind* to the perception of those Mysteries conveyed by the Beatific Vision; but far superior in *degree* to any such knowledge of the same Mysteries as can be obtained by their successors, unless God should think fit to visit any one of *them* with the same special illumination. This perception, moreover, we seem warranted in saying, was not conveyed to them by means of intellectual propositions, but rather by a direct impression on their spiritual nature.

Now, considering that their disciples had, in a vast number of instances, been converts from nothing less than heathenism, and that at a time when it wore one of its most corrupt and degrading forms; that, from dense and stifling darkness, they were brought directly within the influence of the purest light which ever visited this world;

that, whether in the region of morals or in that of faith, they must have been surrounded by objects inexpressibly startling and (one may almost say) bewildering to their enfeebled and clouded eyes—(and, even taking into full account the illuminating power of Baptism, this does not seem too strong an expression)—considering all this, it is quite contrary to what we should have expected, it is what we should never think of imagining unless history had plainly declared it, that the Apostle who converted them would have indoctrinated them with more than the very essentials of faith and morals; that he would have endeavoured, not merely to impress essential Truth on their spiritual nature, (which was, of course, an indispensable duty,) but to enlighten them as to its full intellectual expression, or its remote and indirect bearings. It may well be doubted, indeed, how such a process would be possible, unless *they* also, as well as the Apostle, were inspired; or, at least, unless some miracle were wrought in each case, reversing in their behalf the ordinary laws of human nature. And it is matter of notoriety that, instead of making it plain that the Apostles so acted, history, according to its natural and unforced interpretation, points strongly to the conclusion that they did *not*.

(1.) There are many things, indeed, which no Catholic Christian can doubt that each Apostle taught explicitly, and enforced with the utmost earnestness and distinctness. For instance, the general principles of Christian morals, and the practical rules which were required under existing circumstances. Again, the Apostles' Creed, as is well known, was a formulary of doctrines, such as were required to be explicitly believed in order to salvation. We do not, of course, mean merely that belief of the external *facts* there stated was inculcated as necessary to salvation, but belief in the *doctrines* which gave their real force and meaning to these facts: the doctrine that our Blessed Lord is Very God, and yet God *the Son*; that the Holy Ghost is Very God, yet that there is One Only God. There was, of course, no one object at which an Apostle would more earnestly aim, than that those whom he had converted to the Faith should have their very heart of hearts, their very innermost nature, penetrated with these primary and essential truths. And yet we should not naturally suppose, unless again history expressly declared it, that the means adopted for this purpose would be the



accurate and technical expression of those doctrines, or their intellectual analysis pursued to its utmost point. Rather would there be some more immediate address to the spiritual nature on the part of an inspired instructor; rather would he endeavour to spread among them, as it were, the contagion of those feelings of profound adoration towards the Blessed Trinity, which so intimately pervaded *his* whole nature; rather would he teach them, both by precept and (still more efficacious method) by the gradual and leavening influence of his own constant example, to offer Divine worship and pay Divine honour to the Son and to the Holy Ghost—that they should trust for salvation to the Atoning Merits of the One, and to the sanctifying graces of the Other, while they should still retain the deep and practical conviction that God is truly One.

Such, one can hardly doubt, was the teaching of the Apostles. But in succeeding ages, in proportion as the vivid remembrance of Apostolical example and *practical* Apostolic teaching began gradually to fade away; in proportion as that sensible *atmosphere* of doctrine, to which we just alluded, began to gather itself up, as it were, and collect itself around a few favoured haunts; the instruction of the many necessarily proceeded more and more by means of *intellectual statements and definitions*. Now of these we may say, that, even in their most perfect state, they are poor substitutes for the original instrument of teaching; while, moreover, it was only by a gradual and laborious process that they were brought into accuracy and uniformity. It is no real difficulty, then, in the way of our believing in the Apostolicity of the doctrines above specified, to acknowledge—in regard to those forms, not only of expression but of thought, which were adopted by various holy men in treating of them, and which were, as one may say, the projection upon the intellect of the original spiritual impression,—that in many cases they would of themselves point to a belief widely different from that really entertained by those who so adopted them. In speaking then, e. g., of the statements, in themselves erroneous, made by Ante-Nicene Fathers, such an idea never enters our mind, God forbid! as to impute to them any real doctrinal error. And yet, on the other hand, it is not mere *expressions*, but *opinions* of theirs on these high matters, which are in occasional contradiction with those finally sanctioned by the Church. What difficulty is there

here? The Apostles impressed on the Church, once for all, the true and full *idea*, e. g. on the Divinity and Filiation of our Blessed Lord; the detailed system, afterwards sanctioned by the Church, alone rightly expresses this idea, so as neither on the one hand to involve logical contradictions, nor yet, on the other hand, to lead, by necessary moral or intellectual process, to an absolutely heretical result. All this may be most true, as it is,—and yet the earlier Fathers, who may have had the true *idea* most fully impressed on their whole being, may yet have adopted certain *intellectual notions*, which in themselves were liable to one of these two objections. How can it be any want of reverence for these holy men to think so? No one has claimed for them either inspiration or infallible powers of logical discrimination;—while, had they *seen* the moral or intellectual consequences contained in these notions, much more had they been witnesses of a party embodying them and carrying them out, they would have disavowed them with horror. But heresy had not arisen in their time to require wary thought in such matters, nor peace and leisure to allow it; and we may add also that, by the merciful providence of God, at the very time when the intellectual expression of doctrine was most loose and unguarded, the propinquity to Apostolic times gave it a proportionably greater safeguard of another kind.

Now, with regard to this first mentioned species of development, (not here to discuss the question of fact how far there have been actually *discordant* opinions on matters of this kind, which have been subsequently ruled by the Church in one particular way)—consider the mere fact of the *silence* of earlier writers on many such matters. When opponents reply to this, that their silence arose from the fact of no question having arisen concerning them,—do they really mean, e. g., that all the early bishops held explicitly and consciously the doctrine that our Blessed Lord had *two wills*; and only did not think of mentioning it, for the same reason they would not think of mentioning that Rome is in Italy, on the ground of its universal notoriety? Nothing, surely, can be more grotesquely at variance than this with the most obvious facts of the case. No! surely, the definition of the Church *is* in one sense new, though in a far truer sense it is old: it is a new intellectual aspect and expression of the one ancient Truth; a new barrier and



protection to the old and venerable deposit ; an assistance, for the service of some, to a fuller and deeper apprehension of the original doctrine, and a safeguard, for the service of all, against the inroads of some new and fatal heresy, which threatened to destroy that doctrine. And those who have laboured in its formation, have laboured but to determine the true intellectual representation, in reference to the new questions which have arisen, of the one idea which fully possessed them ; and when they have succeeded, do but hail with joy this fresh picture of the one doctrine handed down to them from Apostolic times.

Another thing to be noted of doctrines which have been explicitly taught by the Apostles, is, that they may occasionally have been forgotten, by lapse of time, in this or that individual portion of the Church, and be revived there afterwards by the influence of the remaining Christian Body. Thus Dr. Döllinger, who cannot doubt that the Apostles taught distinctly the indissolubility of marriage, yet says that, after the earliest times, "the tradition of this indissolubility, as it was preserved in the churches of Rome and Africa, was the only one that could be followed with security. In other churches there was for a period a doubt, or permission was granted to dissolve the matrimonial bond and to marry again, in case of adultery."\*

(2.) Next, of doctrines *implicitly* taught by the Apostles, take, as one example, the Catholic doctrine on Justification. The holy Council of Trent professes to deliver "*veram sanamque doctrinam ipsius Justificationis, quam Sol Justitiæ Christus Jesus, fidei nostræ Auctor et Consummator docuit, Apostoli tradiderunt, et Catholica Ecclesia, Spiritu Sancto suggerente, perpetuo retinuit.*" Now, is there any one who understands by the clause cited here, that the Apostles delivered this doctrine to their converts in that definite and explicit form, in which the holy Council expounds it? Common sense surely shows us, that they left this "true and sound doctrine" as a legacy to the church, not by formally and methodically teaching it, but by giving these precepts, evidencing in their conduct those principles, holding forth as a pattern that general view of the Christian life, which, in point of fact, presupposed that one definite doctrine, impressed it on the hearts of their disci-

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\* Dr. Cox's translation of Döllinger's Church History, vol. 2. p. 343.

ples, and was consistent with no other. Apostolic Tradition surely is a vast system;—not to be comprised in a few sentences, nor to be embodied in one code or treatise;—pervading the whole Christian community, rather than at once consciously and formally recognized by them. It admits, indeed, of being analyzed in a measure by profound thinkers who give themselves up to the task—nay, and *forces* itself on the consciousness of devout and mortified men, so far as a heresy has sprung up in contradiction to it; but it *existed* in the Church as its name implies, long before it was analyzed; having been lodged in her by the Apostles themselves, and being the very mind of the Spirit of God. Here, then, is a second process, which may pass, if people will, by the name of “development;” the definite and systematic statement of what has been from the first implicitly held.

(3.) Another kind of “development,” not unlike the last though certainly not the same with it, is the authoritative application of old principles to new cases. An example of this is afforded, in the condemnation of propositions on moral subjects; which propositions often have no meaning, except in connection with the circumstances of modern society. Another example of this is the opinion held by many theologians that the proposition, e. g. “Pius IX. is the true successor of St. Peter,” is received by divine and infused faith. In both these cases is to be found what may be invidiously called, if it so please objectors, a new article of faith.

(4.) A fourth case is that, where the very course of circumstances has been the means of exhibiting in a new light, and investing with a greater depth of significance, some principle which has been consciously and distinctly recognized from the first. Examples of this are the relations between Pope and bishops, or between Church and State.

(5.) A fifth kind arises from the gradual action of the Christian mind upon revealed truths or principles. We are not speaking here of *logical*, but of *ethical*, results; of the gradual growth of an idea under the influence of religious meditation and practical realization. This consideration is especially required for those who desire (and what real Catholic but desires this beyond words?) to maintain and defend, in their full integrity, the glorious privileges awarded by Catholic consent to the Ever-blessed



Mother of God. There is nothing on which the Protestant controversialist more loves to dwell, than on the gradual growth within the Church of a belief in these privileges. It may be difficult—the most learned men certainly declare most strongly that it is difficult—to deny his premisses; let us, under the auspices of our greatest writers, join issue on his conclusion.

(6.) Lastly, the various kinds of “development” already mentioned, by bringing consciously before the mind propositions, which before were there only unconsciously, or even only potentially or in germ, lead to a last kind, viz., logical deductions from themselves.

Now, as it is with regard to these two last named kinds of “development” that the chief question will be raised, we will at once begin with them; we will defend the proposition, that in the judgment of the Church’s greatest divines, articles of faith may be ruled, which are the legitimate *results*, ethical or logical, of doctrines received from the first; but which have not themselves been so received.

If any one were asked the greatest names which have arisen in Dogmatic Theology since the Council of Trent, the names in every body’s lips, we suppose, would be Bellarmine, Vasquez, Petavius, Suarez. Read, for example, Father Perrone’s Lectures, (which may be taken as a fair standard of the general opinion on the subject,) one may say that hardly any other Post-Tridentine name occurs except these; and these are certainly always mentioned with the very greatest honour and respect. Moreover, of these, Petavius especially deserves regard where due respect to the holy Fathers is in question; because he bore a most prominent part in the task of drawing the attention of theological students to patristic studies: nay, and in the beginning of his works, as we understand him, he has some reflections in disparagement of Scholastic Theology, in which (to say the truth) we are quite unable to follow his authority. It is these four writers whom we shall first proceed to cite.

And we will commence with a tenet which is especially calculated to bring this question to an issue—a tenet which, although not as yet constituted an article of Faith, may be considered as universally received among the body of Catholics, as well as pointedly encouraged by the Church; and which is especially and inexpressibly dear to every

Catholic heart. We commence with the tenet of the Immaculate Conception of our loving and tender Mother, the Most Holy Virgin.

First, let us hear Petavius. He implies the opinion (which we shall find Vasquez and Suarez deliberately to express) that this tenet *may* at some future time be made an article of faith, by saying, (De Incarnatione, lib. xiv. cap. 2, sec. xi.) “Ad hunc itaque modum revelâsse credendus est Deus Christianis integrum illum immaculatæ Virginis conceptum; hoc est ejus tum notitiam aspirâsse, tum quam Græci πληροφοριαν, Latini ‘firmam persuasionem’ nominant: tametsi *nondum* (*not as yet*) plena et quæ in *Catholicum dogma transierit*, facta sit illius fides.” Looking back to the beginning of the chapter, we find him citing various Fathers, from St. Augustine to St. Bernard, who *denied* the doctrine. (sec. vii.) With regard to the passages from the Fathers adduced on the other side, he says, that the upholders of the Blessed Virgin’s privilege, “eorum dicta falsis interpretationibus, et alienis ab illorum mente, detorquent.” (sec. ix.) “*Quamvis autem antiquioribus*,” he says, (sec. viii.) “*opinio illa* [i. e., the *denial* of any such privilege] *placuit, postea tamen in contrariam partem complures iere Christiani*; ac paulatim tacito pioque plurimorum assensu ita percrebuit, *uti tandem in publicam professionem eruperit*.” Presently, (sec. x.) “Admonet autem nos egregie Paulus Nolanus Episcopus, gravis imprimis auctor, ut de omnium fidelium ore pendeamus, quia in omnem fidelem Spiritus Dei spirat;” and proceeds to quote Cardinal Fisher to the same purpose. Then he adds, “Scitum illud est Augustini singulorum mentibus revelari quædam à Deo, non solum extraordinariis modis.....verùm etiam usitatis rationibus, *quando quod ignotum erat* vel orantibus ac pulsantibus, vel aliud agentibus, aperitur.....*Ad hunc itaq. modum*,” according to our first quotation.

Before leaving Petavius, we may glance for a moment at a still more sacred doctrine; viz. the exemption of the Blessed Virgin from *actual* sin. This is actually declared by the Holy Council of Trent, to be the doctrine of the Church.\*

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\* Si quis hominem semel justificatum dixerit.....posse in totâ vitâ peccata omnia, etiam venialia, vitare, nisi ex speciali Dei privilegio, *quemadmodum de Beatâ Virgine tenet Ecclesia*, a. s. (Sessio 6, can. xxiii.)



Petavius, however, tells us: "*Dixi hodiè Catholicum de eo dubitare neminem; Nam non videtur olim id in fidei dogma fuisse receptum: cum sanctissimi et alicui B. Virginis studiosissimi Patres parum interdum de eo commodè scripserunt, levissimis inducti rationibus, immò nullis, (lib. xiv. cap. i. sec. iii.)* He then proceeds to quote, as denying this doctrine which is now most indisputably Catholic, no less authorities than St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Proclus, and even St. Anselm.

Reverting now to the controversy on Her Immaculate Conception, turn to Vasquez, who discusses this tenet in his 117th Disputation on St. Thomas's *Third Part*. As to the question, whether it can at any time be ruled as an article of faith, he maintains, (chap. xiv.) in opposition to Canus, that it unquestionably *may* be so ruled; though the Pope having in former times, forbidden either party to call the other heretical, thereby declared "*non-dum* [not as yet] *esse sufficienter declaratum per Ecclesiam, ut tanquam dogma fidei à Deo verè revelatum à fidelibus credatur.*" He tells us, (chap. 6.) "*ex revelationibus quoque, miraculis, et communi sensu fidelium, non leve argumentum pro eâdem sententiâ depromi potest;*" and, in explaining the latter, "*dico hunc esse sensum totius populi Christiani, non solum rudis et ignari, sed etiam Doctorum et Academiæ. .... Et sanè hanc communem vocem totius populi, non sine Dei nutu et peculiari providentiâ percrebuisse quis dubitet?*" And just before, "*Quod sanè si antiqui illi magistri, præsertim verò S. Thomas, suo tempore vidissent, re jam per Ecclesiam magis patefactâ, quò magis sancti et docti essent, tanto magis cum reliquis fidelibus sentirent.*"

We now come to Suarez on St. Thomas, 3 Quæst. xxvii. Art. 2. "*Secundum fundamentum [of this tenet] ex Ecclesiæ auctoritate sumendum est, et primùm omnium magni ponderis est totius Ecclesiæ ferè universalis consensus. In quo consideratione dignum est antiquos Patres pauca de hoc Virginis privilegio esse locutos. Quod mirum esse non debet, tum quia Spiritus Sanctus paulatim suam Ecclesiam docet (ut Gregor. hom. 26 in Ezech.) tum etiam quia aliis fidei mysteriis gravioribus magisque necessariis explicandis ac defendendis distinebantur. Postquam vero ante quingentos annos veritas hæc clariùs cæpit doceri, ita insedit fidelium animis crevitque paulatim ejus fides,*

ut jam ferè omnium consensione recepta sit.....Credendum est ex Illius (S. Spiritus) inspiratione hunc fidelium universorum sensum affectumque manâsse.” (sec.v.) “Dico tamen veritatem hanc.....*posse definiri ab Ecclesiâ*, quando id expedire judicaverit. Probatur, nam imprimis, Ecclesiam posse controversiam hanc in alterutram partem decidere, *apertè supponunt Sixtus IV. et Pius V. in suis decretis, et idem senserunt omnes Patres Concilii Basiliensis.....*Secundo...hæc veritas est supernaturalis.....et *pervenire res potest ad eum statum*, in quo, absque novâ et explicitâ revelatione, habeat Ecclesia sufficientia motiva ad veritatem hanc definiendam, *ex implicitâ et tacitâ Dei revelatione sibi sufficienter propositâ. ....*Sæpe Ecclesia suâ auctoritate, assistente sibi Spiritu Sancto, similes controversias definivit, absque novâ revelatione expressâ: *ut potest manifestis exemplis ostendi*, in quæstione de habitibus infusis, de canonicâ auctoritate aliquorum librorum sacræ Scripturæ, de carentiâ omnis peccati venialis in ipsâmet Virgine. Addi etiam potest exemplum de resurrectione ejus, de gloriosâ assumptione, et de sanctitate nativitatis ejus: ex his enim aliqua jam sunt de fide, alia veró sunt fidei proxima, *et nullus dubitat quin tandem possint definiri*. Ad hanc definitionem satis est, ut aliqua supernaturalis veritas in traditione vel Scripturâ *implicitè* contenta sit, ut crescente communi consensu Ecclesiæ, per quam sæpe Spiritus Sanctus traditiones explicat vel Scripturam declarat, tandem possit Ecclesia definitionem suam adhibere, *quæ vim habet cujusdam revelationis respectu nostri*, propter infallibilem Spiritûs Sancti assistentiam.” (sec. vi.)

Petavius, no mean judge, assures us that all the Fathers were ignorant of, not to say denied, this doctrine. Shall we give up that hope, so sweet to Catholic minds, that the Church may at some future period formally declare it of faith? or shall we allow that articles may be of faith, of which only the germ can be traced to Apostolic times? At least, we see which of the two alternatives these great Doctors would take; and we have Suarez’s judgment also, that the Church has *already* acted on this principle, in her declaration of the B. Virgin’s freedom from venial sin, and on other subjects he mentions: a fact, indeed, of which there can be no doubt.

Now, on the other proposed question, viz., whether *logical* inferences from tradition may possibly make part of the Christian Faith. Bellarmine says, “De verbo Dei



non scripto," (chap. ix.) "Nihil est de fide, nisi quod Deus per Apostolos aut Prophetas revelavit, aut *quod evidenter inde deducitur*. Non enim novis revelationibus nunc regitur Ecclesia," &c. In another work he allows much greater latitude, (De Purgatorio i. 15.) "*Dogmata fidei* quatuor modis probari solent. Primò ex testimonio expresso Scripturæ, cum Ecclesiæ declaratione.....Secundò *per evidentem deductionem* ex iis quæ habenter expressè in Scriptura.....Tertio, ex verbo Dei tradito.....Quartò *per evidentem deductionem* ex verbo Dei tradito.....Sufficiencia horum quatuor mediorum inde patet, quia id solum est de fide quod est à Deo revelatum mediatè vel immediatè.....conciliorum decreta, &c., tunc solùm faciunt rem de fide, cùm explicant verbum Dei, *aut inde aliquid deducunt*." Where, over and above the office of *keeping* the traditions, he allows to the Church that of interpreting Scripture and deducing from Scripture pro re natâ; giving as his example the 1st and 6th General Councils respectively: not to mention, what he had allowed in the first quoted extract, deductions from tradition. It is difficult to imagine how any one can claim for the Church a larger field wherein to exercise her infallible judgment than this.

Vasquez again, when directly treating "de locis theologicis," (vol. i. disputation xii.) proceeds, "ex his omnibus locis (Scripture, Apostolical Tradition, Authority of the Catholic Church, of Councils, and of the Pope) et Patrum auctoritate eodem modo accepta possumus argumentari ad deducendas novas conclusiones.....aut evidenti illatione aut probabili: priori modo deducitur conclusio mere Theologica, et talis consequentia, sive utraque propositio ex prædictis locis assumpta sit, sive altera præmissarum evidens sit naturali ratione, *sufficit ad definiendam in concilio conclusionem de fide*."

But this subject has been very copiously handled by another writer, who enjoys considerable reputation as a theologian, and has moreover especial claim on our deference as having been one of the Bishops who assisted at the Holy Council of Trent. We allude to Melchior Canus, and his well-known work, "De Locis Theologicis." The whole of that work is in fact one continued illustration of the principle with which we are engaged, but we shall confine ourselves to a few more striking extracts: and we shall begin with the following, as fitted at once to impress

on our readers the fact, how inconsistent is Canus's teaching with that principle of what we may be allowed to call *stationariness*, which Mr. Brownson advocates.

"Si vel Ecclesia, vel Concilium, vel Sedes Apostolica, *vel etiam Sancti*, unâ mente eâdemque voce aliquam Theologiæ conclusionem et *confecerint* et fidelibus etiam præscripserint; hæc veritas Catholica itâ censebitur, ut si esset per se à Christo revelata; et illi qui adversetur æquè erit *hæreticus*, ac si sacris literis traditionibusve Apostolicis refragaretur." (lib. 12mus. cap. 6.)

"Sed et id postremò considerandum (*est enim res magna, ac diligenti contemplatione dignissima*) non illud modò ad doctrinam Catholicam pertinere quod Apostolis expressè revelatum est, verùm hoc etiam, quod ex alterâ propositione revelatâ et alterâ certâ in lumine naturali, syllogismo collectioneque evidenti conficitur, ut, Christum Dominum *habere duas voluntates duosque intellectus*," &c. (lib. 6mus. cap. viii.)

The same example he also appends to the former of the two quotations: in both then he expressly asserts, that the Monothelite heresy, anathematized in the Sixth Ecumenical Council, is not *directly* contrary to Apostolical Tradition, but only contrary to the *intellectual conclusions* drawn from that Tradition. It is almost needless to add, that the number of these conclusions must necessarily be ever increasing. In the following passage Canus expresses his general principle.

"Nec si conciliorum et Apostolicæ Sedis auctoritas fidem certam facit Catholici dogmatis, aut Sanctorum etiam omnium consensus et conspiratio una, [which his argument throughout maintains] idcirco aut principia Theologiæ cumulamur aut ejus formalem rationem extendimus. Quoniam, ut sæpe alias diximus, nec Concilium, nec Sedis Apostolicæ Pontifex, nec Sancti Scripturarum, interpretes novas fidelibus revelationes edunt, sed quas ab Apostolis accepit Ecclesia aut posteris integras et illibatas tradunt, *aut* illas exprimunt et interpretantur, *aut* certè consequentia et annexa colligant, adversa et repugnantia manifestant." (lib. 12mus. cap. iii.)

Canus, therefore, attributes to the Church two other functions in regard to the Apostolic Traditions, besides that one of keeping them pure and undefiled: and he immediately proceeds to make this clearer. In order to explain what follows, we should premise that he has enumerated *ten* "loci theologici ex quibus Theologi omnes suas argumentationes inveniunt." (Lib. 1mus, cap. iii.)



viz., (1.) Scripture, (2.) Apostolical Tradition, (3.) the Authority of the Church, (4.) of Councils, (5.) of the Holy See, (6.) of the Holy Fathers, (7.) of the Schoolmen, (8.) Natural Reason, (9.) Authority of Philosophers, and (10.) of Human History. The passage in hand then proceeds as follows,—

“*Principiorum itaque Theologiæ numerus è libris sanctis atque Apostolorum traditionibus integerrimè constituitur. Quamobrem duobus primis locis [i. e. in Scripture and Tradition] contenta sunt omnia quæ in initiis Theologiæ veris et germanis numeranda sunt. Sed his initiis, tanquam seminibus ab Ecclesia datis, quæ Christus Apostolis, Apostoli Ecclesiæ dederunt, pastores et doctores ac theologi in universum omnes ea rigant et excolunt, et quæ plantæ traduces propagines ex eis oriuntur, proferunt et ostendunt. Illa fundamenta sunt theologiæ ecclesiasticæque doctrinæ, quæ Christus per Apostolos posuit; cæteri sive Concilii Patres, sive Pontifices summi, seu Ecclesiæ doctores sancti, omnino superædificant.*”

Councils, Popes, and Doctors then, in this writer's judgment, *build upon* the foundation of Apostolic Tradition, in their teaching, not merely fence and protect it; while he started with declaring that their decrees “*fidem certam faciunt Catholici dogmatis.*” In like manner, a little further on,—

“*Cardinalis Turrecremata septem gradus ordine ponit propositionum Catholicarum, quæ eædem, cum in disputandi controversiam disceptationemque vocantur, quæstiones fidei dicuntur. Primus earum est quæ in libris sacris habentur expressæ. Secundus earum quæ ex hisce per certam et necessariam consecutionem fiunt. Tertius earum quas verbo tenus Christus Apostolis, Apostoli Ecclesiæ, tradiderunt. Quartus earum quæ in Conciliis Universalibus definitæ sunt. Quintus earum quæ à Sede Apostolicâ sunt fidelibus ad credendum propositæ. Sextus illarum quæ de fide et refutatione heresum Sancti Doctores unâ mente unâque voce docuerunt. Septimus illarum est, quæ ex tertio quarto quinto et sexto generibus consecutione firmâ et necessariâ derivantur. Ex quibus capite sequenti distinguit etiam septem genera hæreticarum propositionum quæ septem illis generibus propositionum fidei repugnant.*” (lib. 12mus, cap. vi.)

Where it is hardly necessary to point out that *explicit* Apostolical Tradition constitute one only out of the seven classes of Catholic propositions.

“*Nobis tamen,*” continues Canus, “*ad breviorum numerum... redigenda sunt omnia. Cum igitur veritas fidei, ut paullò ante*

diximus, bipartita sit, et hæc ad fidem mediate, illa immediate, pertineat, necesse est, duos gradus propositionum fidei generales statim à principio collocare. Prior earum erit quæ Theologiæ legitima principia sunt.....hoc est ea omnia quæ Deus *in se ipsis* Ecclesiæ revelavit: posterior vero gradus harum erit quæ *ex prioribus illis necessario colliguntur*.....Sed quoniam Scripturæ Sacræ nativa et germana sensa obscura interdum et implicata sunt, nec semper exploratum est et cognitum quænam illa sint quæ sinè scripto Apostoli memoriæ prodiderunt, sæpe etiam impeditum est et quasi tenebris circumfusum an conclusio controversa necessario è rebus fidei ducatur, id nos modò expedire atque explanare cupimus, quibus notis et signis cognosci et distingui possit veritas fidei."

From this passage we draw an important conclusion; viz., that the "certain and necessary inferences" from revealed principles, of which Canus so often speaks, are by no means merely simple and obvious deductions, but on the contrary, "*often*" of so subtle a character, that "it is an involved and obscure question," whether they are really consequences or not. And in order to supply his readers with the means of deciding on these two questions, viz., what are really Apostolical Traditions, and what are really legitimate deductions from them, he proceeds to lay down various rules. One of these rules is expressed in the passage with which we commenced our quotations; in which he says, that if the Church, or a Council, or the Apostolic See, or the Saints, (by this word, all through, he means the Fathers,) with one voice, shall have formed some theological conclusion, and proposed it to the faithful, whoever contradicts it will be as much a heretic, as if he opposed the Sacred Writings or the Apostolic Traditions. It is impossible, surely, for words to be more explicit.

Once more:—all Christian truth comes to the world ultimately from Christ and His Apostles; and yet not in such a sense, as that Popes and Councils, in forming their decrees, have no other labour than that of formally proposing what the great body of Christians already knew: which is Mr. Brownson's theory.

"Omnem ergo fidei veritatem vel à Christo dum in vitâ degeret vel à Spiritu Sancto Apostoli postea acceperunt, eamque juxta præscriptam legem aut scripto aut verbo Ecclesiæ tradiderunt..... Itaque post Apostolos et eos qui ab Apostolis probati sunt, *nullos auctores sacros expectamus*. Sed sive summus Pontifex, seu concilia, primùm *de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum* judicant.



.....Id ante omnia Conciliis tribuamus. Deinde et illud, quòd veras et legítimas Christi et Apostolorum traditiones viâ et ratione investigant. Rursus *quænam conclusiones his cohæreant*, quæ contra dissideant, certâ complexione et annexione conficiunt. Consulunt autem in hujusmodi rebus *finiendis* [i. e. in *defining*] non sacras literas modò, verùm etiam Apostolorum instituta, priora Concilia, summorum Pontificum decreta, Sanctorum Veterum scripta, *Scholasticorum Theologorum dogmata, rectam philosophiæ rationem*. Breviter causam de quâ disserunt in eos locos conjiciunt de quibus liber hic noster instituitur. Nec enim ex aliis fontibus argumenta derivare possunt ad Fidei Theologiæque solvendas quæstiones. Novas autem revelationes et Scripturas Sacras quærere, Judæorum est, qui recentes etiamnum Prophetas præstolantur." (lib. 5. cap. v.)

The fact of the author having himself taken part in the Council of Trent, (to which he himself alludes in his work,) gives, of course an especial weight to his judgment on points such as these.

And by way of further showing the progress which has been made by time in theological certainty, we may quote his enumeration of the errors into which various of the Holy Fathers have fallen: remembering that his admissions on this head are of the more weight, because it was the very object of his seventh book, in which the quotation occurs, to place the authority of the Fathers at the highest possible point.

"Sanctus is fuit qui credidit ab hæreticis baptizatos esse rebaptizandos. Sanctus fuit, qui in Christi corpore et sensum pœnæ et dolorem fuisse negavit. Sanctus fuit, qui in Chiliastarum dogma descendit. Sanctus fuit, qui viro ob adulterii causam uxorem repudiandi alterum matrimonium concessit. Sanctus fuit, qui animis piorum usque ad judicii diem veram felicitatem ademit. Sanctus fuit, qui animam hominis ex traduce esse putavit. Sanctus fuit, qui animam Adæ ante corpus fuisse editam opinatus est. Sancti fuère, qui angelos multis ante mundum corporeum æternitatis creatos esse existimârunt. Atque horum opuscula a Gelasio comprobata sunt. Hos ego tamen reverentiæ causâ propriis nominibus non appello: malo enim Antiquitati Sanctitatisque parcere quàm otioso lectori facere satis." (lib. 7mus. cap. iii.)

And he mentions just before, as one reason for their mistakes, "Quoniam res nonnullæ non erant tunc adedò in Ecclesiâ definitæ, ut nunc esse videmus."

So much specially on these two *kinds* of "development;" but Suarez enters professedly on the whole subject, and examines the question, "an materia fidei creve-

rit:" an especially valuable fact, since there is no one theologian of later times that can be named, who is considered to carry more weight with him in his decisions, so eminent were his intellectual powers, so profound his learning, and so great his holiness of life. Benedict XIV. calls him "Doctor Eximius;" and Bossuet says, "Suarez, en qui comme l'on sait, on entend toute l'école moderne."\* The discussion to which we allude is contained in the 6th section of the 2nd disputation, in his work "De Fide;" the title of the section is, "Utrum materia fidei successu temporum creverit, vel interdum minuta fuerit." At starting he lays down the distinction between explicit and implicit faith, and says the question can only concern the former; which is evident enough from the very wide sense he assigns to the phrase, "implicit belief."† The earlier part of the section relates wholly to the times before Christ; and is not to our purpose: we may mention however that he considers the mysteries even of the Trinity and Incarnation, "in their *substance*," (quoad substantiam,) to have been explicitly believed by the rulers of the Jewish Church, though not by the multitude. He then comes, as he says, to the proposed question, and states two opposite opinions. First, he considers a rule thrown out by St. Thomas, that those who lived nearest the time of Christ, whether before or afterwards, had more explicit or more perfect faith than others: by which St. Thomas, he says, seems to have meant only that some men of that time exceeded all others in this respect. Even so understood, however, he says, the view is not without difficulty; for (1) Adam had more explicit faith and greater wisdom than St. John Baptist, and it is questionable at least, whether the same may not be said of Abraham, Moses, David, and such men: and (2) because after the coming of Christ, *many propositions have been defined of faith, which before were not of faith*; as that Christ had two wills, that the Blessed Virgin never com-

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\* Bergier's Theological Dictionary, vol. iv. p. 758.

† "Credere implicite," he says, "est credere in alio tantum; quia quod sic creditur reverà non cognoscitur, neque intellectus format proprium conceptum propositionis quæ implicite tantum creditur sed alterius in quâ illa continetur." This includes, not only what we have called implicit belief, but even rather what we have called *potential* and *seminal*.



mitted venial sin, that Justification is by an inherent quality, and the like: therefore it would appear that faith is more explicit in the Church now, than it was in the primitive ages, even in the Apostolic; for to be more explicit, is nothing else than to be extended to more objects of belief (*ad plura credibilia*.) Moved by this difficulty, he considers an opposite rule, expressed by St. Gregory the Great in these words, “*quantò mundus ad extremum ducitur, tantò nobis æternæ scientiæ aditus largiùs aperitur.*” But this rule, Suarez says, is also not without its difficulty; more especially this difficulty, that it supposes the later doctors of the church to have had more explicit faith than the Apostles; which is commonly reprobated by theologians as even a rash sentiment. (It is well known that *temerarium* is almost the severest epithet that can be applied to a proposition, short of “*hæreticum.*”) This notwithstanding however, he says, these two rules are both true, if suitably explained, and may easily be harmonized. It is not necessary here to cite this interesting discussion; the following paragraph will show his judgment on our present question.

“Una tantum superest expedienda difficultas, quæ proposita etiam est, et est majoris momenti; an scilicet in Ecclesiâ Christi creverit fides, quoad aliquas propositiones *credendas de fide in posteriori tempore*, quæ antea non credebantur tanquam de fide? nam ex dictis videtur sequi pars negativa, quia sapientia infusa non potuit etiam extensive crescere in hac Ecclesia, alias possent posteriores pastores Ecclesiæ in hac sapientia superare Apostolos: item in hac Ecclesia non sunt novæ revelationes; ergo nec nova credibilia. Denique ita videntur sentire Scholastici supra citati, dicentes non augeri fidem Ecclesiæ quoad numerum credibilium, sed solum quoad explicationem; D. Thom. etiam in hac quæst. dicit, nihil doceri ab Ecclesia, quod in doctrina Apostolorum non contineatur, sed explicari magis, et proponi fidelibus propter hereticos: unde etiam Wald: dicit non posse ecclesiam novum articulum Fidei condere, sed antiquos explicare, quod etiam tradit Castro et Cano. Sed quia hoc punctum attingit materiam de Potestate Pontificis et Concilii ad definiendas Fidei Veritates, quam infra disp. 5. sect. 7 et 8 ex professo tractaturi sumus, ideo breviter dico, simpliciter quidem asserendum esse, Ecclesiam *non tradere novam fidem, sed antiquam semper stabilire, et explicare*: nam propterea recurrit semper ad Scripturam et Apostolicas traditiones; et ita docent etiam antiqui Patres, ut Vincent. Lirinensis lib. cont. Profan. voc. novit. cap. 7. &c. Ireneus contra hæres. et Hieronym in id Psalm ‘Dominus narrabit in Scripturis populorum, et principum horum, qui fuerunt

in eâ' ubi expendit verbum illud, Fuerunt, ut exponat Principes illos fuisse Apostolos. Hoc tamen non obstante, verum est aliquam propositionem explicitè nunc credi de Fide, quæ antea explicitè non credebatur ab Ecclesia, quamvis implicitè in Doctrina Antiqua contineretur : hoc probant exempla supra adducta, et optimum etiam est de baptismo dato ab hæretico in forma Ecclesiæ, an sit iterandus, vel sit validus? nam tempore Cypriani neutrum erat de Fide, et ideo licet ipse, et Stephanus Papa contraria sentirent, nihilo minus in ejusdem Fidei unione permanserunt; quia Stephanus nihil definivit, Postea vero de Fide traditum est, talem baptismum non esse iterandum: et multa similia possunt afferri, et sine dubio hoc spectat ad potestatem definiendi Ecclesiæ. Neque ad hoc est necessaria nova revelatio, sed sufficit infallibilis assistentia Spiritus Sancti ad explicandum et proponendum explicitè id, quod antea implicitè tantum in revelatis continebatur. Et ita sunt explicandi Auctores. Nam illa Explicatio, quam dicunt posse Ecclesiam facere, aliquando est per explicationem novæ propositionis contentæ in antiquis. Illa autem propositio nunquam est novus articulus, [i. e. apparently a new article of the Apostles' Creed.] quia non pertinet ad materiam veluti substantialem Fidei explicitè ab omnibus credendam; illa enim sufficienter fuit semper explicata in Symbolo; sed pertinet sæpe ad Doctrinam Fidei, quam oportet sciri a Doctoribus Ecclesiæ juxta temporum varietatem, vel necessitatem.—Denique propter id, quod de Apostolis tangitur, possumus distinguere duplicem ordinem propositionum, quæ successu temporum explicitè creduntur: quædam enim pertinent veluti ad substantiam mysteriorum; ut in mysterio Incarnationis, quod Christus habuerit duas voluntates, et in mysterio Eucharistiæ, quod substantia panis post consecrationem non maneat, et similes: et de hujusmodi credendum est fuisse cognitæ ab Apostolis non tantum implicitè, sed explicitè, quia optimè intelligebant Scripturas, et Mystera omnia, quæ ad traditionem Fidei pertinebant. Aliæ vero sunt propositiones contingentes, quæ tempore Apostolorum nondum evenerant; ut quod iste sit Pontifex, quod hoc sit verum Concilium, et similes; et has non oportuit cognosci ab Apostolis, explicitè, sed tantum in universali, quia non erat necessarium illis revelari omnia futura. Et fortasse hoc modo in die Pentecostes non fuerunt edocti explicitè de omnibus misteriis Fidei, quoad particulares circumstantias eorum, ut de modo vocationis Gentium, et de cessatione legalium, ut plane colligitur ex Actorum 10 et 15. et sic etiam Joannes in Apocalypsi multa intellexit de futuris, quæ aliis revelata non fuere, et fortasse multa ex illis non intelliguntur certo et explicitè donec impleantur. Ita ergo potest Ecclesia in his rebus cognoscendis proficere, etiam cum certitudine Fidei, interveniente Ecclesiæ definitione, quæ propter assistentiam Spiritus Sancti vim habet revelationis, seu infallibiliter applicat revelationem universalem ad particulare objectum."

To this express testimony, on the general subject under



discussion, we may add the sentiments of Möhler and Döllinger; the latter a living theologian, the former not long dead. Thus Möhler:—

“One doctrine of faith hath subsisted, and must subsist through the whole history of the Church. We will not and cannot believe otherwise than as our fathers have believed; but as to their peculiarities of opinion, we may adopt them or not as we please. Besides, the truth which we possess in common with them has, by means of the splendid intellects which devoted their undivided energy to its defence, been often more deeply investigated, or contemplated in all its bearings, and viewed in a more general connexion; so that Christian science makes continual progress, and the mysteries of God are ever more clearly unfolded.” And he adds in a note,—

“This explanation of St. Vincent’s was occasioned by the Manicheans, who brought up the old Gnostic charge against Catholics, that they were under a religious tyranny, that among them was found no independent enquiry into doctrine, and no progress in knowledge. How desirable it were, that we could every where find such clear notions of the progressive development of Christian dogmas, as are here advanced by Vincentius.”—*Symbolism*, vol. 1. pp. 66, 67. (Robertson’s translation.)

And Döllinger, on one particular subject.

“But we must confess that the power of the Roman Pontiff and his relation to the Universal Church, were not yet fully developed. Like all other essential parts of the constitution of the Church, the supremacy was known and acknowledged from the beginning as a divine institution, but it required time to unfold its faculties; it assumed by degrees the determined form in which the bishop of Rome exercised systematically the authority entrusted to him for the preservation of the internal and external unity of the Church.”—Döllinger vol. i. p. 263. Dr. Cox’s translation.

And De Maistre’s judgment has been quoted in our article on Mr. Allies’s book. To that very remarkable passage we beg the reader’s especial attention.

It is impossible to read attentively the history of any one among the great controversies which have agitated the Church, without seeing the principle we have stated distinctly at work. St. Augustine’s judgment, when speaking generally on the subject, is well known. One particular instance however happens to be before our eyes at this minute, being contained in Mr. Allies’s work; and we will therefore proceed to quote it. It is upon the subject of the controversy between St. Stephen and St. Cyprian on Baptism; nor let it be forgotten, in reading St.

Augustine's sentiments, that *now* every Catholic is required, under pain of anathema, to receive the doctrine declared by St. Stephen. In the first quotation, St. Augustine is quoting St. Cyprian's words and commenting on them. The translation is Mr. Allies's.

“ ‘It remains for us each to deliver our sentiments on this matter, judging no one, nor removing any one, if he be of a different opinion, from the right of communion.’\* There he not only permits me without loss of communion further to seek the truth, but even to be of a different judgment. ‘For no one of us,’ saith he, ‘sets himself up to be a Bishop of Bishops, or by fear of his tyranny compels his colleagues to the necessity of obedience.’ What can be more gentle? What more humble? Certainly no authority deters us from seeking what is the truth: ‘since,’ he says, ‘every Bishop according to his recognised liberty and power possesses a free choice, and can no more be judged by another than he himself can judge another:’ certainly, I imagine, *in those questions which have not yet been thoroughly and completely settled.* For he knew how great and mysterious a Sacrament the whole Church was then *with various reasonings considering,* and he left open a freedom of inquiry, that *the truth might by search be laid open.*”—p. 36.

“You are wont to object against us Cyprian's letters, Cyprian's judgment, Cyprian's Council: why do you assume the authority of Cyprian for your schism, and reject his example for the peace of the Church? But who is ignorant that canonical holy Scripture, as well of the Old as of the New Testament, is contained in its own certain limits, and is so preferred to all subsequent letters of Bishops, that no doubt or discussion at all can be held concerning it, as to whether that be true or right, which is acknowledged to be found written in it: but that the letters of Bishops which either have been or are written after the confirmation of the canon, may be reprehended both by the reasoning, peradventure more full of wisdom, of some one in that matter more skilled, and by the weightier authority and more learned judgment of other Bishops, and by Councils, if haply there has been in them any deviation from the truth; and that Councils themselves, holden in particular regions or provinces, yield, beyond all question, to the authority of plenary Councils, which are made out of the whole Christian world: and that former plenary Councils themselves are often corrected by subsequent ones, when *by some practical experience what has been hidden is laid open, and what lay concealed is recognised,* without any puffing up of sacrilegious pride, without any haughty exhibition of arrogance, without any strife of livid envy, with holy humility, with Catholic peace, with Christian charity.”†—pp. 41, 42.

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\* Tom. ix. p. 110.

† Tom. ix. 97. G.



“Nor should we ourselves venture to make any such assertion, were we not supported by the unanimous authority of the whole Church : *to which he too, without doubt, would yield, if the truth of this question had at that period been thoroughly sifted, and declared, and established by a plenary Council.* For if he praises and extols Peter for having with patience and harmony suffered correction from a single younger colleague, how much more readily would he himself, with the Council of his province, have yielded to the authority of the whole world, *when the truth was laid open?* because, indeed, so holy and so peaceful a soul might most readily agree to one person (i. e. the Pope,) speaking and proving the truth ; and this, perhaps, was really the fact, but we know not. For not all which at that time was transacted between Bishops could be committed to posterity and writing, nor do we know all which was so committed. For how could that matter, involved in so many clouds of altercations, be brought to the clear consideration and ratification of a plenary Council, *unless first for a long time throughout all the regions of the world it had been thoroughly tried, and made manifest by many discussions and conferences of Bishops on the one side and on the other?* But wholesome peace produces this, that *when obscure questions have been long under inquiry, and, through the difficulty of ascertaining them, beget various judgments in brotherly discussion, until the pure truth be arrived at, the bond of unity holds, lest in the part cut off, the incurable wound of error should remain.*”—pp. 43, 44.

Nor should we omit a few extracts from the well known passage of S. Vincentius Lirinensis, which Mr. Brownson has had the candour to quote. This author, it need hardly be said, would be the very last to sanction any principle which would really lead to *innovation* on doctrinal matters.

“Peradventure some one will say, shall we then have no *advancement* of religion in the Church of Christ? Surely, let us have *the greatest that may be.* For who is either so envious of men or hateful of God which would labour to hinder that? But yet in such sort that it may be truly an *increase* of faith (*profectus fidei*) not a change.....Fitting it is that the understanding, knowledge, and wisdom.....of the whole Church should by advance of ages abundantly increase and go forward.....Let the religion of our souls imitate the nature of our bodies, which, although with process of time they develope and unfold their proportions, yet they remain the same that they were.....Christian doctrine must follow these laws of increasing, to wit, that with years it wax more sound, with time it become more ample. Our forefathers, in this field of the Church, sowed the wheaten seed of true faith.....It is reason and very consistent that.....we should of *the increase of wheaten teaching*

reap the fruit of wheaten doctrine; so that, when with tract of time *any of those first seeds begin to bud and come forth.....* yet there be no change of the propriety of the germ."

We desiderate Mr. Brownson's usual fairness and common sense in his remark on this passage: "The gain," he says, (p. 73,) (in reference to the increased apprehension of doctrine recognised by St. Vincent,) "is in a clearer understanding, not of what it *is*, but of what it *is not*:" and more than once afterwards he has a similar remark. Can he gravely maintain, that the increase of body which human beings obtain in their progress from infancy to maturity, (and this is one of St. Vincent's comparisons,) is fairly paralleled by such an infinitesimal wonderful advance of knowledge as from the explicit belief e. g. that our Blessed Lord has two wills, to the further belief that it is false to say He had only one will? A progress from one proposition to another precisely equipollent with it, a simple performance of the process recognised in logic as *conversion by negation*, this is the *whole* progress in doctrine which Mr. Brownson admits; and with this he fancies he can satisfy such a passage as we have just quoted.

Indeed, our doctrine is implied of necessity in the language so universally held by Catholics, as to the essential importance of the attribute of infallibility; without which, we always say, there would be a series of endless and hopeless controversies. For how would this be the case, if the Church always held explicitly and consciously the contradictory to a heresy, before that heresy sprang up? What need is there of infallibility for declaring that Rome is in Italy? If Christians then believed the doctrine, e. g., that our Blessed Lord had two wills, as distinctly as they believed the geographical fact just mentioned, what more need of an infallible authority to declare the latter than to declare the former? In fact it has before now happened that Catholic writers have gone even beyond due bounds in their statement of this principle. Thus Medina, a Spanish Franciscan, is quoted (and censured) by Bellarmine, (*De Clericis*, i. 15,) as charging St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, Sedulius, Primasius, St. Chrysostom, Theodoret, Ecumenius, and Theophylact, with holding the Arian heresy. "These men," he says, "were otherwise most holy and most thoroughly acquainted with the Holy Scriptures:" and "from respect



to Jerome and these Greek Fathers, this opinion was in their case hushed up or tolerated; but in case of heretics, who in many other points also dissented from the Church, it has always been condemned as heretical." In the same connection we may quote four other passages from Catholic writers, which go very far beyond any thing we have here maintained. They were cited in one of the "Tracts for the Times," (No. 79, p. 50-52.) and may be considered as genuine, from the fact that, although appearing in so well known a publication, their genuineness has not been denied. The last quotation, indeed, the writer makes on his own responsibility, which is a still farther guarantee; the three former are on the authority of Jeremy Taylor the Anglican controversialist.

Cardinal Fisher, than whom there can hardly be a more revered name, says, "Whoever reads the commentaries of the ancient Greeks, will find no mention, as far as I see, or the slightest possible, concerning purgatory. Nay, even the Latins *did not all at once but only gradually* enter into the truth of this matter. *For awhile it was unknown, at a later date it was known* to the Church Universal." And with reference to this and the kindred subject of Indulgences, "*We are all aware* that by means of the acumen of later times, many things, both from the Gospels and the other Scriptures, are now more clearly developed and more exactly understood than they once were." Polydore Virgil appeals to the above statement, and adds, "Moreover by the Greeks, even to this day, the doctrine is not believed." Alphonsus de Castro says, "Concerning Purgatory, there is scarcely any mention, especially among the Greek writers; for which reason even to this day it is not believed by the Greeks."

The quotation made by the Tract-writer on his own authority, is from the preface of the Benedictine Edition of St. Ambrose's Works, to that Saint's Treatise, "*De bono mortis.*"

"What might seem almost incredible, is the uncertainty and inconsistency of the Holy Fathers on this subject, (Purgatory,) from the very times of the Apostles down to the Council of Florence.....For not only do they differ, one from the other, *as commonly happens in such questions not yet defined by the Church*, but they are not even consistent with themselves."

We need hardly say that we are far from acquiescing in

this statement; only it shows how recognised in the Church has been this principle of "development," that a Catholic writer could possibly have made it. It need therefore the less excite wonder, if the opposite principle, the principle (if one may so speak) of *stationariness* in doctrine, may have also occasionally been so stated as to obscure the other side of the picture; to throw discredit, in appearance, on the office ever performed by the Church, as in handing down Doctrine, so also in defining, illustrating and expanding it. Catholic controversialists have felt, and most truly, that there cannot be a greater contrast in the world than between the Protestant's rule of faith and the Catholic's; and they have at times expressed this contrast in the strongest and broadest manner. The true Catholic shuns, as among the greatest of sins, the bringing in his own judgment to sift or criticise the teaching of the Church. He but endeavours humbly to learn, heartily to appropriate, zealously to defend, the Doctrine he has received; and if this Doctrine expand both in his intellect and in his spiritual nature, this is from no profane desire of novelty or restless love of change, but because it is the necessary law of human nature that so the case shall be. He looks for no new doctrine, being heartily contented with, and deeply submissive to, that which he has received. He desires ever to keep his intellect in full subjection to his spiritual nature; and his one absorbing interest here on earth is to save his own soul.

We cannot here examine Mr. Brownson's arguments, for the simple reason that time and space will not permit. Whatever comes from him of course deserves careful attention, and if called upon we are prepared fully to meet his reasoning. Of *testimonies*, we can only find *three* in any definite shape: the statement of a condemned proposition; a passage from St. Thomas; and a long quotation from Bossuet; though there is in one place, we think, a merely passing allusion to Father Perrone.

Now as to the first of these three, we greatly desiderate a *reference*: for every one knows it is impossible to determine the sense in which a proposition is condemned, unless at all events by seeing it in its place among the condemned series; not to mention, in addition, some knowledge of the history of the condemnation. There is no difficulty however here in answering Mr. Brownson. He tells us "it is a condemned proposition" "that morals



can be better learned from the moderns than from the ancients." If by this Mr. Brownson understands, that the Modern Church is a more sure and trustworthy guide in morals, and has preserved the purity of moral principles with greater fidelity, than the Ancient, no one would join more cordially than ourselves in anathematising any such proposition. But if he understands by it that the details of moral theology were more distinctly known, and its principles more variously and completely carried out, by St. Alphonsus than by St. Polycarp or St. Ignatius Martyr, surely there is no Catholic living who could doubt the fact: it cannot possibly be in any such sense, that the Church condemned the proposition cited.

The passage from St. Thomas, it will have been seen, is quoted also by Suarez in the passage above cited; and *he* considers it must be understood in that very sense, to which Mr. Brownson regards it as contradictory.

As to Bossuet, however brilliant his endowments and however devout his life, there is more than one circumstance which makes his testimony to such a point of doctrine as this rather suspicious. First, the part itself he took in promoting that great spiritual rebellion, which goes by the name of the Gallican Liberties; of which more in another place. Secondly; it was especially to his purpose in that controversy, to say as much as possible on the duty of preserving what *we* should call a merely external and hollow similarity with earlier times; and the admission of any such doctrine as De Maistre's on the development of the Papal power, would have been fatal to his position. Thirdly, on the very subject on which Mr. Brownson quotes him, not only is he at issue with the profoundly learned Petavius, but actually joined the French clergy in an address of thanks to Bull, an Anglican schismatic, for his services to the Church in *answering* that great Catholic Doctor. Mr. Brownson will be the first man living to feel the force of this last consideration.

[ In bringing our argument to a close, two further observations will be necessary. First, although we have stated at the outset what appears to us the real principle on which the growth in Christian Doctrine has proceeded, we would not have Mr. Brownson, or any one else, imagine that the real question can be affected, by any exception which may be taken to that statement. Nothing is more trans-

parent in Mr. Brownson's writings than his hearty love and desire of truth: he will be very ready then to see, that the real phenomenon to which he should apply his mind, are the express declarations of the great writers whom we have called into court. Whatever be the true *theory* on the facts of the case, these facts equally remain; viz., that Petavius, Suarez, Vasquez, Melchior Canus, (to mention no others,) with one voice deny the proposition, which Mr. Brownson maintains as *undeniable*. They deny the proposition, that all doctrines formally decreed by the Church, must of necessity have been *explicitly* handed down from the Apostles; and maintain, on the contrary, that it suffices if they are *implicitly*, or *potentially*, or *seminally*,\* contained in what was so handed down: of which latter fact they regard the Church as an infallible judge.

The second observation is implied in the very circumstance, that we have been led to state *our own view* of the principle on which this growth has proceeded; viz., that no distinct and systematic theory has been drawn upon the subject by those writers themselves. Canus indeed may be considered partly as an exception to this remark; but not altogether so. In fact, it is only in accordance with, only an instance of, the very principle for which we have been contending, that the doctrine of development should be developed; that a principle on which the Church has ever proceeded, and which her greatest Doctors have from time to time recognized and fully allowed, should at last, by the progress of controversy, have to be drawn forth into a consistent and systematic theory.

But there is also another reason for this circumstance: viz., the surprising advances which the science of *criticism* has made in modern times; whereby the genuine works of ancient writers have been discerned from the spurious. It is not too much to say that it is only quite of late that the *facts* have been sufficiently ascertained, on which such a theory must be erected.

It is sometimes implied as an objection to the principle which we have been defending, that its recognition would

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\* "*Seminibus*," we have seen, is Canus's own word for expressing the relation between the explicit Apostolic teaching and later judgments of the Church.



tend to impair the evidence for the Divine Authority of Catholic Doctrine. But in arguing with Catholics, it is surely unnecessary to say more, than that the question is not one of probable *results*, but of truth or falsehood. Catholics are charged indeed by Protestants, as the first Christians were by heathens, with deliberately "doing evil that there may come good;" but the Catholic of the present day joins with St. Paul in his indignant repudiation of any such maxim. We must not then mis-state facts to serve a controversial purpose; and the question therefore merely recurs, on which side is the *true* statement of facts.

In truth, however, we are most fully confident that no such effect would result as is here supposed. The historical argument in favour of the Church, is wholly independent of any view that may be entertained as to the growth of doctrine within her pale. In our article on Mr. Allies's work, we have been led to state the nature of this historical argument, and to that we may refer our readers. We may also refer them to the admirable work of Klee's on the Church, just translated by the excellent President of St. Edmund's College, where this argument is more unanswerably and convincingly handled than in any other we have seen. And any one may observe that its reasoning would be wholly unaffected by an admission of this principle of "development," to its fullest extent. Indeed, any argument which goes upon an examination of patristic statements of doctrine, from its very nature is accessible to none but a most limited class of readers; and as to its effect *on* that class, *that* depends on the question whether it be so handled as to accord with the facts of the case. And thus we return to our old point, that the only question is which view of doctrine *does* so accord.

We have been arguing all through as to a Catholic audience: and yet one principal object of our remarks has been a reply to recent objections from other quarters. It has been in many cases either said or implied, that this doctrine of "development" is a novelty, to which Catholics have been driven by the stress of Anglican arguments; and that there is a marked inconsistency between recent statements on the subject and the whole past tenor of Catholic theology. We trust these objectors will now see their error; and will see that their opinions have had no other effect, than the effect which heretical opinions ever

have had: viz., to bring forth into clearer light some acknowledged Catholic principle, and afford increased harmony and consolidation to the fabric of Catholic Doctrine.

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ART. IV.—1. *Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten*. VON BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Dritte Auflage. 2 Theilen, 8vo. Marnnheim: 1846.

2.—*Village Tales from the Black Forest*. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated from the German by META TAYLOR. With four Illustrations by John Absolon. London, David Bogue: 1847.

IT would not be easy to find a more striking title, or one more likely to attract the lovers of romance; though we doubt whether it be not one by which the majority of readers will be misled. We are old enough to remember the time when it could have had but one import—when the very name, “German Tale,” was a recognized synonym for horror, and mystery, and extravagance—when spectres and goblins, not to speak of more earthly terrors—of brigands and murderers—formed its unfailing *corps dramatique*—when the plot was invariably embellished with

‘Very pretty supernatural scenery,’

and was sure to involve a series of strange and unearthly incidents and adventures. In the days of which we write, a book with such a title as that which stands above—its scene laid in the Black Forest, the traditionary abode of wonder and romance, and its interest placed among the wild foresters of that primitive region, would, as a matter of course, have been crammed “brimful of horrors,” with ghost-haunted castles and bandit-haunted caverns, with savage barons and love-lorn maidens, with a heroine conceived upon the model of “Gertrude of the Ice-cold Heart,” and a hero the legitimate representative of “Bloody Berthold of the Mummel-See,” or “Schinder Hans, the Robber of the Rhine.”

If the reader take up Auerbach's volumes, anticipating anything like this, he will be far from forming a correct notion of their contents. And, indeed, we hardly know



any more gratifying evidence of the revolution which has been quietly effected in the literature and the literary tastes of the new generation in Germany, than is supplied in these exquisitely simple tales. Of the wild extravagance, the over-strained romance, the sickly sentiment, the silly, though solemn, philosophy, which were the characteristics of the older school of fiction, he will not find a single trace. These tales appear almost to realize the ideal towards which certain later writers of German fiction have begun to strive, and which had been utterly disregarded by their predecessors—a simple and unstudied delineation of nature in the moral and social, as well as in the physical, order. So hopelessly, indeed, had the German novelists failed in this particular, that critics began to regard the failure as the result, not so much of a defect of taste, as of some peculiar constitution of the national mind, similar to that which pervades the philosophical writings of Germany, and which leads their so-called philosophers to confound simplicity with common-place, to regard novelty and originality as the great desideratum in authorship, to imagine that an opinion which had been originated, or an argument which had been advanced, by another, was, by the very fact, unworthy of repetition, and to prefer the most shallow and contemptible theory, provided it wore the appearance of novelty, to the best and most profound views of the writers who had gone before them. There are some of the German novelists in whom this is absolutely provoking. Take up one of the tales of Tieck—a writer whose powers of description (when he chooses to keep within bounds) are scarcely surpassed by our very best authors. You find—as, for example, in his “*Reisender*,” or “*Die Gemählde*”—a story conceived in the best and most attractive spirit:—you are presented with a scene, the details of which are unexceptionably delineated:—you are introduced to the leading characters of the tale in a style which would not dishonour the best and most graphic of the “*Sketches by Boz* ;”—when, on a sudden, the effect of the whole is destroyed by some unaccountable extravagance, some grotesquely unnatural conception—the more extravagant and unaccountable because, in almost every instance, it will prove a mere excrescence on the story, not only not essential to the plan, but actually an impediment to its effective development. Those who have read

Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and still more, that very objectionable story, the "Wahl-verwandtschaften," will easily recollect numberless instances of the singular defect to which we allude; and it is still more remarkable in Hoffmann—than whom none can be more natural and effective when he pleases;—and, above all, in that strange compound of contradictory qualities—the great master at once of the grotesque and of the simple—Jean Paul Richter.

Of late years, however, this false taste has begun to be discarded. Singularity is no longer absolutely indispensable as an evidence of genius, and a writer may occasionally venture to be natural, without incurring the character of dulness and stupidity. A good deal of the reform of taste thus effected, may be traced to the influence of foreign literature, to the imitation, intentional or unconscious, of foreign models—of the English novelists, and, perhaps even more, of the Swedish authoress, Frederika Bremer, whose works have become extremely popular in Germany. But the principal share of the credit is unquestionably due to one man, who, though his religious views are of a class which we should be sorry to think likely to be permanently popular, has succeeded in founding a most important and influential school in literature—Heinrich Zchokke, the historian, philosopher, and novelist. The name of this remarkable man is, very possibly, new to many of our readers. A few of his minor tales have been translated, chiefly in the popular literary journals; his works are occasionally referred to and criticized in our foreign magazines and reviews; but it is only by an intimate knowledge of the domestic literary life of Germany, and a close and attentive observation of the new characteristics of popular German fiction, that it is possible to estimate the hold which he has gained of the affections of his countrymen, and the influence which he exercises upon the taste of readers as well as of writers. We must not be understood, however, as implying that the "Tales of the Black Forest" belong to what we have been describing as Zchokke's school of fiction. It would be difficult to find any points of resemblance between them and Zchokke's tales, even those—as, for example, "The Goldmaker's Village"—which possess a certain analogy of subject with Auerbach's, and are laid in scenes which, in the main, must be regarded as similar. The only point of



similarity which we would suggest, and indeed the only one which we believe to exist, is the simplicity and truth, the total absence of extravagance and mysticism, the hearty and natural tone which are common to both, and in which unhappily both alike differ from the rest of their countrymen. The novels of Zchokke are essentially and professedly practical; they all tend to some fixed and settled purpose; all inculcate some definite lesson. In the pursuit of this strong and engrossing purpose he never condescends to loiter by the way; he is never tempted into a digression for mere embellishment or amusement, never describes as a pure literary exercise, or sketches for the mere sketching's sake. With him the moral is always the first and last object; to its requirements everything else is subordinate, everything else is made to bend, or even sacrificed altogether. Not that his tales are without ornament, or simply dry and didactic expositions of the moral and social truths which they are intended to inculcate: on the contrary, they abound with ornament and with humour, and there is not one of them which does not contain scenes fully equal in interest and in excitement to anything which we meet in works which aim at no higher object. But it is easy to see, notwithstanding, that with the author this is a secondary consideration; that it is never sought for its own sake; and that it is never introduced except for the purpose of making yet more practical and impressive the practical lesson which the tale is intended to subserve. With Auerbach, on the contrary, it is never so. His stories, with the exception of one or two, especially "*Der Lauterbacher*," (which is not comprised in Mrs. Taylor's translation,) are mere sketches illustrative of the manners and usages of a race regarding whom but little had previously been known;—with scarcely any higher aim, however, than that of creating an interest in the scenes and characters which they describe;—and although they all, in a greater or less degree, embody some valuable moral or social principle, and are full of instruction for the simple peasantry for whom they are written, yet, for the most part, this rather lies in the general spirit and tendency of the tale, than is formally proposed either in the plot or its development.

The real charm of Auerbach's tales is their great simplicity, their evident truth, their unmistakeable fidelity to nature—doubly valuable and effective, because the scenes

and subjects have the advantage, almost unknown in these days of common-place, of freshness and novelty. The villages of the Black Forest are—or rather were, till they became classical under Auerbach's pen—a *terra incognita* even for the natives of the neighbouring provinces; and among the numberless loiterers whom a visit to Baden-Baden annually places within an easy distance of its inmost fastnesses, few could boast a more intimate acquaintance with the locality than may be gathered in the glorious view from the battlements of the Alte Schloss, or a hasty excursion to the Kinzig-Thal or the Donau-Schingen. And yet the population of this primitive region will, in many respects, furnish a more interesting subject for examination than that of any other among the German provinces. Struggling for centuries against the combined disadvantages of a barren soil, a harsh and ungrateful climate, and a severe and unsympathising government, they have continued, nevertheless, by patient and provident industry, to maintain themselves in independence, and indeed in comparative comfort. Isolated by their tastes and habits, as much as by their position, they have continued to stand apart from the rest of society in Germany, uninfluenced by its vicissitudes, and unmodified by its caprices; and thus it is that they present the singular, and now almost unique, picture of a population of the nineteenth century, not only with the costume, the usages, and the manners, but even with the ideas and views of the seventeenth. It is true that they have shared in that great common reform by which the German peasant has been transformed from a serf and cottier into the owner of the soil upon which he had been born in serfdom; but the change has not been attended with results so striking as might at first sight be expected; and the Black Forest villager lives on according to the same traditionary routine which he received from his fathers, and which it is a matter of course that he should transmit to his descendants.

The Tales are eleven in number, nine of which will be found in Mrs. Taylor's pretty volume. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the accuracy of her translation. From the strongly idiomatic character of the original, the task was one of exceeding difficulty, and indeed one which none but a native of Germany could attempt with a hope of success. Not only do the stories



overflow with provincial idioms and proverbial expressions, and with allusions utterly unintelligible without a knowledge of the locality and its usages; but the whole, or nearly the whole, of the dialogue, and all the rustic songs and ballads, are in the patois of the district, which, even with the aid of the best dictionaries, would be as hopelessly mysterious to a foreigner as the ballads of Burns or the Ettrick Shepherd, or the rich Doric dialogues in the Waverley Novels. It is true that she has used the liberty of abridging, and omitting, and condensing rather freely in some of the tales, especially in "Ivo der Hajrle;" but although to a Black Forest reader the part suppressed would have had a deep interest from its purely local character, we doubt whether the general reader is not rather a gainer by the suppression.\*

But it is time to present the reader with a sketch from this novel and interesting collection. We shall take one, almost at random from the first tale in the series, which is entitled "Tolpatsch." Here then, good reader, is Tolpatsch in his own proper person.

"Yes, good Tolpatsch! I see you now standing before me, in your own proper form and figure, with your short-clipped flaxen hair, left only to grow over the neck behind in one long patch; and I can fancy you looking at me too, with your broad face, your full blue staring eyes, and your half-open mouth. Ah! little did either of us dream, when in our favourite lane, where now stands the row of new houses, you cut a hazel twig to make me a pipe, that I should one day tell the world of Tolpatsch, when we were so far apart!

"Ay, and how well do I still remember your whole dress! but that to be sure is no difficult matter; for shirt, red braces, and linen trowsers (prudently black, to meet any mishap),—this was all. On Sunday indeed things were different: then you sported

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\* We must not be considered over sensitive if we make one observation with reference to the translation. Mrs. Taylor, throughout her volume, has translated *Pfarrer* (which, it is hardly necessary to say, is the title of the parish clergyman, whether Catholic or Protestant) by the English word *parson*. This, of course, is a matter of little moment, though the peasantry of the Black Forest are almost exclusively Catholic, and are represented as such in the Tales. But we have only observed two instances [in p. 116, and in p. 314,] where it is translated "*priest*," and, in both instances, this translation has the effect, perhaps not intended, of fixing upon the priest a coarse and ill-natured insinuation.

your poodle cap,\* your blue jacket with its large buttons, the scarlet waistcoat, the short yellow leather breeches, the white stockings, and clattering shoes, not forgetting the fresh red carnation stuck behind your ear. But this gaudy attire never became you, so I return to you in your everyday clothes.”—pp. 1, 2.

It may be as well to explain, before we proceed further, that this singular title† of our hero is but a Black Forest soubriquet, which the wicked humour of his fellow villagers, or his own dull and clownish, though good natured appearance, had drawn upon him. His proper christian name, (though there were but few who addressed him by it,) was Aloys; and according to the local usage which the intermixture of families renders necessary, in order to distinguish individuals of the same common surname, he was known in the village as “Bartels Basche’s Bua,” “the son of Bartholomew, the son of Sebastian.” With all his simple good-humour, Aloys did not relish the soubriquet by which he was almost universally addressed among those of his own standing.

“Our friend Aloys therefore preferred the company of us children, although he was seventeen years old: in safe and secret spots he would play with us at ninepins or building houses, or race about with us in the field; and whenever Tolpatsch (I should say Aloys) was with us, we were safe from any attack of the children at the limekiln; for in truth all the young folks of the village were constantly divided into two hostile parties, who made war upon one another on every convenient occasion.

“Now the lads of the same age as our friend Aloys were already beginning to act their part in the village; they met together every evening, and, like their elders, went singing and whistling along the road, or stood joking and laughing in front of the little inn which boasted the sign of the Eagle, teasing the girls for pastime as they passed by. But the most distinguished badge of a grown-up lad is his pipe; and there they would all stand, looking so proud, each with his silver-mounted pipe in his mouth, decked with a little silver chain and with a bowl of real Ulm ware. The pipes indeed were not lighted, except now and then some one ventured to steal a red coal from the baker’s fire, when the maid’s back was turned: and then you should have seen their joyous faces, smoking and puffing away, however sick it made them.

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\* “A cloth cap with a fur edging, without peak, and with a tassel of gold thread in the middle.”

† Tolpatsch, Heavy clownish fellow.



"Aloys too had already begun to smoke, but only quite in secret. One Sunday evening he let the end of his pipe peep out of his breast-pocket, and ventured thus among his companions. 'Hallo!' cried one of them, as he snatched the pipe from Aloys' pocket. Aloys demanded it back, but in vain; it passed quickly from hand to hand, amidst shouts of laughter; and when Aloys grew more and more impatient, the pipe had vanished, and they all pretended to know nothing of it. Aloys pulled and twitched first one and then another, begging for his pipe with tears in his eyes; but they all only laughed the more. Then he snatched off the cap of the lad who had stolen his pipe, and ran with it into the house of Jacob the smith. This manœuvre had the desired effect; the culprit fetched the pipe, which had been hidden in the wood-stack, and gave it back to Aloys.

"The house of the smith, Jacob Bomüller, was the constant resort of Aloys; whenever he was not at home, he was sure to be found there; and he never stayed within-doors when he had done his work. The wife of Jacob the smith was his aunt; and, like his mother and a few of us children, Mistress Apollonia and her eldest daughter Marannele called him by his right name, Aloys.

"Aloys rose early in the morning, and when he had given hay and water to his two cows and his calf, he used to go to Jacob's house, and knock, until Marannele came and opened the door. Then, after just wishing her 'Good-morning,' he went through the cow-shed into the barn. The animals all knew him, and lowed in a familiar way every time he passed, and turned their heads to look at him. Then he went into the barn, fetched some hay, and with a pitchfork filled the mangers of the two oxen and the two cows. Aloys' prime favourite was the white-faced cow; he had brought her up from a calf, and as he stood by and watched her feeding, she would often turn and lick his hand, which by the way was no bad aid to his morning toilet. And then, when he opened the door of the shed, and made it all clean and in order, he had a kind word for each of the animals in turn, as he pushed them first to this side and then to that. No yard in the whole village was so neat as Jacob the smith's. Aloys washed and curried the oxen and cows,\* till you could have seen your face in their sleek sides; and having done so, he ran to the pump which stood in front of the house, and pumped the trough full of water. Then he let the animals out of the shed, and whilst they were drinking he strewed for them a litter of clean straw.

"When Marannele came into the stable, to milk the cows, all was sure to be neat and in order. Often, when a cow was unruly, and kicked, and would not be milked, Aloys would go up to her,

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\* [A practice common in Ireland and in some parts of England.  
TRANSL.]

stand by her side, and pat her on the back, so that Marannele could milk her better. Aloys managed somehow never to have finished his work: he had always something more to busy himself about; and when Marannele would say, 'Aloys, thou art a brave lad!' instead of answering or looking up, he only went on sweeping the stable with his broom the more vigorously, as if he would sweep up the very stones out of the floor. Then he went and cut hay in the barn for the whole day, and having finished this work, he ran to the pump and fetched water for the kitchen, chopped some sticks for firewood, and when all was done betook himself to Jacob's sitting-room.

Presently Marannele brought the dish of porridge, put it on the table, folded her hands, while every one did the same, and said grace. After this, they sat down to table. All ate out of the same dish, and Aloys would often help himself from the corner where Marannele dipped her spoon. They sat thus at table still and serious, as if some holy ceremony were being performed, and seldom a word was spoken. When dinner was ended, and thanks had been returned, Aloys took up his cap and strolled merrily home.

"Thus did our friend Aloys pass his days until he was nineteen years old; and when new-year's-day came, and Marannele made him a present of a shirt, the hemp of which she had herself gathered, which she herself had spun, bleached and sewn, then Aloys' happiness was complete. The only thing that troubled him was that he could not walk along the road in his shirt-sleeves; he would not have felt the cold, in spite of the frost and snow; but the village-folks had laughed him out of this, and Aloys grew more and more sensitive to the jokes of the neighbours.

"The servant-lad of the old Bailiff, who had come to the village since the harvest-time, was at the bottom of it all; he was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a bold look, the effect of which was heightened by red moustachios. Jörgli (George), for that was the lad's name, was a horse-soldier, and almost always wore his military cap. On a Sunday, when he strode through the village, upright as a may-pole, with a swaggering air, turning his feet out and making his spurs ring, with his soldier's cap stuck knowingly upon his head, and his leather-striped pantaloons, his whole figure seemed to say, 'Ay, ay, the girls may well fall in love with me!' Or when he rode out his horses to drink at Jacob's pump, Aloys' heart was ready to burst as he saw Marannele peeping out of the window every time; and he wished in his heart there was no such thing as milk or butter in the world, so that he too might be a groom and have the charge of horses.

"Inexperienced as our friend Aloys was, he knew well enough the difference between the three classes of servant-lads. Lowest in rank was the cowherd, whose beasts of draft\* have also to pro-

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\* [In Germany milch-cows are often used for draft.—TRANSL.]



vide calves and milk ; next came the herdsman of the oxen, whose beasts, besides working, can be fattened and killed for food. But foremost of all was the groom, whose cattle give neither meat nor milk, but which nevertheless fare the best and often fetch the highest price."—pp. 2-8.

This Jörgli was doomed to be the plague and the trial of poor Tolpatsch's life, and upon their simple race of rustic rivalry the story is made to turn. The manner in which this is wrought out, will illustrate the leading points on which Auerbach differs from most of the novel writers of his country. Few German writers could have resisted the temptation of indulging, upon an occasion apparently so appropriate, in a lengthened and sentimental disquisition upon the motives and feelings under which poor Tolpatsch might be supposed to act, accompanied probably by a proportionate amount of metaphysical speculation on the nature of the affections generally, and the various phases in which they develope themselves. Still more would this course have been pursued by a writer of the French school. But Auerbach, true in this particular to the Swedish model, which we cannot help thinking he frequently proposed to himself, contents himself with simply telling what Tolpatsch *did*, and leaves the reader to infer from his artless narrative what he *felt*, under the circumstances which are thus unpretendingly described.

It would be idle to attempt any condensation of the story, and we shall therefore content ourselves with another extract. Tolpatsch attributing his rival's superiority to his soldierly air and appearance, resolves under the same impulse which actuated the Antwerp blacksmith, whom

Connubialis amor de mulcibre fecit Apellem,

that he too will be a soldier like Jörgli. When he has completed his twentieth year, and the day of drawing for enrolment approaches, he prays fervently that he may not draw a free number. Marannele, on the contrary, in evidence of her affection, gives him as he is about to start for the place of drawing a lucky farthing, which was made, according to the simple belief of the country, out of one of those silver dishes, which are supposed to fall from the sky every time a star falls at night, and was regarded as an infallible preservative against every untoward accident. Tolpatsch, however, is resolved not to be baulked of his purpose.

"Aloys took the farthing and went his way ; but as he crossed the bridge over the Neckar, he drew it from his pocket, shut his eyes close, and threw it into the river. 'No, I will *not* be free,—I will be a soldier : only wait awhile, Jörgli !' As he exclaimed thus, he clenched his fists and drew himself up proudly.

"In the inn at Horb, which bore the sign of the Angel, the Bailiff sat, waiting for his lads to assemble ; and when they were all met, he went with them to the town-hall. The Bailiff was a stupid clown, who nevertheless gave himself the air of an important magistrate. He had once been a sergeant in the army, and evidently attached vast consequence to his office, treating all the countryfolks, both old and young, as if they were mere raw recruits. On their way to the town-hall he said to Aloys, 'Tolpatsch, my boy, I know you'll draw a high lot ; but even if you draw No. 1, you need not trouble yourself,—they can make nothing of *you* for a soldier.'

"'Who knows?' said Aloys boldly ; 'I may be a sergeant as well as another ; I can read and write and reckon as well as any one ; and I suppose the old sergeants have not swallowed *all* the cleverness in the world !'

"The Bailiff was in a huff, and looked at him fiercely.

"When Aloys went up to the wheel where the lots were drawn, there was a kind of bold defiance in his manner : he put his hand into the wheel, and seized several papers, shut his eyes fast, as if not to see what he took, and drew out a lot. He trembled as he held it up, fearing it might be a high number ; but when he heard the court-crier call out 'Number 17 !' he shouted so loud for joy that the folks had to tell him to be quiet.

"The lads now all bought themselves nosegays of artificial flowers, tied with red ribands, and after taking a hearty draught, away they went home : our friend Aloys shouted and sang the loudest of any.

"In the road, at the entrance to the village, the mothers and a number of lasses were waiting for the return of the young men : Marannele was among them. Aloys went arm-in-arm with his comrades, not very steadily indeed, but more intoxicated with the shouting and excitement than with wine. He had never before shown this intimacy with the others, but to-day they were all alike. When his mother saw number 17 stuck on the hat of her dear Aloys, she fell a-weeping bitterly, and exclaimed again and again, 'God help us ! God help us !' And Marannele said to Aloys aside, 'What can you have done with my farthing ?' 'I have lost it,' replied Aloys ; but although he hardly knew what he was saying, this fib went to his very soul.

"The lads now went singing into the village, and the mothers and sweethearts of those who were drawn as recruits went weeping after them, and drying their tears with a corner of their aprons.

"There were still six weeks to the examination of the young



recruits, when they had all to appear before the Doctor and receive his certificate of their fitness for service. Aloys' mother Mary took a large pat of butter and a basketful of eggs, and went to the wife of the Doctor: truly the butter looked remarkably smooth and tempting, in spite of the cold weather. Mistress Mary received the assurance that her son Aloys should be let off; 'for,' said the conscientious Doctor, 'Aloys really is not able to serve; he is shortsighted, and that makes him so often clumsy and awkward.'

"Aloys however did not trouble himself about all these stories; he was wholly altered, and went whistling and strolling through the village.

"The day for the examination came at last. The lads went this time more quietly to the town. When Aloys' turn came, and he was called into the examiner's room, he said in a bold tone, 'Try me as you will, you'll find nothing to prevent my serving.' Then he had to stand under the measure, and being of the full height he was enlisted as a soldier. The Doctor forgot all about his shortsightedness, the butter and eggs; Aloys' bold tone put it all out of his mind.

"Now that the matter had become serious, and Aloys was irrevocably drawn as a soldier, he grew anxious, and was ready to shed tears. But when he was leaving the town-hall, and his mother rose weeping from the stone steps to meet him, his pride returned, and he said, 'Mother, this is not right; you must not weep; I shall be back in a year, and in the meantime my brother Xaver can manage our little field.'

"When Aloys returned home, after the merry-making among the recruits in the village, Marannele with tears in her eyes gave him a bunch of rosemary, tied with red ribands, and sewed it to his cap. But Aloys pulled out his pipe, smoked away as he went through the village, and spent the evening merrily with his comrades till late at night.

"The next was a painful day to pass; it was the day when the recruits had to go to Stuttgart. Aloys went early to Jacob's house; Marannele was in the stable; she had now all the work to do alone. 'Marannele,' said Aloys, 'give me your hand.' She gave it him, and he said, 'Promise me, Marannele, one thing,—that you will not marry until I come back.' 'I promise you,' she replied earnestly. 'Then,' said he, 'I am ready; but stop—come, Marannele, give me a parting kiss.' Marannele kissed him, and the cows and oxen looked at them as if they knew what was going on.

"Aloys now patted each cow and ox again, and as he took leave of them they lowed, as if to wish him good bye in return.

"Jörgli had put to his horses, to drive the recruits a few miles on their way, and so they went singing through the village. Conrad, the Baker's son, who played the clarionet, sat with the rest in the cart, and accompanied the songs which the others sang.

They went slowly along at a foot-pace; on every side friends pressed around stretching out a hand or a parting-glass, and bidding them farewell.

"Marannele looked out at the window, and greeted the lads as they passed. When they approached the end of the village, they all joined again in chorus:

'Away, away, and away!

The sluggard at home may stay.'

But when they were out of the village, Aloys became on a sudden as still as a mouse; he looked all round him, and his eyes were filled with tears. Close to this spot, upon the heath called Box-hill, Marannele had bleached the linen of which the shirt he had on was made: the threads seemed as if they were burning, he felt so hot. As he passed, he bade a sad adieu to all the trees by the roadside, and to those well-known fields. There lay the 'Home-field,' which he had so often dug and tilled, that he knew every little stone in it: there it was that last harvest he had cut the corn with Marannele. A little further, down in the 'Close,' lay his field of clover; he had sown it, but alas! he should not be there to watch its growth. Thus he gazed long and sorrowfully around; and as they drove slowly down the road, Aloys looked straight before him and said nothing. When they crossed the bridge his eyes were fixed upon the river; who knows whether at that moment he would have had the courage to throw away his lucky farthing?

"As the lads passed through the town they struck up their song again; but it was not until they had reached the top of the Bil-dechingen hill that Aloys once more breathed freely. He turned round, and on the opposite hill there lay his own dear Nordstetten, seemingly near enough for him to have spoken with the folks there, although in truth it was almost an hour's drive distant. He could see the yellow-painted house of old Jacob the blacksmith, with its green shutters, and two houses off lived Marannele! He waved his cap high in the air, and struck up the song again,—'Away, away, and away!'

"Jörgli drove the recruits as far as Herrenberg, and from that village they were to proceed on foot. At parting Jörgli said to Aloys, 'Have you no message to send to Marannele?' Aloys' face grew scarlet in a moment; Jörgli was the last man in the world to whom he would entrust a message, and yet he was on the point of saying something kind for Marannele; but involuntarily he broke out into the exclamation, 'You need not have any thing to say to Marannele,—she cannot bear you!' Jörgli laughed and drove off.

"On the road the recruits had another memorable adventure: in the Böblingen wood they met a peasant with his cart, and they



forced him to drive them to the end of the forest, a distance of five miles. Aloys was the foremost in this prank; he had often and often heard Jörgli tell of the bold tricks which soldiers played, and he wished to do the same. Nevertheless, when they reached the end of the wood, Aloys was the first to open his leather purse and give the peasant something for his trouble.

"At the Tübingen gate in Stuttgart the newly-arrived recruits were received by a sergeant. Several Nordstetten soldiers had gone out to meet their countrymen; Aloys bit his lip when they all cried out, 'Good day, Tolpatsch!' The singing had now stopped, and the recruits were led to the barracks like a flock of sheep. Aloys told his countrymen that he should like to enter the cavalry as a volunteer (for he wanted to be as much as possible like Jörgli); but when he heard that in that case he would have to go home again, as the cavalry exercise would not begin before the autumn, he bethought himself, 'No, that will never do; I must return home quite an altered man; and then let any one of you call me Tolpatsch indeed, I'll Tolpatsch you!'"—pp. 17-24.

We pass over his "joining," his initiatory drill, his untiring industry in learning the exercise, his lessons in dancing, the painting of his portrait, and the sending it home to his mother, with permission to show it to Marannele. Alas, alas, Marannele was but a heartless jilt, unworthy of poor Tolpatsch's simple truth! He obtains leave of absence, and revisits his home.

"Evening was closing in when he reached the hill at the entrance to Bildechingen. Before him lay his dear Nordstetten—his home. He no longer sang, but stood still and thoughtful, and touched his cap involuntarily to welcome the sight of his native village.

"Aloys walked slowly on, for he wished not to reach home before nightfall, so that he might surprise all his friends the next morning. His house was one of the first in the village; there was a light in the room; he tapped at the window, and said, 'Is Aloys there?' 'Heaven preserve us! a gendarm!' cried his mother. 'No, no, it is I, mother,' said Aloys; and taking off his tall cap, to enter in at the low door, he ran and embraced her.

"After the first joy at meeting, the good woman was in great trouble that she had nothing left in the house to eat; however she went into the kitchen, and presently whipped up a couple of eggs and toasted a rasher of bacon. Aloys stood by her side on the hearth, and told her all that had happened. He inquired for Marannele too, and asked why his picture was still hanging there. But his mother answered, 'Pray, pray drive Marannele from your head,—she is a good-for-nothing hussy.'

“ ‘Mother,’ said Aloys, ‘never speak to me of her so; I know what I know!’ His face, which was red with the fire on the hearth, had a sad but resolute expression. His mother was silent; and as they went back into the sitting-room, her heart beat with joy and pride when she saw what a smart young fellow her Aloys had grown. She could hardly take her eyes off him, and at every mouthful he ate, her lips unconsciously imitated his, although she ate nothing. Then she lifted off his *tschako*, stroked his hair, and pitied him for having to carry such a cruel weight.

“The next morning Aloys rose early, brushed his cap, and polished his sword-belt and buttons more carefully than if he were going to a review. As the church-bell tolled the first time, he stood prepared and ready; and the second time it sounded, he went out into the village; on the road he heard two boys talking to one another.

“ ‘Is n’t that Tolpatsch?’ said one.

“ ‘No, no, it can’t be he,’ replied his companion.

“ ‘Yes, but I am sure it is he,’ said the first. Aloys looked sharply at the boys, and off they ran with their hymn-books tucked under their arm. Aloys walked straight up to the church, and all the villagers welcomed him kindly on his return. He passed by Marannele’s house,—no one was looking out: then he went up the hill, looking back every instant; and entered the church porch just as the bell sounded the third time. He looked around, but nowhere saw Marannele; still he lingered at the door, but all the folks had gone in, and she was not among them. The singing now began; Marannele’s voice was not heard: he could have distinguished it from among a thousand. What cared he now to be the object of attention to all! Her eyes were not upon him, and for her sake only had he come so far. But when the sermon was ended, and the parson read the bans of marriage between Marianne Bomüller of Nordstetten and Georg Melzer of Wiesenstetten, Aloys stood riveted to the spot; his knees tottered and his cheeks grew deadly pale. He was the first to leave the church, and ran home, scarcely knowing what he did, cast away his sword and cap, and hid himself in the hay and wept. He thought of Marannele, and then of his mother, and cried and sobbed aloud.”—pp. 27-30.

This is too much for the simple trusting heart of our poor friend. He makes no effort to bear up against the shock, but avails himself soon after of the offer most opportunely made by an elder brother who had settled in America, purchases his discharge from the army, and, joining a party of emigrants from his native village, abandons for ever the country where his long cherished hopes had been thus sadly blighted. There is something in our judgment extremely beautiful in the conclusion of this simple sketch.



"In his last letter from the Ohio, Aloys writes to his mother as follows:

"'I am often sad at heart to think that I should enjoy all this good fortune alone. How often do I wish that the whole of Nordstetten were here! old Zahn, blind Conrad, Schakkerle of the stone-quarry, Soges, and Maurice; they should all have as much as ever they could eat and drink in my house. Of what good is all this plenty to me, when I must enjoy it by myself? Then too you should see Tolpatsch with his four horses in the stable and ten foals in the field! How is Marannele? If she is not well off, write me word,—I will send her something. But she must not know from whom it comes: it grieves me to the very heart to think of her. Mathes of the Hill lives a few miles off. Mathilda is a good housekeeper, but she is not Marannele! I long to hear that she is well off and comfortable. Has she any children? On our voyage we had with us a very learned countryman of ours, Dr. Stäberle of Ulm, who showed me on a globe that when it is day in America it is night in Nordstetten, and the reverse: I did not think much about it at the time, but now, when I am in the fields, and wondering to myself what they are doing at Nordstetten, then it comes into my head, Potz blitz! they are at this minute asleep, and Schakkerle's son John the watchman is going his rounds, and calling, 'God and the Virgin keep us!' But the worst is on Sunday, to think that it is then Saturday night in Nordstetten. This should not be; all should have one day. Last Sunday evening we were at a dance at cousin Mathes', and I recollected that it was then the church festival in Nordstetten. I should never forget that, if I were to live a hundred years. Ah! I wish I could be in Nordstetten again, just for one hour; then I'd show the Bailiff what sort of a man a free citizen of America is. Farewell!"—pp. 36-38.

The tales, though each is distinct and independent of the rest, yet for the most part all contain allusions to the same circle of personages; and thus we do not lose sight of Tolpatsch altogether, although his history professedly terminates here. The reader will be gratified to find from one of the subsequent stories, that he became a prosperous and happy citizen of the Republic, and was fain to console himself for the loss of his faithless Marannele, by a union with the Mathilda to whom he alludes in the above extract. There is a long letter of his introduced into the story of "Ivo," which we regard as the very ideal of simple and natural tenderness and beauty. It is too long for insertion, but we promise the reader of "Tolpatsch," that as a supplement of this interesting little sketch, and as a pic-

ture of honest unsophisticated heartiness and simplicity, it will amply repay the trouble of perusal.

The general character of the remaining tales, (with the exception of "Ivo," which is much more elaborate,) will be sufficiently understood from what we have said of "Tolpatsch." The plot in most of them is exceedingly simple, and the narrative little more than a slender thread, by which the several sketches which they embody are connected together. Some of them, however, are extremely characteristic, and illustrate very strikingly the leading social peculiarities of this primitive land. Among these may be specially enumerated "The May Tree," and "The Axe," two sketches illustrative of village law in the Black Forest. They are drawn in a singularly bold and graphic style, and will be found doubly interesting from the novelty of the usages on which they are based.

We shall print, however, in preference, a passage from another, and in many respects a more painful story, entitled "Vefele." It illustrates very strikingly the operation of a feeling not peculiar to the Black Forest; the distrust and jealousy with which the peasantry regard the consolidation of landed property, and the habitual and almost instinctive tendency to regard the rise of any one even from among their own number to the class of "lord" or chief proprietor, as an addition to the number of their traditionary enemies and oppressors.

It would carry us beyond our prescribed limit, to attempt an analysis of the plot. We shall be content with the following sketch, "the Peasant-lord," father of Vefele, the heroine of the story. How many home associations does it not suggest!

"For thirty years the Peasant-lord had dwelt in the village; but whenever he fell out with any one, the nickname given him was 'the Baisingen straw-walker,' and his wife was called 'the crooked-back lady of Baisingen.' Mistress Zahn was however by no means crook-backed; in her old age she was still a tall and handsome woman, with an erect carriage: her left foot was only a little too short, which occasioned her to limp in walking. This bodily defect however was at the same time the cause of her great wealth: her father, old Staufer, once said publicly in the village-inn, that his daughter's short foot mattered not, for that he would put a full measure of dollars under it, and it would be seen whether that did not make all straight.

"Old Staufer kept his word, and when Zahn married his daugh-



ter, he filled a measure with dollars, drew the strike across it, and said, 'There, all that is in the measure is yours!' To complete the joke, his daughter had to put her left foot upon it; and the corn-measure, thus filled with money, was placed as the chief ornament on the wedding-table.

"With this money Zahn soon afterwards bought the estate of the lord of Schleithem: he built himself a large and splendid house, and thus got the name of 'the Peasant-lord.' Out of nine children, who were born to him, five lived to grow up, three sons and two daughters. His youngest child was Vefeles: she was so fair and delicately formed, that, partly in envy, yet partly because they were forced to acknowledge her superiority, the villagers called her 'the lady.' Whenever her name was mentioned, it was the general remark, half in pity and half in spite, that Vefeles was a 'marked child,' for she had inherited the short foot of her mother. The expression *marked* conveys an unfavourable meaning: people who are red-haired, hunchbacked, one-eyed, or limping, are commonly called so; as if these defects were a mark set upon them by Heaven, because those who bear them are usually ill-natured and not to be trusted. As a natural result, these unfortunate creatures, from being treated with scorn and suspicion, generally become cunning, bitter, and deceitful: an unjust prejudice at the outset calls forth those very consequences, which are afterwards regarded as a confirmation of the prejudice itself.

"Vefeles indeed did nobody any harm; she was on the contrary good and kind to all; but the hatred of the whole village towards the Peasant-lord was extended to his children.

"The Peasant-lord carried on a lawsuit with the whole parish for eighteen years; he laid claim to the patronage belonging to the lord of the manor, and demanded the various dues, tributes, and other rights attaching to the soil: he had moreover fifty votes in the election of the Bailiff. But these customary dues were paid by the peasants with grumbling, and even open insult, so deep-rooted was their vexation and enmity. Thus it is with men! To a nobleman, a baron, or a count, these peasants would have paid all without a murmur; but now they cursed every grain which they had to give to a man whom they looked upon as one of themselves. The only mode of revenge which they could devise was to cut down the Peasant-lord's corn by night, when it was still green. But this only produced a twofold injury; for old Zahn laid his complaint before the Syndics, and succeeded in obtaining a decree, that, as the transgressors were not discovered, the damage should fall upon the parish, and he should be compensated out of the parish funds. Ever after the Peasant-lord had a ranger of his own, one-half of whose wages the village had to pay.

"The disagreements and bickerings between the Peasant-lord and the peasants of the village continued unabated.

"It happened that a new lawyer went to settle in the little town

of Sulz, and now began the lawsuit, in which as much paper was scribbled over as would have covered a whole acre of land.

“The village of Nordstetten, together with a large portion of the Black Forest, at that time belonged to Austria. The Governor resided at Rottenburg, and the Court of Appeal was in Freiburg; but a cause of great importance might be carried even further; and, from the complicated nature of the proceedings in a distant jurisdiction, it was easy to keep a lawsuit in constant doubt and confusion until doomsday.

“In time the quarrel between the Peasant-lord and his neighbours grew into an open strife between the inhabitants of Baisingen and Nordstetten. The Baisingen folks jeered and bantered the others at market or in the town, whenever they and the Nordstetters met; calling them in derision their subjects and servants, because a Baisingen peasant ruled over them. The Nordstetten folks in their turn gave tit for tat, and were always ready with as good a word to give back. At first both parties laughed and joked at one another only as ‘good friends;’ but by degrees the taunts and insults grew more and more rude, and ere they were aware, war had broken out on both sides, and they came to a good hearty cudgelling-match. This first took place at the market of Ergenzingen, and from that time the Nordstetters and the Baisingers could never meet without coming to blows; whenever the young men of the two villages met at a dance or a wedding, however peaceable at first, the feast always ended in a pitched battle.

“The Peasant-lord dwelt in the middle of the village, as in a desert; no one spoke to him, no one visited him. The instant he showed his face in the village inn, all was in a moment still, and it always seemed to him as if the folks had that instant been talking of him. He laid his tobacco-bag, filled with the best tobacco, on the table; but no one would ever ask for or accept a pipeful. At first old Zahn took all the pains he could, by kindness and friendly behaviour, to dissipate the general and apparently concerted enmity; for he was by nature a good-hearted man, though somewhat austere. But when he saw that it was of no avail, he scorned them all, set them at defiance, and obstinately resolved to make good his rights. He kept entirely aloof from all the villagers, hired day-labourers from Ahldorf to till his fields, and, as if he would not even worship God together with his neighbours, he went every Sunday morning to church at Horb. As he thus walked forth, his carriage was stately, although he was short-set and broad-shouldered: his three-cornered hat was stuck a little on the left side, with a bold air, and the broad part brought in front, so that the shadow which it cast on his features made them look darker and more serious than they were in reality. He strode along with a firm step, and the large silver buttons set in a close row on his blue coat, without a collar, and the round silver but-



tons on his red waistcoat, jingled one against another as clear as a bell.

"The mother and her children, but especially her two daughters, Agatha and Vefele, suffered most by this estrangement from the villagers; and often did they weep together and lament their lot, whilst old Zahn was sitting till a late hour over a bottle of wine with his lawyer in the town. The rancorous feeling in the village went so far, that even the poor people, for fear of the rest, dared not receive alms from the Peasant-lord's house; and it was only in secret, and unknown both to old Zahn and the villagers, that the good woman and her daughters practised their charity: they took potatoes, corn and meal by stealth, as if they were thieving, into the garden, where the poor folks waited to receive their bounty."—pp. 60-66.

By far the longest, however, and in every respect the most finished of Auerbach's tales, is the last in Mrs. Taylor's volume, "Ivo," or as it stands in the original, "Ivo, the Young Priest."\* It is the story of a pious and simple peasant youth, who, under an impulse of childish enthusiasm, has devoted himself to the ecclesiastical profession, and, without fully investigating his dispositions, or strictly questioning his heart as to the state of life which he would really prefer, pursues his clerical studies, partly because such is the pious wish of his parents, and especially of his fond and thoroughly religious mother; partly because he is for a long time actually unconscious of any indisposition on his own part towards the profession for which he has been designed. In the end, however, his dispositions become apparent to himself; and after a hard contest with his own feelings, and with his reluctance to give pain to his parents, he abandons his studies, settles down into a Black Forest peasant, and marries Emmerenz, one of his early playmates, for whom even as a child, he had formed an affection which he long suppressed, and of whose depth and fervour he was long unconscious. The story is told with perfect simplicity and with great tenderness and purity throughout; and though some may be inclined at first sight to question the propriety of its moral, yet, although it has some serious defects to which we shall allude hereafter, we are disposed on the whole to think, that the lesson is one which may not be without its application among ourselves. We shall

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\* "*Ivo der Hajrle*"—*Hajrle* being a local idiomatic form for *Pfarrlein*, or *Herrlein*.

make no apology, therefore, for extracting at some length from this interesting little tale, more indeed for the sake of its own simple beauty, than with a view to any critical observation, beyond barely what may be necessary, in order to correct what we believe to be the questionable tendency of some of the author's views.

The tale opens with the event which first gave the impulse to Ivo's wishes, and excited in his childish imagination the idea of devoting himself to the Church—the *Primitia*, (or the first Mass and Sermon,) of a young priest of Ivo's native village. In the Catholic provinces of Germany, this ceremony is always a high festival.

"The following morning dawned brightly on the village. Ivo was drest by his mother betimes, in a new jacket of striped German velvet, with (as he fancied) silver buttons, and in short, well-washed leather breeches: he was to carry the crucifix. Gretle, Ivo's eldest sister, took him by the hand and led him into the road,—‘to make room in the house,’ as she said: then enjoining him not to come inside the door again, she hastened back to her work. Ivo went into the village; the men and lads were standing about in groups, half drest, without coat or jacket. Here and there women and girls were running from one house to another, without their smart bodices, their hair but partly drest, and carrying the fluttering red hair-ribands in their hands. Ivo thought it a great piece of tyranny in his sister to drive him from the house; he would have enjoyed nothing so much as to have gone out, like the men, first in his shirt-sleeves, and then, as soon as the bell tolled, to have appeared in full splendour; but he dared not return home, nor indeed ventured to sit down anywhere, for fear of spoiling his clothes; so he went cautiously through the village.

"Waggon after waggon arrived, bringing peasants and their wives from a distance; stools and chairs were brought out of the houses, and placed for the visitors to alight, who were cordially received and welcomed. Every one appeared this day thoroughly joyous at heart and elated, like the inhabitants of a village welcoming back in triumph a victorious hero to the place of his birth. The whole way from the church to the Boxhill the road was strewn with grass and flowers, which shed a sweet perfume around. The Bailiff came out of Christle the tailor's house, and remained uncovered until he found himself in the road again. Soges too was decked out smartly, with a newly-japanned sword-belt, and shone in all his glory.

"The Bailiff's lady soon afterwards made her appearance, leading by the hand her little daughter Bäbele, a girl six years of age. Bäbele was drest like a bride; she had the *Schappel*\* with the

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\* A chaplet of glittering silver spangles.



little wreath upon her head, and was splendidly attired; in fact Bäbele was to act the bride of the young ecclesiastic in the approaching ceremony. The bell tolled, and, as if by magic, the groups of peasants in their shirt-sleeves suddenly dispersed, and went home to dress themselves in proper trim; Ivo went to the church.

"Amidst the sound of the bells, the procession at length moved out of the church. The flags fluttered, the town-band of music, which had come expressly from Horb, played lustily, and, mingled with all the other sounds, were heard the prayers of the men and women. Ivo walked in front, by the side of the Schoolmaster, carrying the crucifix. Upon the Boxhill stood the altar, beautifully adorned; the chalices and lamps, and the spangled robes of the saints, glittered in the sun, and the multitude stretched over field and hill.

"The young priest now ascended the steps of the altar, folding his fair hands upon his breast; he was clad in a gold-embroidered garment, his bare head ornamented only with the gilt chaplet; with a pallid and pious expression, he bowed low continually, amid the sounds of music. Ivo hardly dared to look up. Before him walked the Bailiff's daughter Bäbele, who, as his bride, bore in her hand a lighted taper, wound round with rosemary: she took her place by the side of the altar.

"The high mass began, and when the little bell tinkled, all the multitude fell prostrate on the ground; not a sound was heard, except the fluttering of a flight of doves, which passed directly over the altar. Ivo would not have looked up at that instant for the world: he thought to himself that the Holy Spirit was then descending, to change the wine and bread, and that no mortal eye could venture to look up without being blinded.

"The Chaplain of Horb now ascended the pulpit, and addressed the young priest in a solemn and impressive manner; after which the latter also went up into the pulpit. Ivo sat not far off, on a footstool; with his right elbow fixed upon his knee, and his chin resting upon his hand, he listened attentively: he understood little of what was said, but his eyes were rivetted upon the lips and the look of the preacher, who spoke from the heart, and his whole mind was filled with childlike and loving thoughts of God and of the good priest.

"When the procession set out again homeward, amidst the ringing of bells and the triumphal sounds of the music, Ivo seized the crucifix fast with both his hands. The crowd now gradually dispersed; every one spoke with rapture of the young priest, and said how blest the parents of such a son must be. Christle the tailor and his wife went down the covered flight of steps upon the hill-side, their hearts overflowing with blissful feelings. They were not people ordinarily thought much of, but to-day all pressed up to them with marked respect, to offer their congratulations. The

good woman thanked them with her looks, but her eyes were filled with tears of joy, and she could not speak for weeping. Ivo was told by his cousin from REXINGEN, who had come to be present at the ceremony, that Gregory's parents had thenceforth to address him with respect and deference.

"'Is that true, mother?' he asked.

"'Certainly,' she replied; 'he is now greater than any of us.'

"But their happiness did not end here; the actual worldly advantage that must accrue to Christle the tailor was not forgotten in the general talk: people said that he was now provided for as long as he lived. Gregory's sister Cordele too would no doubt be his housekeeper, and Gregory would prove a blessing to his family and an honour to the whole village.

"Ivo walked home between his parents, each leading him by the hand. 'Father,' said he, 'Gregory should be the parson here.'

"'That would not do,' said his father; 'a priest is never to serve in the place where he is born.'

"'Why not?'

"'Pshaw! with your continual, silly *why!*—because it is so,' answered Valentine. But his wife added, 'You know, Ivo, he would have too many friends and kinsfolk in the village, and would not be impartial.'

"The fact was, the good woman either did not herself know, or could not explain to the child, that in such a case the sanctity of the office, and the reverence for the person of the priest, would be diminished by the knowledge of his origin and his growth from infancy to manhood.

"After a while Valentine said, 'Upon my word, the parson leads the best life in the world; *he* never gets hard skin on his hands from ploughing, nor back-ache from reaping, and yet the barn at the parsonage is as full as his neighbours'. He lies on his sofa, and thinks over his sermon, and makes all his family happy. Ivo, my boy, if you are a good lad, you may one day be a priest yourself: would you like it?'

"'Ay, that I should,' said Ivo eagerly, looking up at his father with wistful eyes; 'but you should never say your Reverence to me,' he added.

"'Well, well, there's time enough to think about those matters,' answered Valentine smiling."—pp. 183-189.

We cannot help thinking this extremely beautiful. It presents, in a few delicate touches, all the leading familiarities of the characters of the chief actors in the story; the hard and worldly, but yet, in his own way, honest and affectionate father, the humble and pious, though doatingly and even proudly fond mother, and the artless enthusiastic child; and it lets us into the whole detail of life at Nord-



stetten, as completely as though all its every-day minutiae had been elaborately described. Seldom, too, have we met anything more successful than the description of the progress of Ivo's destiny; his childhood—his love for Nazi the old herdsman—his innocent attachment to Emmerenz—his boyish life—his first studies—the Latin school—till at length the time comes for his entering the Seminary, or, as it is called in the volume before us, the Cloister, where his strictly professional education commences. There are whole chapters in this portion of the tale, which we would gladly transcribe if it were possible. Mother Christina's visit to the chaplain at Horb, preparatory to placing her boy at the Latin school, the preparations for his departure, the blue coat, providently made large enough to allow him to grow, the visit with which he is honoured by the sheriff's sons, who are his school-mates, and numberless other scenes of the same character, all described with a simplicity and at the same time an effect which are really captivating: We regret still more the necessity of passing over Ivo's leave-taking of his native village, when he is about to enter the ecclesiastical seminary, which though it want the exquisite tenderness, is, in some respects, little inferior to the same scenes in Carleton's "Poor Scholar." But we could not think of omitting the arrival of the party at the Seminary. It consists of Ivo, his mother, Nazi the old herdsman, and Bartel, a poor orphan who is also entering the Seminary, and whom [they have good-naturedly brought with them in their humble vehicle.

"Our travellers put up at the Grapes, not far from the Cloister; but hardly had they seated themselves at table, when the bell tolled for vespers. Mistress Christina rose, and beckoned to the two lads, who went with her to the church.

"There is a deep power in the everywhere visibleness of the Catholic religion: whithersoever you wander, her temples stand open, the sanctuaries of your faith and hope; everywhere you see your fellow-creatures prostrate in devotion before the same sacred objects, and repeating the same words in prayer: you are everywhere among brethren, and children of the one holy and visible Father at Rome.

"Thus knelt Christina before the altar, with the two boys, absorbed in silent prayer: they were no longer conscious how far they were from home, for even here the hand of the Lord had erected a blessed home for the stranger. With a firm and fervent trust in God, Christina took her boy Ivo by one hand, and Bartel by the other, and went with them to the Cloister.

"Here there was a great bustle and running to and fro, and people were to be seen in various-coloured dresses, from all the Catholic parts of the country round about. When the usher at the door of the Cloister had examined and returned the certificates to Christina, all three were conducted to the presence of the Director. He was a gruff-looking old man, and to all that Christina said he merely replied, 'Very well, very well, all right.' The truth was that his attention had this day been unusually tried, and it was not to be wondered at that he was somewhat sparing in his words.

"Ivo twitched his mother's gown, and she now begged that 'his Reverence' would be pleased to allow her son to sleep this night at the inn. After a pause the Director said, 'Very well, but mind that early to-morrow morning, before church-time, he must be here.'

"As Bartel took leave of Mistress Christina, he poured out a volume of thanks; for the poor lad was so used to such expressions of gratitude, that the words were on his tongue's end: then he followed the usher to his chamber. Ivo jumped for joy at the thought of remaining a little longer with his mother, and they chatted together till late into the night.

"The sun shone forth brightly the next morning. Full an hour before church-time, Ivo, taking his mother's hand, went to the Cloister, while Nazi followed behind, carrying the luggage and Bartel's bundle. Mistress Christina now helped Ivo to put his clothes into the cupboard, which was cleared to receive them, and counted out all the things; but every now and then she turned round, with a troubled look, for she saw that no less than twelve boys were to sleep in the same chamber.

"When the bell of the Cloister church tolled, the mother and son parted, for Ivo had now to join his companions. As soon as the service was ended, Christina went to the good woman who had charge of the larder, a pleasant, conversable dame, and endeavoured to make friends with her, begging her to give Ivo a snack between the regular hours of meals, as the boy was delicate, adding that she would gladly pay for all.

"Ivo got permission to go with his mother to the inn for a short time before dinner; and here again she enjoined the landlady always to give her boy whatever he wanted, and to put it all down punctually in the bill, which should be paid to a farthing. The officious hostess was lavish of her promises, although she knew well enough that it was not in her power to do anything for the lad.

"At dinner Ivo ate with a good appetite; he knew indeed that his mother was not far from him. But afterwards he returned to the inn with a heavy heart, for now came the saddest parting. He went first into the stable, to Nazi, who was just harnessing the horse.

"'Nazi,' said he, 'you won't forget me?'



“‘No, no, you may trust me for that, as sure as the Bible,’ answered Nazi, pushing the collar over the horse’s neck; he did not look round, for he wished to hide his emotion.

“‘And give my love to all the good people who ask for me.’

“‘Ay, ay,—only don’t grieve so at being away from home; there is a pleasure in going away, when we think that we leave behind those who love us, and that we have done no one any wrong.’

“Nazi’s voice faltered and he felt choked, but Ivo did not remark it, for he continued: ‘And the pigeons too, you will not give them away till I come back?’

“‘Not a feather of them! But now go indoors to your mother; ’tis time for us to be starting, or to-morrow will slip away before we reach home; only do be happy and cheerful, and don’t take it to heart so; Ehingen is n’t out of the world, you know.—Hip, old horse!’

“So saying he led the horse to the cart, and Ivo went to look for his mother. Poor Christina was weeping bitterly; as soon as Ivo saw her, he repressed his own grief, exclaiming, ‘Do not cry so, mother: Ehingen is not out of the world, you know; and at Easter I shall come home again, and then we’ll all be merry together, won’t we?’

“His mother pressed her lips close together with pain: then she stooped and put her arms round Ivo’s neck, and kissed him again and again, saying, ‘Be good and pious, Ivo!’ These were the last words she sobbed out; then she got into the cart; the horse looked round, as if to take a last leave of Ivo, Nazi nodded again, the cart drove off, and they were soon out of sight.

“Ivo stood there awhile, with his hands folded, and hanging down his head. When he raised his eyes again, filled with tears, his mother and Nazi were gone. A sudden impulse seized him: he darted through the street after the cart, and presently saw it at a distance hastening along the road. For some minutes he stood fixed to the spot, watching it, and then with a deep sigh he returned to the town. There, every one was happy, and at home,—he alone was a stranger, and unhappy.

“Meanwhile his mother, seated in the cart, took her ‘Nuster’\* in her hand, and repeated a prayer: ‘Dear and holy Mother of God! thou knowest what a mother’s love is, thou hast felt it in sorrow and in joy. Protect my child, my precious boy! and if I sin in loving him so much, let me suffer for the fault, and not him.’”—pp. 251-256.

The “cloister life” of Ivo, that part at least which can properly be called such, we mean the detail of his professional pursuits, his spiritual exercises, and that quiet

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\* From *Pater Noster*—rosary.

but elevating and chastening routine of religious observances, which forms the especial training of a young ecclesiastic, is passed hastily over, and indeed is hardly alluded to even in passing. In the practical tendency of the tale, we regard this as a serious defect; and even in an artistic point of view, it destroys the reality and consistency of the narrative. But in truth the author appears to have proposed to himself but one object, a picture of the working of the natural feelings and affections under such circumstances as those in which his hero is placed. And in this picture we must allow him to have succeeded almost to perfection. Ivo's longings after his father's house, his holidays at home, the visit of his humble friend Nazi to the college, his college friendships, are all true to nature in their smallest details. The only blot upon this portion of the tale, is the character of his friend Clemens, a painful and unnatural conception, which is made more disagreeable by the contrast with the simplicity and good taste of all the rest of the book.

From the Seminary, Ivo is transferred to the University, and this with the exception of the closing scenes, is by far the least interestingly managed portion of the tale. But even this portion is not without an occasional touch of truth and nature. Scenes like the following have been frequently described, but we think Auerbach's description will not suffer by comparison with any of the rest.

"One day a messenger came in haste from Nordstetten, bringing a letter from the Bailiff to the Director, which conveyed a request that Ivo might have leave of absence to return home for a few days, as his mother had to undergo a painful surgical operation, and earnestly wished to see him. Full of anxiety Ivo hastened home with the messenger, from whom he heard that his mother had some time before fallen down stairs and broken her arm; that she had neglected it, and in consequence was now obliged to undergo an operation to save her life: for her children's sake alone would she consent to suffer this: to them her life was precious. It went to Ivo's soul to hear the messenger continually speak of his mother as if she were already dead, or at all events could never 'get over it;' and he always ended by saying, 'Ay, she was the honestest woman to be found far or near.'"

"The meeting of mother and son was very affecting, and Christina said, 'My boy, I can bear it all better now that you are here.'"

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\* [I must give the characteristic German expression—*so weit man kocht*.—TRANSL.]



"The next day came the surgeon; he wished that the good woman's eyes should be bandaged; but she said, 'No, wheel the bed into the middle of the room, so that I can see the crucifix, and you shall see that I will not flinch nor utter a sound.' After some remonstrance her wish was complied with. In one hand was her rosary, and with the other she held firmly her son's hand; her eye was fixed intently on the cross, and she exclaimed, 'Thou blessed Saviour, who hast patiently bore the greatest sufferings, strengthen me, keep me firm if I tremble. And whatever pains I have to bear, I will think of thee, O thou blessed mother of God! and suffer all in silence. Pray with me, Ivo.'

"Without a groan she underwent the operation. Whilst the bystanders wept aloud, and Valentine, half fainting, was led into the next room, there lay Christina silent and motionless; her lips alone moved, her eye was fixed upon the crucifix, and a peaceful and holy expression beamed upon her countenance.

"All was now ended, and the surgeon himself could not help praising the heroic fortitude of his patient. Christina sank back upon the pillow, and tranquilly closed her eyes. Valentine, who had re-entered the chamber, bent over his wife and gazed on her: then heaving a deep sigh he exclaimed, 'God be praised!' Ivo knelt down beside the bed; he looked at his mother, and prayed fervently. All present clasped their hands in silence, and it was as if the living Spirit of God penetrated every heart.

"When Christina awoke, she cried, 'Valentine!' He hastened to her side, seized her hand, pressed it to his heart and wept. 'Wife!' said he at length, 'will you forgive me? you shall never hear an unkind word from me again; I am unworthy of you,—I see it all; and if the Lord had taken you from me, I should have gone mad.'

"'Nay, nay, do not say so, Valentine, I have no cause to forgive you. I know how good you are, although you are sometimes not yourself: but do not fret, Valentine! all will be well again; the Lord only willed to try us.'—pp. 353-356.

But though we could linger long with pleasure over these charming sketches, we must hasten to the close. This visit to his home convinces Ivo that he has mistaken his heart in conceiving that its tendency was towards the sacred ministry; and that, though his piety is still as fervent, and his principles as pure as when, in the fervour of his early boyhood, he devoted himself to the service of the altar, yet his real calling is to the active and laborious life of the peasant of his native forest. The announcement of this change of purpose is received very differently by his two parents. The father storms and threatens, the mother weeps and remonstrates gently; and poor Ivo;

yielding to the gentler influence what he would have indignantly denied to the violence against which he revolted, returns to the University, resolved to combat and, if possible, to overcome, the impulses which withdraw him from the life for which he had been so long designed.

Meanwhile, however, the scrupulous fears of his mother are alarmed, and she is smitten with terror lest her remonstrance and entreaty should have the effect of making Ivo enter the University, unwilling and unprepared, solely in deference to her wishes. She resolves on withdrawing the influence which she had exerted, and with the assistance of Emmerenz, who is now her servant or rather her companion and assistant, sets about a letter conveying her wishes on the subject. The task, however, proves too delicate and too difficult for the unpractised and unready though willing scribe; and as a last resource, Emmerenz offers to be herself the bearer of Christina's message to her son.

We cannot resist the temptation of adding this one further extract.

"Emmerenz took her place at the table, trimmed the wick of the lamp with a pin, arranged all the things neatly before her, and said, 'Now then, tell me what to write.'

"Mistress Christina sat behind the table, in the corner under the crucifix, and tried first to peel another potato, as she said, 'Write, dear Ivo,—have you written that?'

"'Yes.'

"'I am always thinking of you: not an hour of the day passes, nor in the night, when I am in bed and awake, that my thoughts are not with you, dearest Ivo!'

"'Not so fast, or I can't follow you,' said Emmerenz. She raised her face, which was as red as scarlet, looked at the lamp, and paused for a minute, biting the end of her pen; *she* too would have written the very same words to Ivo: then putting her face close to the paper, she wrote, and said when she had finished, 'dearest Ivo—go on.'

"'No, first read me what you have written.'

"Emmerenz read.

"'Yes, that's right; now go on writing; I don't feel easy at your having so suddenly changed your mind:—stop, don't write that yet—we must not begin so.'

"Emmerenz rested her chin upon her hand, awaiting further instructions; but Christina said, 'There, you have heard now what I wish to tell him, so do you write it all; that's the way the Schoolmaster does.'



“ ‘I’ll tell you what,’ said Emmerenz, jumping up from her chair ; ‘a letter might fall into wrong hands, or be lost, and moreover we don’t understand properly how to put it on paper ; the best thing will be for me to go to Ivo and tell him all. To-morrow is Sunday, and I shall neglect no work ; I’ve cut the hay, and will give it to the cattle over-night, and for one day my sister can look after things : the potatoes are peeled, and I shall leave all in readiness, so that you’ll merely have to put the meat to the fire. By the valley ’tis only a walk of seven hours to Tübingen, and I’ll run like a hare ; Sunday, you know, is a long day, and to-morrow evening I shall be back in good time.’

“ ‘Will you go all alone, and in the night too ?’

“ ‘Alone ! is not our heavenly Father present everywhere ? He will stretch his hand over a poor girl to protect her,’ added Emmerenz. ‘And I *must* go in the night, or else you know I should not get back to-morrow, and then *he* would make a row.’

“ ‘Well, I cannot say no,—it seems as if it must be so. Go then in God’s name ! Here, take my Nuster (rosary) ; there is a little piece of cedar in it from Mount Lebanon, which belonged to my great-great-grandmother—that will protect you.’ She took down her rosary, which hung on the door-post, over the little basin containing the holy water, reached it to Emmerenz, and continued : ‘Don’t walk too fast, and if you are tired, do not return till the day after to-morrow,—that’s quite soon enough. And I have just a sixpenny-piece in my pocket, which I’ll give you.’ Then opening the table-drawer, she took out a loaf of bread, saying, ‘Here, take this with you ; bread out of the drawer brings a blessing. But what shall I say to the folks when they ask for you ? I cannot tell an untruth.’

“ ‘Oh, say that I had something very particular to do ; folks need not know everything ; only I must manage to get off before *he* comes home.’

“ With astonishing agility Emmerenz ran up stairs and down stairs, and got every thing in readiness, as she had said ; then she went to her chamber, to dress herself in her Sunday’s best. Christina helped her, and when the maiden drew out her prettiest boddy from the chest, something wrapped up in paper fell jingling on the floor.

“ ‘What’s that ?’ asked Christina.

“ ‘Oh, ’tis only a little bit of glass, which Ivo once gave me, when we were very little children,’ said the maiden, hastily hiding the treasure again.

“ When Emmerenz was drest, Christina said, tying and untying her apron-string all the while, ‘I don’t know after all that it is right for you to go : had you not better stay here ?’

“ ‘Stay here ! ten horses should not keep me ; don’t be so wavering ; you have promised to let me go, and this would be the first time you had gone from your word.’

"Emmerenz went back into the sitting-room, dipped her finger in the holy water at the door, and crossed herself; she then set out upon her journey. Christina followed her to the door, and again tried to dissuade her from going, but with a hasty 'God bless you!' Emmerenz tripped off. Christina's eyes followed her, as she crossed the garden to the fields, and her blessing accompanied the maiden.

"Emmerenz chose this path, in order to avoid meeting any of the villagers. As she passed through the Home-close, the moon was hidden behind a large cloud, and on entering the dark forest, to go down to the Neckar, she shuddered a little: all was silent and pitch-dark: she looked round, fancying that she heard footsteps behind her, but it was only the noise of her own steps; and laughing at her fears, she skipped boldly over the roots which lay twisted across the narrow path. Emmerenz had been well-instructed, and she no longer believed in ghosts and spirits; nevertheless she had still firm faith in the Mockle-Peter; how indeed could she help it, when so many people had actually felt him squatting upon their backs? and every now and then she lifted up her shoulder, to assure herself that the elf was not perched on it. She believed too in the little Nix, which rolls before the traveller's feet in the shape of a wild cat or a log of wood; so that when he goes to sit down upon it, he sinks into the wet mud. Emmerenz held the rosary firmly twisted round her hand.

"On reaching the open glade in the wood, where the noble beech-tree stands, with an image of the Virgin fixed to its smooth trunk, Emmerenz knelt down, took the rosary in her clasped hands, and prayed fervently. The moon shone forth from the clouds, full and clear, and the maiden rose strengthened in heart, and pursued her journey. Her path now followed the course of the Neckar: on both sides dark pine-forests stretched up to the very summit of the hills: the valley was for some distance so narrow, that there was only space for a strip of meadow, the river and the road. All lay in silent repose; only at times a bird chirped, roused from its sleep, as if to say, 'Ah, how comfortable it is here in the nest!' the dogs barked, when Emmerenz passed the lonely farm-yards, the water-mills clattered busily, and the maiden's heart beat quick.

"Emmerenz had never been more than two hours' walk from home, and many thoughts now came into her mind: she contrasted the scene around with her own village, and involuntarily exclaimed, 'How different! that lies on the hill-side, and has fields as fat as bacon.' She only wished that the Necker could be carried over the hill, that there might not be such a want of water.

"The stars glittered brightly, and looking up, Emmerenz said to herself, 'How wonderful it is to see so many millions of stars sparkling above there, like so many little lights in a large sooty frying-pan, only far, far more beautiful and holy! And to think



that God sits up above there, and keeps watch over all the world ! How many beautiful things one loses in the year by sleeping ! and if a man does not look sharply about him, he sees little even when his eyes are open. Yes, *he* was right, I observe things much better now, and there is a great pleasure in it.' At this instant a falling-star caught her eye ; Emmerenz raised her hands and exclaimed, ' Ivo ! ' She stood still, and looked abashed upon the ground ; she had betrayed the deepest wish of her heart ; for, as is well known, whatever any one wishes at the moment a star falls is sure to come to pass.

" Emmerenz hastened on her way, and as she passed a little water-mill she thought, ' Ah now, if I had but such a mill as that yonder, I'd work like a horse. What a fine thing it must be to look at such a pretty little property and be able to call it mine ! Well-a-day ! I should like to know whom he would marry, if he were not to be a priest. Heaven is my witness, I would run for him just as readily if he took another—*quite* as readily ? no, perhaps not *quite*, but yet with heart and good-will. He is perfectly right to wish not to be a priest. Oh, what a misery it must be to have nobody in the world to love, and to belong to nobody ! If God had willed that a man should not marry, He would have made only men, and have let people grow on the trees : but these are wicked thoughts,' she added ; and ending her soliloquy, she quickened her steps, as if trying to escape from her own thoughts. With an effort of the will she turned her attention to the objects and scenes around her, and as she listened to the rushing sound of the river, she thought, ' What a wonderful thing is such a stream, running on and on for ever ! ay, little river, you would like, I suppose, to keep on your course for mere sport, and do no work ! but no, you must bear the rafts and drive the mills : all and everything in the world must work, and it is right that it should be so. Yes, that is another cause of grief to him (she meant Ivo) ; he would like to work, and not to be tied down only to preach and perform mass, and read in those big books ; there's no real work in all that. I shall tell him all about it, but I must not let him think that I speak for myself.'

" The day at length dawned, and Emmerenz felt her heart lightened : she went down to the river, washed her face and smoothed her hair. She stood dreamingly for awhile looking at her own figure reflected in the river ; her eyes were fixed upon the water, but she saw nothing : it seemed as if a thought had transported her gaze from the scene around, to fix it vividly upon some object present to her mind. As Emmerenz proceeded, she kept looking about her in astonishment ; she felt strange at being alone at sunrise on a spot where she knew no one and nobody knew anything of her. Although indeed she felt the effects of her long walk, she could almost fancy herself suddenly transported hither by magic.

"It was a beautiful August morning, the larks warbled blithely in the air, and the blackbirds' notes were heard in the wood: but all this made no impression upon Emmerenz; she was accustomed to such sounds and scenes, and she tripped along singing a little song to herself.

"In Rottenburg Emmerenz rested awhile, after which she pursued her way with fresh strength and courage. When she came in sight of Tübingen, the difficulty first occurred to her, how she should contrive to see Ivo at the College: by good luck however she recollected that Christina's daughter Lisbeth was in service in the family of an attorney; and a lawyer's servant, thought she, will surely be able to give advice, for all the folks go to her master when they are in trouble. After many inquiries she found Lisbeth, who at first did not know what to advise; but turning the matter over in her mind, she at length said, 'I'll tell you what: stay here for an hour, till the bell tolls; then go and seat yourself in the church, in front on the left hand; you'll see Ivo up in the gallery, and can make him a sign to meet you after service.'

"'In the church!' exclaimed Emmerenz, clasping her hands: 'good heavens! you are dreadfully corrupted in the town: no, I'd rather go back without seeing him at all.'

"'Well then help yourself as you can, since you're so very particular.'

"'So I will,' said Emmerenz, turning away. She now went straight to the college, was announced to the Director, and said in a simple and artless manner that she wished to speak with Ivo.

"'Are you his sister?' asked the Director.

"'No, I am only the servant-maid in the house.'

"The Director looked steadfastly in Emmerenz' face; but she returned his gaze with a look of truth and frankness, and her features were unmoved. The Director ordered the servant to lead her to Ivo."—pp. 372-381.

We have no fear that this extract, though unreasonably long, will be considered tedious. It is poetry and truth itself.

It is hardly necessary to tell the end of the tale. Ivo leaves the university, abandons the profession for which he had at length discovered his unfitness, and, through the generous friendship of his old companion and instructor Nazi, (now grown a rich and prosperous man), he is reconciled to his father, established independently in life, and marries Emmerenz, who had loved him from her very childhood, and under the strong sense of duty and of religion had silently striven against and overcome this misplaced, as she believed, and unrequited affection. Her silent and unrepining struggle, indeed, is described with a



degree of delicacy and feeling, second only to those exhibited in the more elaborate sketch of Ivo.

We have already alluded to the character of Ivo's college friend, Clemens, as a serious defect in the tale. He is represented as a compound of weakness and fanaticism, amiable and affectionate it is true, but the creature of his impulses and feelings, destitute of any higher or holier principle whereby to regulate or control them; utterly unconscious of the true spirit of his exalted calling, and actuated by no loftier or more ennobling motives in pursuing it than are supplied by his own unreflecting and unregulated enthusiasm. The painful impression created by the introduction of this ill-sustained conception would, perhaps, have been obviated by the presentation, as a sort of set-off, of one or two characters which might be fairly taken as representatives of the true spirit of the young ecclesiastic. But the only other students to whom we are introduced, or at least of whom we learn anything in detail, are Constantine, a wild, unruly, and malicious youth, pining to be released from the bondage to which the strong will of his parents alone has consigned him, and Bartel, a poor and unfriended orphan, the happiness of whose student-life consists in his being well-fed and comfortable, a luxury which he had never enjoyed before, and whose prospective happiness in the ministry and aspirings towards its attainment hardly reach beyond the perpetuation of these creature comforts on a larger and less constrained scale.

These, we need hardly say, are grave defects, and though we do not discover in the work any evidence that such a result was contemplated or intended, they have the effect of marring to a great extent its moral tendency as a tale of real life, and of representing the preparatory studies of a young ecclesiastic as a series of cold formalities and harsh and unnatural restrictions, devised for the purpose of subduing the will, and breaking down the spirit and the self-reliance of the youthful candidates for orders. We need hardly say, that in drawing such a picture the author has not only violated the realities of the student-life, notoriously the happiest and most joyous in the career of the ecclesiastic, but has also sacrificed much in artistic effect, by shrinking from a fair delineation of the varieties of character which are always found thrown together in an ecclesiastical college, and which would furnish ample

scope for a pencil ordinarily so truthful and so felicitous as Auerbach's.

In conclusion we must, even with these drawbacks, repeat our thanks to Mrs. Taylor for the service she has rendered in translating these pretty tales. We have not heard whether she purposes to continue her task, and to translate the remaining stories of the collection. Of the two contained in the second volume, there is one—"Florian and Crescenz"—which, we trust, she will not think of translating into English. It is a coarse, pointless, and extravagant tale, especially ill-suited to a female pen, and in every way unworthy of Auerbach's former fame. The second, "Der Lauterbacher," though inferior in simplicity to the earlier sketches, and possessing more of what we used to call the *German character*, is yet in many respects a pleasing and instructive tale; and one which, with a few such judicious retrenchments as Mrs. Taylor has made in her present volume, would form an agreeable addition to our English collection of "Village Tales from the Black Forest."

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ART. V.—1. *Third Report on Emigration from the United Kingdom.*

Printed by order of the House of Commons, 29th of June, 1827.

2.—*Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth General Reports of the Colonial Land Emigration Commissioner, 1844-5-6.*

WE sit down to write with a map on our table, which, under the technical name of "Mercators's projection," places this round world before us in the form of a plane. In casting our eye over its surface, it lights at length on a small speck in the eastern hemisphere of earth, scarcely visible, but so important in the views of its constructor, that he had written over it the words "British Isles" in characters so large that they nearly obscure the isles themselves.

Looking towards the east we found vast possessions, illimitable in extent, curious in language, and as yet unsubdued in feeling and in habits—possessions originally gained and kept by British merchants, now an important



portion of her empire. Again viewing this small epitome of earth, we found a vast continent peopled by these tiny isles, to whom they had given language, and into the bosoms of whose inhabitants they had helped to infuse the blessings of civil liberty and of christian love.

But this was not all. We looked to the south, and found a land which men dreamed not to have existence a few centuries ago—whose very islands are continents, and her continent still an unexplored world! Yet this land was discovered by men who owed their parentage to Britain, originally peopled by the very refuse of her population, now regulated by her laws, and, let us hope, directed by her religion.

And all these are the progeny of that small mother before named—of that little great thing called Britain, before whom nations have bowed, and kings been prostrate. Never, when Roman legions swayed the earth, or the merchant flag of sea-born Venice floated over the seas, did history display a parallel.

Nor is the picture less curious when we look at home. Mark her surface, studded with its temples and its palaces; her people, revelling in the spoils of earth, which, from the palace to the cottage, have by long habit converted the *luxuries* of other times into the *wants* of life. Look at her towns—the metropolis alone, gorged with two millions of breathing creatures; think of Manchester, and Birmingham, and Glasgow, and Liverpool, and a hundred others, one and all the teeming haunts of busy men, who, by unceasing toil are either creating or receiving the things which minister to splendour or to comfort, or sending them forth over the surface of this broad world.

But without our aid we presume that Britain's pre-eminence will be at once admitted, simply as a fact. Yet, as effects are at all times the result of anterior causes, let us in this instance endeavour to suggest some ideas which may account for the curious anomaly that a few small islands should have become little else than the masters of the world. It is not sufficient to say that she is the empress of the seas, and has thus commanded the commerce of the entire globe. Shall we then, in explaining it, look upon her surface? Her fields, 'tis true, are broad, and their luxuriance great; her cattle traverse a thousand hills; and the very oaks on which her navies float are largely furnished forth by her own productive soil. But

the great truth—a truth long known to the wise, but as long combatted—now begins to be acknowledged by all nations, by us especially. Such truth should be written in golden letters in every market-place, emblazoned on the sails of every merchant-ship.

This truth is one as simple as it is comprehensive. It is this: That the world's Creator meant *the superfluities of one land to supply the deficiencies of another*. It is an axiom which tells throughout, the very definition of the word, commerce; it pervades nations in their reciprocal relations, it applies to individuals in each of them. China sends her tea, simply because she has an excess over her own consumption; Brazil will (if we only permit it) send her sugar for the same reason; and tallows from the Baltic supply us with ten thousand lights. If we look to places nearer home, what do we perceive? Since a wise minister, some few years ago, partially broke the bonds with which commerce had been fettered, eatables of all sorts flow unto us from many European ports, and luxuries are not wanting. It would require a good statistician to say how far this may have tended to mitigate the evils of a proverbially unhappy year.

This position, which we have endeavoured to define, is now practically centered in the words "Free Trade," which apply with equal force to domestic as international commerce. Let us dive deeper into the foundations of national greatness or individual existence, all result from the labour of men; the doom was written, "in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread:" it is before us fulfilled to the letter—the mechanic fills the coffers of his master, and tenants shower in wealth upon their lord. But, take it as we will, all is founded upon labour; all want gold, and it is better to have it by the free exercise of mutual relation than by its acquisition *as gold*. One marked instance of this is now afforded by a European nation. At one time she got gold and silver almost for the taking; she has since learnt (or should have learnt) that the ready acquisition of it at once paralyzed her people, degenerated her nobles, and, though possessing at home the most productive country in Europe, Spain has long been not only the victim of civil strife, but a borrower of money from her neighbours. Such things depend on the possession of wealth—nominal wealth—readily got when gold is readily got, readily parted



with when *it* is readily acquired ; but bearing a stamp of double value when acquired by *productive labour*. Were we able to dive into the mysteries of the London Stock Exchange, such truths would doubtless be amply verified.

According to the principles already alluded to, nations reciprocally derive wealth by the interchange of things produced in excess. In many instances this excess consists in crude commodities, the offspring of the soil, or in gold or gems wrung from its bowels.

But in no way does this apply to Britain. Gold she has within herself none, no diamonds sparkle in her mines, no ruby glitters on her rocks ; yet she has them all—she luxuriates in wines she never made, in sugar whose canes she never grew. If you could draw a wall around her, shutting in her swarming millions, they must die, for in herself she produces nothing like the *nutriment* required, independent of luxuries ; and yet she has even them in abundance.

If we dive deeper into the mystery however we shall still find, that Britain *has* an excess of production in two marked examples, coal and iron. She could supply half Europe with each, did this suit her purpose. But she has long and wisely applied them to more useful purposes.

The law of excess is not invalidated because it acts indirectly—we believe this proposition will be amply verified if we cast our eye around us.

How happened it that Manchester, and Glasgow, and Sheffield, and fifty other cities, sprung into being, some of them almost yesterday ? The answer is a clear one ;—They were made by coal and iron. We question not the energy and skill of men who have advantaged themselves by the possession, but we do hold that such energies and such skill are the result of those things once dormant in the earth. Iron furnishes her engines, coal stimulates them into action, and her masters and mechanics live on their produce. By these she weaves the silk she never formed, and spins the cotton of the East and West ; largely clothing the very people who produced them. By these her steamers fret the waters of earth, or her ships traverse the ocean on its surface. By these, in fact, she has been enabled to conquer kingdoms and plant colonies which at once invest her with all the attributes of power, and conduce to the extension and maintenance of her commerce.

But we must now revert to the dry but important and practical details which head our Article.

Practical and important all will at once admit them,—*how* important many at present do not consider. They involve a question of national importance, a question which unless speedily and rightly solved, may cause misery to a dozen generations. Times are ominous, and history reads us fearful lessons. One we had in a sister kingdom, written in bloody letters, whose red stains are yet scarcely dry. Had men's stomachs nothing to do with this? *We* think they had. When the haughty Coriolanus bearded Rome's mechanics in a tumult, their answer was "that hunger broke stone walls—that dogs must eat."

\* Let Britain well consider this: she now harbours thousands whose daily bread is next to nothing—patient endurance will not last for ever. We hope and believe that Britain will yet triumph over all her difficulties; but she must do so by taking an expanded view of her own real position. She must not listen to Protectionists at Agricultural dinners, or to manufacturing Cræsus who attempt to show that they and their class are alone correct: the first must lay aside the lingering relics of feudal pretension; the second must consider that their wealth is somewhat the result it is true of their own activity, but always founded on the toil of their less successful neighbours. Without such amalgamation of feeling, we despair of Britain.

At this time much is doing to cement that union; the endeavour now making to induce us as a Body Politic, to found an education for the lower orders on some consistent principle, supported by the national purse; the attention paid to the physical purification of large cities by drainage and sewerage; and the Act (imperfect as it is) which, at all events, regulates future building in a wiser manner than before. All such are at least movements in the right direction, the political oasis of a desert waste, and in them we may happily read the Signs of the Times as regards our Empire.

But it is a curious fact, that the majority of these obviously useful changes have not originated with the governing powers, whoever they were. They have been invariably forced on the attention of the legislative body by private individuals. It has for centuries been the grand error of



the aristocracy of this land, that they considered not their true position; in older days they fought Catholic Emancipation all but to the death, and then yielded. In later ones they did the same by Reform of Parliament, and now the royal ink is scarcely dry on an act, which opposed by a tenacity worthy of a better cause, is unquestionably destined to at least ameliorate the condition of the poor. One and all of these mighty changes were unhappily induced by means little honourable to either the intelligence or the humanity of Britain's privileged classes; but that such should have been brought about by peaceful means is an honour to the nation, and amply demonstrates on what a substantial basis of intellectual and moral power her greatness rests.

But with all the advantages which have resulted, or may result, from either the effected or prospective changes already named, there still remains a mighty problem to solve. Whatever increase may occur in the quantity or decrease in the cost of human food through these means, there will still remain millions, who from the contingencies to which commerce and manufacture are liable, must frequently be exposed to all the miseries which even the temporary absence of work implies; and when we add to this the enormous annual increase in population, it seems from such considerations that the nation ought no longer to trust to those great advantages likely to result from the new commercial era which has dawned, but aid them by diminishing with comfort to themselves, a population which she cannot feed at home. Were it fitting to look on men as commodities for exportation, we might fairly place Britain's surplus population in the same category with her Coal and Iron. She possesses an excess of labour created by herself, she possesses colonies which only want labour and good government, to stimulate them into a strong and civilized existence.

It is obvious that these remarks point to the question of emigration, a principle to which many object more from feeling than from judgment. There seems a something dreadful in the word *expatriation*, but surely nothing but a mawkish sensibility could wish a man to remain at home and starve, if he could transfer him to lands sometimes within a fortnight's sail, swayed by his own government, protected by his own laws, and already largely inhabited by his own people. If, indeed, expatriation were the sole

objection, we might admire the feeling however we dissented from its influence; but when we consider the thousands even of the better orders, who under the lure of gold, voluntarily adopt every year, and when among the lower we find an army recruited by unnumbered men, who take the chance of every climate and every vicissitude, we conclude that there are millions in this and our neighbouring island, who if equally encouraged by the rulers, would willingly grasp the plough-share instead of the musket; there are ample bold hearts and strong arms in this land for both purposes, the difference is, that the one portion has been brought into action by the warlike necessities of the country, while the other has not received that encouragement which might have made them the tillers of Britain's soil in other lands, without encountering the extreme difficulties which besets those whom choice or necessity has already compelled to abandon home, with little but a stout heart to bear the transfer.

To blame the governing powers entirely for this, would perhaps be wrong; the very pecuniary difficulties of each successive administration, may have had much to do in preventing an extended view of this momentous question. Besides this, too, it has been in this country a leading maxim that all commercial or speculative enterprises should be apart from the State; nor has it been until some few such grew into a magnitude which rendered them objects of national importance, or sunk into ruin which threatened the very commercial existence of the kingdom, that Government has ever interfered. The East India Company, and the South Sea scheme, form marked but strangely contrasted examples of this fact.

Within certain limits we do not think this principle a wrong one. But the wants and circumstances of a people change, and we consider that the time has now arrived, when it becomes the duty of Government not only to interfere to regulate the proceedings of private parties, and public companies, but even in some cases to undertake on national responsibility and support on national credit, this most important question now forced on public attention, we mean, of course, Emigration.

To such sentiments, it might be answered, that Government has already done something. We will give them their due merit—they have passed an Act, (often infringed) "The Passenger's Act," which means to curb the avarice



of private speculation, and transmit men with greater comfort to their destined home. It has sold land—in Australia and other Colonies, to persons capable of purchase—at a high rate, so high that many have been damaged by the purchase; and it has appointed a Board of Commissioners. But in no one instance of which we know, has England, as a nation, ever given her attention to locate in her own possessions, in something like comfort, the very class who are the best emigrants, we mean those who without aid cannot emigrate, who without preliminary arrangements in the Colonies must, for a time at least, be miserable. Men, always with hands, often with acute heads—men, who would thankfully receive the boon conferred and some day repay it with interest, but who are too frequently deceived by private cupidity, and—we must say it—the indifference of the Government which permits it.

The proofs of these sentiments might be collected from a thousand sources, for, we believe, that scarcely a private emigrant ship passes through the Channel where they could not be read; but we shall here content ourselves with two alone.

About three years ago, an Emigration Company, whose field of operation was our North American possessions, appeared before the public in a flaming prospectus. Its capital was half a million, for its president it had a duke, for its vice-presidents, three marquises, three earls, and five lords, in all eleven. It had a most magnificent array of council; a queen's council here at home, and one attorney general and one solicitor general for the Colonies, grace the prospectus. This noble duke, these noble lords, entrusted the whole concern to, what they called, a "Board of Commissioners;" but the real management, or, what we ought to call mismanagement, dwindled into the hands of a registrar and secretary. In point of fact, these nominally high persons who had lent themselves to a project, useful, nay admirable, in itself, never appear to have taken the slightest trouble to carry out their own intentions. They permit their names to be paraded on a printed document, whence "social," "moral," and "political" results are unavoidably to spring—but they never *pay* a shilling! To make a long story short; the Company, without a sixpence in its coffers, and small chance of getting one, had the cruelty to embark many men and

their families, at an intemperate season, for a locality where they would have found nothing but starving misery awaiting them.

The story of this part of the melancholy transaction may be found written in the annals of the Mansion House, for 1843. The "Barbadoes," a well found, well provisioned brig, spread her sails late in that year. She buffeted the gales for long, but was compelled to return. The catastrophe was somewhat dramatic--the Company of Lords ruined the man on whose credit the vessel and provisions were supplied; she cast forth her miserable emigrants into London, with the loss of all their little savings; the bubble then burst! And the small body of Commissioners hastened from the splendid offices in which Lords had sat, fearful of the Sheriff.

The second example we have to record is different in its origin, but more disastrous in its result. It was an Association of the intended Emigrants themselves; the requisite funds were to be accumulated out of their savings, and its object was emigration to the Tropics. Its name, the "Tropical Emigration Society," seems to have sprung from the brains of two men bearing German names, who imbued the members with a sufficient amount of German philosophy and mysticism. Perfect equality of rights in every thing, were the leading principles, and its Secretary was a man who had been years ago in prison as a Chartist. These simple facts will sufficiently explain its nature, and yet, under the influence of that social misery which leads to despair, there were to our knowledge enlisted among its members, mechanics of minds so acute, and of habits so pure, that they would advantage any new country and be a loss to their own.

Having accumulated a certain sum of money, and acquired many members, it appears that last year the Society began to reduce theory to practice. The originator, a person named Etzler, with a few others, were dispatched to the State of Venezuela to purchase a location. After much time lost, and money expended, it was announced that an *earthly paradise* had at last been found on the shores of the Gulf of Paria.

So soon as the fact of purchase was reported to the Society at home, a ship sailed from London with a party of fifty-seven emigrants.

On arriving en route at Trinidad, they found that two



of their agents had returned there from the anticipated El Dorado, one in a dying state; and the founder of this miserable emigration had never even seen it.

Nothing appalled, most of the pioneers, &c., still ventured to take possession. There was, says the Governor of Trinidad's report, "No house or hut to shelter them,"—"the estate was very close to a swamp,"—"not only very unhealthy, but which at first sight must have appeared to be so, to any person possessing moderate judgment and information." The food provided was scanty and bad; they had no medical attendance, and no medicines, except a small box of Homoeopathic preparations. The report goes on to state, "that some of them died, and were buried, not only without any religious ceremony, but even without those humble, yet decent, preparations which must have been within reach of surviving companions." So much for the national benefits of a Socialist Emigration. Of the fifty-seven souls that arrived in this wretched swamp, thirteen died either there or soon after their return to Port Spain, and the place became abandoned.

Unhappy was it for the interests of humanity that news of these disasters did not reach England sooner. In March last, a second ship load of emigrants followed their predecessors; in number nearly 150. The result of all was, that on arriving at Port Spain, they found most of their leaders had either died or run away. A majority of the emigrants re-chartered the ship and betook themselves to New Orleans, with what success we know not. Others remained on the Island, hiring an estate for a year, and meanwhile, as individuals, doing the best they could.

We have cited these two remarkably contrasted cases, as a foundation of the argument we as yet intend to urge in favour of a more comprehensive and better conducted emigration than has hitherto been attempted. Both were schemes which, like all human undertakings, had their origin in self-interest, but the motives of action differed largely. The first chose, we admit, colonies well suited to the health and habits of Britons, and under the control of British laws. The second, deluded by glittering visions of soils teeming with luxuriant vegetation, adventured on an enterprize which the smallest acquaintance with its *real* nature would have prevented.

These two cases are, we think, sufficient to show, that emigration from this country demands an attention which

it has not as yet received. The question is indeed an extremely wide and complex one, but, in general terms, we must express our conviction that more stringent regulations in reference to the well-being of emigrants are imperatively called for.

It is not by selling government lands to rich companies or speculative millionaires, again to be doled forth in detail at high prices to future occupants; it is not by chartering large associations, and then by government interference producing turmoils which natives cannot comprehend, and the power of the state can scarcely stay; it is not by such means that emigration can relieve or improve a nation. We want it on a larger scale, and conducted on improved moral principles.

|                                              |                  |
|----------------------------------------------|------------------|
| The population of Great Britain in 1841, was | 18,844,740       |
| in 1831,                                     | 16,539,318       |
| Increase in ten years,                       | <u>2,305,422</u> |

|                              |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|
| That of Ireland in 1841, was | 8,175,238 |
| in 1831,                     | 7,767,401 |

|                        |                |
|------------------------|----------------|
| Increase in ten years, | <u>407,837</u> |
|------------------------|----------------|

The results are, that the population of the United Empire has in the ten years between 1831 and 1841 been augmented to the extent of 2,713,259.

"It has," says the registrar general's report, "increased eleven per cent in ten years, or about one per cent per annum." So that, assuming the same increase to continue, the population will be doubled in about sixty-eight years.

"The births," he adds, "exceed the deaths by about 1056 daily, but emigration from the United Kingdom keeps down (!) the increase." As regards England he goes on to say, "that the daily births exceed the deaths by about 600," and "*gets rid*" of but a small portion of what has been ignorantly called its "superfluous population" by emigration. He talks further of the "English" emigrants being constantly replaced by the natives of Ireland and Scotland.\*

The perfect truth of these statistical returns we do not

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\* Report of the Registrar General 1846, the seventh.



for a moment doubt. They must be correct ; but there is a coldness pervading all such state documents which is not very exhilarating. What we would desire to see is, a state of affairs where no one country in the three associated nations was called on to replace the abstracted population of another. It is to the *United* Empire of small importance whether Scotchmen emigrate to England, or whether Irishmen do so ; in any case it is a mere *home* transfer of population, the result of that suction force which the richer portion will always exert towards the poorer. But, taking the three nations as one—at least, a *nominal* whole—we maintain that neither their soil nor their commerce can afford sustenance, far less comfort, to their population ; and therefore, however hard it may appear to recommend expatriation, it is now forced on men by the very necessities of the case, and should be met in a bold and comprehensive manner by such authorities as rule the state.

Let us then enquire how far this mode of providing for an exuberant population has been fostered by government, or to what extent it has been carried into action by private enterprise.

The grand total of emigration, according to the commissioner's report, was,

|         |   |         |
|---------|---|---------|
| In 1841 | „ | 118,592 |
| 1842    | „ | 128,344 |
| 1843    | „ | 57,212  |
| 1844    | „ | 70,686  |
| 1845    | „ | 93,500  |
|         |   | <hr/>   |
|         |   | 468,334 |

giving thus an aggregate annual emigration, during these five years, of 93,667.

In the ten preceding years the average was still lower.

“In ten years,” says the Report of 1844, “from the year 1830 to 1840 inclusive, (omitting 1832, in which the emigration was 103,140,) the average amount of emigration was 65,692. The emigration therefore in 1841, was considerably above the ordinary average, whilst the emigration of last year was rather below it ; by the most recent information, the emigration of the present year appears to be on the increase.”—p. 11, 1844.

It rose in fact to 70,686.

The causes of such fluctuations naturally attracted the

attention of the commissioners, especially how it was that 1842 should have exceeded 1843 by considerably more than a half. They consequently sought information from the naval agents at various shipping ports, and the answers are so illustrative of the vague system of emigration which now exists, that we are tempted to quote in full.

“We have endeavoured to ascertain the cause of the falling off in the emigration of the last as compared with the preceding year, and for this purpose we issued a circular to the naval agents at the principal ports, calling for any information they might possess on this subject. They attribute it mainly to the unfavourable reports which had been received of the demand for labour in the United States and in the North American Colonies, and to political excitement in Ireland. In addition to these, which are the principal causes assigned, some others are alluded to by a few of the officers as having contributed in a minor degree to the same result. That there has been a temporary cessation of the demand for labour in the United States and North American Provinces, is a fact which must be considered undisputed: all the reports from the governors to which we have had access agree on this point; and the agent at Liverpool states that numbers of emigrants who embarked in the spring of 1842, returned to England in the autumn in a worse condition than they went out, owing to the want of employment; and he remarks that the reports which they circulated would naturally deter others from running a similar risk. The other causes which are assigned as having more or less contributed to produce the reduction in the emigration of last year, would appear to be the result of local circumstances operating upon the condition of the labouring population; and although it would not be convenient to examine each statement in detail, we may mention some of them, viz. the improved demand for labour in the north of England, the prospects of railroads being formed in Ireland, and the circumstance that in parts of Scotland and Ireland the labouring population are stated to have been so much distressed at the end of 1842, that they could not obtain the necessary funds to defray the expense of their passage. In Scotland, several associations of the working classes had been formed with a view to emigration, but they had not succeeded in raising funds to any extent. We may further notice a statement of the agent at Londonderry, that those who emigrated in 1843, were either persons whose passages had been paid in America, or who had been advised to emigrate by friends that had preceded them, or else farmers who went out to take lands; a remark which is corroborative of the observations we have already made on the improved character of last year's emigration to Canada.”

Nothing, we think, can more fully demonstrate the



inefficiency, as a national benefit, of emigration as it is now practised, than the statements contained in this one paragraph. It appears from it that even the remote prospect of home work by projects yet to be accomplished deters men from the undertaking. It shows that they rashly embark their little all to seek work in a land not British, and when from accidental causes such work is not at once found, they return worse off than when they sailed, a casualty to which emigrants must be ever liable until a better system prevails.

Besides this, it shows that numbers who wish to transfer themselves to other lands, are deterred by want of means to accomplish it; and thus the very social miseries, which alone render emigration desirable, become the cause of its nonaccomplishment. The commissioners congratulate themselves on the improved character of emigration to Canada during last year, meaning thereby that the average of farmers and small capitalists who transferred themselves had increased.

We are not disposed to take the same view of this question. That the introduction of capital into the colonies benefits *them*, we do not question; but it must be remembered that it in the same ratio damages the mother country by abstraction, and does not in any degree relieve her from that pressure which it ought to be the leading object of emigration to lessen.

The ideas of the existing government unfortunately do not appear to go along with us in this matter: but the extreme pressure thrown on the national resources to meet a great and imminent necessity, may fairly be assumed as a cause preventing its members for the time from entering on undertakings, which, though undoubtedly of far greater *ulterior* utility, would not be so immediate a relief.

The speech of Lord John Russell delivered on the 26th of January, when introducing the Irish measures is, on the subject of emigration, by no means encouraging.

We shall take the liberty of scanning the Premier's sentiments on this matter, not as the partisan critics of a measure, but in all good faith as involving a national question of great importance.

The noble Lord says,

"I confess, I think that, although Parliament may assist emigration to a certain extent, the extravagant expectations which are

entertained on this head can never possibly be fulfilled. (Hear, hear.) It is stated by Sir Robert Kane, and truly, that when persons are removed from a locality by emigration, the number removed is never so large as to produce a sensible effect on the population. I do not believe that any emigration which may take place, as the result of either private or public exertion can ever, according to the ordinary amount of emigration, produce such an effect as to enable the remaining population to earn a greater amount of wages."

This is about as cold, and calm a piece of political economy, as ever was promulgated by a minister. "Ordinary amount of emigration!" why it is the very thing objected to. Take the case as it stands, in round numbers the population of the empire in 1841 was about twenty-seven millions, and emigration has averaged under 100,000 a year; add to this, that by the Commissioner's reports, thousands are prevented by want of means, and further consider, that Ireland especially and Scotland also, are now not only distressed but actually in a state of famine, that the Exchequer of the empire is paying nearly £1,000,000 a month to prevent the death of thousands. Connect this with the fact, that we possess colonies to a great extent, uncleared, untilled, unoccupied, which only want the skill and industry of man for full development, and then tell us, reader, whether the minister is right, who states his conviction that nothing can be done more in emigration than what *has been* done *already*, would he not be wiser to devote some of the national funds to encourage a transfer which cannot long be avoided?

In the next objection which the Premier makes, there is doubtless more of reason, assuming the existing mode and amount of emigration to remain unchanged.

"Before we should make extraordinary efforts to increase emigration, it is necessary to consider an important point. If we attempt to go beyond that which is the ordinary annual emigration, and to convey a million of persons at once across the ocean, you must look not only to the advantage which you suppose would arise from not having those persons in Ireland competing with other labourers, but you must also inquire what funds—what means there are in the country to which they must be carried, to secure them subsistence. (Hear, hear.) If by the public means you convey a hundred thousand persons to the United States, that country would have just cause to complain of our having cast our paupers on her shores, to be maintained by her when their maintenance was a



primary obligation upon ourselves. Then, again, if we should attempt to introduce a hundred thousand emigrants into Canada, the market would be glutted by the redundant supply; and the labourers there, instead of obtaining a fair amount of the means of subsistence, as they did now, would enter into a fierce competition with each other, and thus a state of things would be produced in Nova Scotia and Canada, in some respects similar to that from which the emigrants had fled at home."

"The *ordinary* amount of emigration" is a favourite expression, as if the world was never to advance or even change; why it is like a man drawing a bucket full of water from the ocean, and thinking that by such abstraction he could modify its tides. Our previous numerical statements must render this at least clear. That it would be wrong for England to throw on the shores of the United States, a vast amount of emigrants without fitting provision being made is obvious enough. But why talk of the United States at all in the matter? nationally we have nothing to do with such a question. If men prefer going there and taking chances, it is well we cannot restrain them. But why should we throw these men on the United States? we possess splendid colonies of our own in their immediate vicinity, which afford the most ample means of location; colonies which if well settled and well regulated, might at once aid in relieving the emergency of their Mother Land, and should such unhappy necessity ever arise, protect her interests in future. Lord John Russell himself "confesses," that when he held the seals of the colonial department, he was disposed to go farther than he actually did, but was restrained by financial difficulties; he has lived to see the day, when nearly a million a month is scarcely sufficient to prevent the decimation of Ireland by *starvation*.

Supposing that the Government twenty years ago, had more clearly viewed the emigration question, would this have been the case? we doubt it much, especially as regards Ireland. It is going back a long time, but we would refer to a report of a committee of emigration in the year 1827.

The fourth section, headed, Remarks on a regulated system of emigration, &c., seems clearly drawn, laying down the rule that labour is the poor man's commodity, &c.

Under the fifth head this committee suggest "the

expediency of a pecuniary advance in nature of loan for the purpose of facilitating a regulated system of emigration."

Questions naturally occurred, as to the security the nation would have for payment of interest, and for the repayment of the capital. To illustrate their views, the committee states a "hypothetical case." It proposes a loan to emigrants during three years, (1828-1831.) amounting to £1,140,000. The interest of this charged on the consolidated fund at five per cent, is £57,000, which taken at the interest of £4. per cent, "will enable a sinking fund of £1. per cent, to liquidate a loan of £1,140,000."

The committee proposes that the labouring man should not be called upon to pay anything for three years, "he is then to pay in produce or money 10s., and each succeeding year an additional 10s., until the annual payment amounts to £5., when it remains stationary, and to be paid in money only." The settler has the power of redemption if he succeeds; the original cost of his location is £60, and should he not redeem, "the proposed scheme of annual payment would of course, (says the report,) redeem the original £60. in thirty years." The probability of repayment is mooted by the committee, and ten witnesses well acquainted with our North American possessions, agree generally in saying, that there would be no difficulty on the question; they strongly urge, that whereas the employment of capital by private individuals naturally requires an immediate return, the state can await it, but in either case they suggest, that the improved value of the land reclaimed and cleared, will in a few years form a more than ample security for the advance, and they prove this by adducing facts.

In 1823, a location was made in one of our North American possessions, of "120 heads of families." "In March 1826, their property amounted to £7662. 6s. 6d.; and at the expiration of seven years from the time of their location, their capital might be expected to amount to £30,000."

The emigration of 1825 is still more striking. "It consisted of 2024, among whom were 415 heads of families, able-bodied and capable of labour." The emigrants were taken from Ireland, a part of it "in which there was no demand whatever for labour." These people were settled in Canada at an expense of "£43,145., including their location



and sustenance up to the period at which their first crops enabled them to provide for themselves." The actual produce of their *first* year's labour was £11,272. 8s. This was reported twenty years ago, and we now know its results; while Ireland is at this moment partly fed by Britain, the worthy sons she already sent forth on this wide world, are now repaying it not in feeling only but in coin. The savings banks, despite her present miseries, are loaded with deposits; much of this money comes from men who made it by a transfer from penury to ease, and whose good feelings prompt them to send the excess home, to aid relatives and friends in the same endeavour.

We request the Government not only to ponder well these facts, but to deduce from them the lesson we desire to teach.

If time and space permitted, we had a desire to go more deeply into this very important subject, but they do not, and we must speedily conclude.

Some few words, however, we must say in regard to that "Vexata Questio" *Ireland*, which now perplexes all. We do not, of course, refer to this year; the people are starving, and they must be fed, but let the proprietors of the soil deeply think of it. They at all events have a duty to perform, the people cannot starve for ever; and *they* cannot for ever, in wealth and quietude possess lands, which originally wrung from native proprietors, have now descended to men having little sympathy with the people.

They draw their wealth from the land, and usually spend it elsewhere; at this very moment, when the vessels of a tripartite empire are carrying provisions into Ireland, Ireland is sending forth her shiploads into England. The anomaly is one never seen before, Irish proprietors must consider it. When Alcibiades thundered at the gates of Athens, with a prostrate senate crouching on its walls, Shakespeare makes him thus speak:

"Till now you have gone on, and filled the time,  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wandered with our traverst arms and breathed  
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,  
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong,  
Cries of itself—no more."

These words were written by a man, who of all men knew human nature best.

To two points only will we now finally allude. The first is, that our North American colonies, whether considered in reference to vicinity or climate, are undoubtedly those which should first attract the attention of government; and the second is, that the government, if not prepared to enter into the transaction themselves, should be willing to aid any association well adapted to the end, provided a fair and reasonable security was given for ulterior repayment. That this repayment is certain, under proper regulations, we have already shown by reference to the emigration of 1823-25. What was then accomplished on a small scale, may be also accomplished on a large one, now that the necessity has become more urgent, and the advance of science opened up further facilities of execution. If Lord John Russell is indeed fearful that the want of immediate employment in these noble colonies ought to preclude an extended emigration, we at once reply, *Make work* for the numbers before you send them out; encourage by government aid the construction of railways throughout Britain's own colonial possessions; open up the resources of North America, cause her magnificent forests to minister to the formation of those very roads which will afterwards bring their excess to the markets, and leave cleared acres to furnish forth the means of man's subsistence for the future; enable us to draw from the, even now, ample resources of a partly cultivated land, without trusting to that precarious means of transfer which often fails us when the emergency is greatest, for no man can command nature's proceedings or restrain the frost.

Do all this as a government, or, if not as a government, do it by aiding private enterprise, but let the nation do it *liberally*. The security will be ample in the end, and millions may yet be born who will bless the mind that had conferred the boon.

Already the thinking of these times has brought into being many private schemes founded on the principles we have endeavoured to advocate, and we have examined the majority. There is one among the many which appears to us the best organized.\* It is, we believe,

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\* Canadian Land and Emigration Society.



yet in its infancy, but, if properly supported, must progress.

It appears indeed a large scheme, for its nominal capital is two millions. One object is the construction of a railroad from Halifax to Quebec; conceiving, as we have before urged, that such an effort would not only employ thousands of emigrants to commence with, but locate tens of thousands afterwards in comfort. Into its details we cannot go.

Hitherto the railroad system has been the *result* of high civilization, but we see no reason why it should not be the *cause* of its *production*. We have thus advocated emigration, not because we could ever wish to sever men from their home and kindred, unless a necessity compelled it; but such necessity we believe to have arisen, and what we want is, that it should be met in the most fitting manner, both as regards immediate comfort and final prosperity, and that the aid of the state can alone accomplish such objects we entirely think. Britain has, from her own resources and energies, grown to a point of population which renders her masses wretched; but she has gained ample colonies, and we see no such proper method of rectifying her erroneous position, as by advantaging her excess of people by the resources which such colonies offer.

This superabundance of population is at once a blessing and a curse; a blessing, we are bound to say, because it fulfils God's own law of man's increase—a curse, because it exemplifies in a marked manner how man can create his own social miseries.

In every quarter we find millions of busy men, many thousands of them rich as they are industrious, but tens of thousands whose daily lot is that of unceasing toil and wearing poverty, often even to starvation.

The obvious duty of the first class is, to apply their resources, judiciously, but with no sparing hand, to subdue the social wretchedness of the latter. We do not ask them to do so by the doling forth of charity—the condescending reduction, for the time, of rents; which magnifies the giver, in the eyes of man at least, far more than the receiver. We do not appeal to the Cotton Millionaire, or the Iron Hercules—sometimes, to oppose the strikes, of men made poor by their own accumulations—or at others, to magnify them into ideal, but temporary, riches,

by wages which cannot long endure. But we do beseech them to stand on higher and better ground; to consider that, if these men are poor, they often make them so; that if depraved, the want of education renders them largely unable to appreciate the truths of religion; that immorality follows in course of this incapacity, and that thus there has been weaved around the poorer orders of Britain, even up to this moment, but now breaking! a web of physical and mental thralldom, which some good men have long attempted to destroy, but which, unhappily, has, in a large degree, been hitherto defended, and that by persons who too little appreciate the final evils they are bringing on themselves and on their land. If such men have read history, or at all events understood it as history ought to be understood, they will find, that the most effectual way to induce rebellion is to starve the people. A starving man may be (for a time indeed) coerced, but never quelled.

The parallel is complete between the physical excitement of man, resulting from such causes, and its effect on his moral and religious character.

To preach religion to a man worn down by starvation, is a fiction and a farce. Some indeed there are who doubtless "Champion human fears," and rise triumphant from the trial, in remote and humble imitation of their Lord; but such are the exceptions, not the rule; and if we were asked by any Government how they could best cast out religion and morality from a land, we should emphatically reply, Starve its People!

ART. VI.—*A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the United Dioceses of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin, at his Ordinary Visitation in September 1845.* By JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN, D. D., Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. Burnside and Seeley, Fleet Street, London. Curry and Co., Grant and Bolton, Dublin: 1846.

HOWEVER welcome this work may be to those who embrace Dr. O'Brien's views, a sincere Protestant might, we think, reasonably question whether the time of publication and the mode of treating his subject are such



as would be chosen by a person who considered deeply the past and probably future effects of the great visitation under which Ireland is now labouring. There is a general opinion among the people, that rank, talent, and all other social influences are now, if ever, imperatively called upon to reflect on their responsibilities. Making all due allowance for the distorting influence on men's minds of great public calamity, there is yet much truth in that popular impression, if, as appears to be generally admitted, modern Europe has not witnessed so frightful a caricature of the social state as Ireland during the present year. If society were the frantic dream of Rousseau, or the purely political or selfish machine of Hobbes, and not the creation of God, a survivor of this year's famine and fever might lawfully calculate merely how far the mortgage has eaten into the estate, or the arrears adjourned the marriage of the farmer's son, or what influence the loss of one million human animals may have on political economy, or similar questions regarding money or self; but, since the law that binds man to man in society is as much from heaven as the law that binds man to God, a Christian prelate, one would think, ought to weigh scrupulously the probable, nay, the possible, effects of his writings, lest, though he avoid those atheistical or animal calculations, he should, nevertheless, in a different way prove himself equally reckless of the miseries of his country. Dr. O'Brien does not, it is true, even once allude, either in his notes or preface, to the famine or its consequences, but he appears to enforce views which must defer indefinitely the remedy of those evils, or even make them irreparable. It is not his personal Protestantism, though it is most acrid and exclusive, that we object to, but that he, an Irishman, living in Ireland, knowing that religious differences are really the root of all the miseries of Ireland, should proscribe with all the weight of his episcopal authority a species of Anglicanism, merely because it does not believe that the religion of the people of Ireland is as bad as he thinks it. It is that, when appealing, as he was bound to do, in behalf of the Protestant orphan to his reverend brethren, he exhibits the great mass of the Catholic people of his dioceses as utterly insensible to the common feelings of humanity, not far removed from the cannibals, who might be supposed feasting sumptuously on the flesh of a poor Protestant baby. And again, because, to use the

mildest phrase, he is foolish enough to represent the Catholics struggling for the rights of the British constitution as a mob of successful rebels, as slaves in the house of another, not children in their own. These are only a few of the antisocial views enforced by our learned prelate, and with a dogmatism offensively at variance with his own principles, High-church authority being, according to him, a most glaring encroachment of the pride of man on the sufficiency of Scripture and the inalienable rights of God. All the great lights of his Church, who understood, we suppose, that principle of the sufficiency of Scripture, admit that salvation is attainable in the Roman Catholic communion; many learned Anglicans of the present day receive (or, at least, do not condemn) the great body of Catholic doctrines; Catholic institutions are defended in parliament by High-church legislators; Sisters of Mercy and Christian Brothers instruct the ignorant, visit the sick, lighten the poor-rate, and would contribute much more extensively to the alleviation of the burdens of the state under the fostering care of those aristocratic orders, to which the Irish people are so fondly and indeed so foolishly attached. It would be a fond dream to expect that Dr. O'Brien would introduce such views; but would they be more injurious to Protestantism and to Ireland than his vulgar misrepresentation of the Catholic doctrine on the Sacraments?—a doctrine which he, an ex-professor of Divinity in Trinity College, ought not to have represented as excluding faith and other pious dispositions of the recipients.

If the Church Establishment be in great danger, as Dr. O'Brien assures us, the danger is not averted by the intemperate advocacy of one of its wealthy functionaries. In the city of Kilkenny, where the episcopal palace towers proudly beside two great monuments of Catholic ages, out of a population of more than 20,000 there are not one thousand Anglicans; and yet one out of the many Anglican ministers in that city enjoys a larger revenue than the Catholic bishop of the diocese. Many country parishes in the united dioceses of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin have few if any Protestants, but all are supplied with ministers enjoying in easy splendour the wealth of Catholic piety. In these days of universal bankruptcy, when the landlord looks around for something to save the wreck of his property, when the tenant



looks to the poor-house, and famine or confiscation has become a familiar and the sole alternative, it is not safe to force inconvenient contrasts of Irish establishments on public attention by uncharitable and unjust charges, though delivered by the legal lord of three dioceses. The most decided advocate of things as they are must doubt the soundness of Irish society, when he views on opposite banks of the river Nore the princely palace of the Anglican bishop, and the old grave-yard, which has received weekly during this awful year 60 or 70 victims of famine and pestilence from one union workhouse of one county of his Lordship's diocese.

But if he be severe and tyrannical to his own, Catholics have no reason to expect justice. His theology being of the low Calvinistic school, he denounces with corresponding acrimony the great movement in England. The great leaders of his own communion, who support that movement—the numerous publicists, who glory in what they deem the new life it has infused into the Anglican Church, and its beneficial influence on history and the arts—the toleration extended to it by many of its English opponents—all that could entitle it to something like respect, are no more to Dr. O'Brien than the Saxon Butlers of Ormonde were to his warlike namesakes west of the Shannon. “The strong hand for ever” appears to be his war-cry. The movement in all its phases—from the last Protestant writings of Messrs. Newman, Oakeley, and Ward, down to the semi-evangelical school of Mr. Palmer—is denounced as subversive of the Church, and to be repressed by the strong arm of episcopal authority in one-third of Leinster. No subject of Dr. O'Brien's shall presume to countenance these English Tractarians. No aspirant for episcopal favour shall presume to say that the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer are as well understood in England as in Ireland. The movement, he contends, is now more dangerous than ever, as its more daring leaders have been succeeded by more cautious followers, whose moderation, he fears, may recommend incipient popery more powerfully than the avowed Catholic predilections of their predecessors. No person can question the bishop's right to adopt for himself whatever opinions he pleases on the points disputed by members of his Church; but when he undertakes to force these opinions on others by episcopal authority, he arrogates a

right which would not be tolerated in any Catholic bishop. When he treats Messrs. Newman, Ward, and Oakeley, and other men far superior to himself, with the hauteur of a peevish pedagogue, he illustrates the old saying, that learning is not always favourable to meek humility, nor in this case to common prudence, when England herself—Protestant England, without whom the Irish Establishment could not survive one hour—is proudly invited by Dr. O'Brien to rise from her Tractarian lethargy, and learn from Ireland sound Protestant principles and the best means to uphold them. The wide extent of three dioceses is not field enough for his zeal—the errors of popery are not foes enough for his militant ardour; all errors—that is, everything opposed to Dr. O'Brien's own views on Protestant matters in England and Ireland—are dispatched with the dogmatism of the ex-professor and the bishop. That quiet, unostentatious gentleman in black, who rides through the streets of the “Faire Citie” of Kilkenny, could never be recognized in the author of this terrible charge. He could never be suspected of refusing liberty of conscience to his clergy on points not decided by his Church, nor of so far forgetting that he is the mere creature of English law, as to say to Protestant England, “Thank God, I am not like that publican.”

The grand object of his charge being to preserve his clergy from the contagion of English Tractarian Protestantism, we shall commence with his solution of a most interesting question, which has sometimes been proposed by thoughtful men—namely, why the Puseyite movement has had scarcely any influence in Ireland. The question is important, and more closely connected with the social and political ills of Ireland than many of our politicians appear to imagine.

Having detailed at great length his views on modern English theology, whether of Mr. Palmer or Dr. Pusey, he adds:

“But I have not enlarged upon this state of religious belief and of religious teaching, under any apprehensions that it exists among ourselves. I feel a happy assurance that in our branch of the Church, Tractarianism has taken no deep root. There are, of course, some amongst us who have felt its various attractions, and who have been drawn to it in different degrees. But I trust that of these there are very few indeed who have embraced its entire theology, very few in whom it has eradicated a belief in the great



*principles of the Reformation, that is in the leading truths of the Gospel,* or so impaired a sense of their infinite importance, as to banish them from their public teaching. I am sure, that wherever Tractarian principles prevail, even if it be not to such a degree as to subvert a man's belief of those great truths, there is great risk, if not an absolute certainty, that their effect will be to cloud the clearness of his apprehension of them.....This is a great evil, though short of the greatest; and I trust that it is found to a very limited extent amongst us, and the greatest scarcely at all.

"This is indeed great matter for thankfulness. And I trust we feel some measure at least of the gratitude which we ought to feel to Him who alone has kept us safe in the midst of the great dangers by which we have been surrounded. Whatever be the means by which our security has been effected, the praise is due only to Him. But if we bear this in mind, it may be very instructive in future to look back at the means by which we have been preserved during the past. And I think it can hardly be doubted that one of these means is this: *that from various causes, and particularly from the strength of her position in this country, the Church of Rome is much more bold and unrestrained among us than in England, where she is more feeble and has more measures to keep. And that so, while the evils of her system are less softened and concealed among us, they have never been allowed to pass from our minds, for they are everywhere and always before our eyes.*

"This is no doubt one of the means by which we have been hitherto kept safe. The other, which is not wholly unconnected with this, is still more important. *It is that the great doctrines which the Reformation restored to the Church, are valued by us in some measure as they ought to be.* They passed their season of neglect here as they did in England. And they recovered their true place in both countries about the same period. *But after a time a weariness and impatience of them seemed to seize upon a considerable portion of the English branch of the Church, from which we were happily preserved.* So that without overlooking the many sound and faithful teachers which that branch of the Church enjoyed, we may still venture to say, that when the movement began, a right understanding of these great truths and a just value for them, were much more widely diffused among us than in England."—pp. 241, 242.

Here you have, in the homely language of the bishop himself, the antidote of Irish Anglicanism against the Tractarian movement. The two principal causes are marked in italics. We do not examine whether he is right in asserting that the Tractarian movement would have been a great calamity in Ireland. Some are of opinion, from happy experience, that many Englishmen and not a few Irish, in proportion to their adoption of

Tractarian principles, abandoned their anti-catholic prejudices, and felt a sincere interest in the happiness of the great mass of the Irish people. The question at present is, whether the picture, so very flattering to Irish Protestant pride, of the superior purity of Irish Protestantism, is borne out by facts; and then we shall see whether, upon the whole, the influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland ought to have been in well constituted minds a dissuasive against popery.

The “great principles of the Reformation,” the “leading truths of the Gospel,” so imperfectly understood in England, and so faithfully believed in Ireland, were, according to the bishop, justification by faith only, and the sufficiency of the Scriptures. The English divines, by admitting the efficacy of some sacraments, and claiming some respect for the Church of God and tradition, enabled designing men to efface the doctrine of justification by faith only and the sufficiency of the Scriptures: but these held their ground among the Irish hierarchy, who generally had nothing to do, save receive the revenues of the Church. It is a delicate task for an extern to adjust these rival pretensions of English and Irish Protestantism; and certainly would not be attempted, if history did not decide the point. And, first, with regard to the sufficiency of Scripture. It is understood thus by Dr. O’Brien and the majority of the prelates of the Established Church:

“It should not have been expected,” they say, when opposing the National Schools, “that the clergy of our Church, who are bound by obligations so sacred to resist the spiritual tyranny and to oppose the errors of the Church of Rome, would join in a system of education of which the distinctive claim to acceptance and support, was the aid which it gave to one of the most violent exercises of this tyranny, that which is in fact the strength and protection of its worst errors. The principle of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as it is maintained by our Church, is a fundamental principle of the most vital importance. *It is by means of it, that truth has been guarded and handed down to us by those who have gone before us,* p. 256. They could not connect their schools with the National Board, without practically admitting the false principles of the Church of Rome, and submitting to its tyranny, and abandoning the great principles of their own Church, concerning the sufficiency and supremacy of God’s holy word.”

This address, published in January, 1845, was signed by nine established prelates. A declaration of approval



was made by 1661 members of the clergy, and sanctioned in the following emphatic style by twenty Irish peers, and twenty-nine Irish members of parliament:

"We consider the maintenance of God's holy word, as the standard of religious instruction, to be inseparable from our duty to God, from the true profession of the Christian faith, and from the very foundation of our Protestant Church."—p. 264.

Here truly is a fair consensus of Irish authorities for the sufficiency of the scriptures, but happily for Christianity in these days when German infidelity threatens a scourge more desolating even than Irish famine, the church of Christ has never shown such a contradiction between her principles and her practice as the Irish Protestant church on this fundamental point. It was all over with Christianity if the infidel could exhibit her prelates renouncing during centuries, "*the very foundation of the church—that by which truth has been guarded and handed down to us by those who have gone before us.*" If the name of the bishop of Down were not attached to that address, all who know the established Church, would conclude that her prelates were grossly ignorant of the history of Ireland; no fact being more certain than that Scriptural education, the great foundation of Protestantism was, during more than two centuries, almost unknown, and discouraged by the highest authorities in Church and State in Ireland, whenever it was attempted. Talk of the tyranny of the Church of Rome, in withholding the scriptures from the laity. Frighten those well-meaning and simple souls who, with all their boasted right of private judgment, obey you as blindly as Catholics do the universal church; tell them that Rome abominates the scriptures, but do not tell them that Protestantism has been transmitted down to you in Ireland by scriptural education. Dr. O'Brien's Cathedral tells a very different story. He is a studious man. In the calm eve he has no doubt often paced the silent aisles of St. Canice's cathedral, musing among the tombs of dead bishops and princely Butlers and Graces, and sadly pondering, if we can guess from his work, over the humble protestant slab of one of the first Anglican bishops of Ossory. It is the tomb of Walsh, the first that attempted the translation of the scriptures and book of Common Prayer into Irish, "the foundation of the Protestant church" according to the Irish peers.

They know that, with the exception of three towns and two half counties, the English language was unknown in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth. Yet when Walsh fell by the hand of an assassin, his work was interrupted during sixty long years of Elizabeth's reign. One impression of the Irish New Testament at last appears, and the Irish papists of the province of Connaught are compelled to pay the expenses. Dr. O'Brien admits none but apostolical miracles; no gift of tongues to enable the Irish to understand the English bible without the aid of an English schoolmaster, so that according to his noble lay associates, whose words we have quoted: "there was no true standard of religious instruction, no true profession of the Christian (Protestant) Faith, no foundation even of Protestantism, during the whole reign of Elizabeth." How awful is the responsibility of the mitred head, which in these days, confirms the delusion of many an anxious and wavering soul, on the Protestant glories of Elizabeth's Irish reign. Much better to tell them plainly with the noble peers, that there was no Protestantism in Ireland at the time. Leave the issue to their own private judgment. They cannot discover with his lordship, that the "sufficiency of Scripture" was better understood in Ireland than in England during the first sixty years of the Reformation.

If it be urged in extenuation, that the troubled state of the country prevented the accomplishment of the good work, besides the obvious answer, that the tithes were exacted, and that the scholars in Dublin and other places were not troubled by war, there is good reason to believe, that the more powerful party in the church were unwilling to purchase the Protestantizing of the Irish at the expense of the revival of the Irish language. English prejudice and Irish law against that language overcame the zeal of proselytism. For when after the lapse of nearly half a century from the death of Elizabeth, an Englishman be-thought himself of translating the old Testament into Irish, there arose such a storm of opposition against him, excited by Strafford and the High Church Bramhall, that the translator was cast into a dungeon in Dublin, and the zealous prelate, his patron, was accused of a design which had never entered into the plans of Anglican prelates. "His measures," it was said, "were contrary to the interests of the English in Ireland, by his endeavouring to



make the conquered and enslaved Irish, capable of preferment in church and state, which no man did ever so much as once attempt before his lordship." Bramhall, who opposed the translation of the bible, and in the convocation of 1634, who opposed the use of the Irish book of prayer even where the congregation was Irish, is yet canonized by Jeremy Taylor, so little were those great lights of the Irish church sensible of the tyranny of withholding the scriptures from the people. Were these men, or their Irish contemporaries, advocates of the sufficiency of scripture? Was scriptural education the foundation of Protestantism, when no English schools were established, and no Irish bibles or common prayers allowed? how can our modern prelates tell their credulous disciples, that the use and sufficiency of the bible is the great principle by which truth has been handed down to them? Cromwell conquered and laid Ireland prostrate, yet no attempt was made to preach the bible, and how the zeal of a few individuals succeeded is summed up in a few queries of bishop Berkeley, 1745: which prove that the Anglican church had never attempted the conversion of the Irish by scripture; that its ministers were aliens in blood and language to the people of Ireland, and that in ancient as well as in more modern times, it was a corporation held by a few powerful families, for their own private interests and the upholding of English views.\* To us it would seem that a serious review of the conduct of the Irish church on this use of the Irish scriptures and the book of common prayer, so far from being an antidote against Tractarianism, would

\* 91. Whether the upper part of this people are not truly English by blood, language, religion, manners.

340. If the revenues allotted for the encouragement of religion and learning, were made hereditary in the hands of a dozen lay lords and as many overgrown commoners, whether the public would be much the better of it?

341. Whether the Church's patrimony belongs to one tribe alone?

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,  
 For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad,  
 She sends us our bishops, our judges, our deans,  
 And better would give us, if better she had;  
 But lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,  
 When they hear, &c. SWIFT.

be a strong argument for the claims of the old church. Perhaps we do not make sufficient allowance for early prejudices and the authoritative declarations of living Protestant prelates on Anglican minds. Powerful indeed, they must be, when men can obey as the church of Christ, a corporation which, from Bale to Berkeley, withheld the scriptures from the people, and read divine service in an unknown tongue, "a practice in their own principles," plainly repugnant to the divine law and the usage of the primitive church. The subsequent history of the Irish church affords no proof that the great Protestant principle or scripture was better understood in Ireland than in England, unless the period to which Dr. O'Brien vaguely alludes, was that in which he inculcated his own notions in Trinity College. To avoid the disagreeable task of a review of the Irish church in relation to scripture circulation and sufficiency, we extract a few reflections on Apostolical zeal from our author's remarks on foreign missions. Having warned his brethren against giving too much importance to those missions, and given a very high place to what is doing to make our Roman Catholic countrymen (even in present times) acquainted with the word of God, through the medium of the Irish language, his lordship lays down the following principles, which each one can apply at his leisure to those 250 years, during which the Irish language was alone understood by the Irish people.

"In those remoter objects, (the foreign missions,) there is so much to strike the imagination, and through such impressions to act upon the feelings, while all the repulsive incidents which belong to the realities of life are kept far from us, that the interest which we take in them may be very delusive, whether regarded as a proof of our Christianity or our benevolence. And there is no doubt we are deceiving ourselves if we rest upon such a proof, while we are neglecting the claims of objects around us. For God, while He commends, as I have said, all men to our love and good offices, very distinctly sanctions the gradations among their claims, which men's natural feelings and their common sense have everywhere established. Indeed, not only are there passages in the revealed word, expressly affirming the precedence of those claims which are founded on close kindred and upon community of faith, (and thereby, by parity of reason, in their proper order, other distinctions, (as of country, &c.) resting upon the same natural principles;) but we are distinctly told, that whatever other indications of Christian principle there may be in us, we have a sure proof that they are fallacious, when we find ourselves neglecting those near and pressing



duties. And so whatever measure of sympathy and aid we bestow upon remote missions, if we take no interest and no share in the various undertakings to abate the misery, and the ignorance, and the vice, and the error which we have at home, there is no room to doubt, that we are either misled by very mistaken principles of duty, or are not acting from any sense of duty at all."—pp. 23, 24.

Great moral truths do not change with time or circumstances. The closing words are a fearful epitaph on the Hiberno Anglican church.

The second "great Protestant truth," which England has obscured and Ireland preserved, is justification by faith only,—a doctrine which Dr. O'Brien sets off by the usual vulgar misrepresentation of the Catholic doctrine on the sacraments. If the opinion of unprejudiced persons all the world over, who regard justification by faith only as hardly less practically immoral than Gnosticism, be entitled to any respect, the Irish Church has indeed a most unenviable pre-eminence; as her most ardent advocate cannot easily discover in her whole history many grounds of her justification but her workless faith. We do not say that Irish ministers would work ill where any minister could work well, nor charge upon the Irish Church precisely the abdication of all the functions of a Church, and the notorious absence of any good influence on the country, until we hear that any body of men, English or Irish, could master the difficulties of the position in which they were placed.\* It is by no means astonishing that a secular corporation, the mere servant of the state, the slaves of a few English bishops, who were the slaves of English policy, should have left few spiritual works to justify their memory—that they should have taken an oath during several centuries to erect an English school in their parishes, and violate it—that, down to Strafford's government, the Church was covered with the leprosy of simony, and her property made away for ever to

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\* "Although a proper and just Reformation were allowed to be necessary, yet the passions and vices of men had mingled themselves so far as to pervert and confound all the good endeavours of those who intended well; and thus the Reformation in every country where it was attempted, was carried on in the most impious and scandalous manner that can possibly be conceived."—Swift, *Universal Hatred against the Clergy*.

bishops' sons or friends: in a word, that there was more national good done by this clergy during the last year than by the combined labours of all their predecessors to Elizabeth's day. This will not surprise us, because the Anglican clergy, though slaves themselves, were the masters of slaves. Irresponsible power over the great mass of the wretched people was in their hands. Entrenched like a garrison in an enemy's country, without subjects on whom to exercise their ministry, living in idleness on the sweat of the Irish serf, looking to the nod of the last English clerical import, the jest or boon companion of her aristocratic sons,—how could even angelic natures resist such temptations, or check the bad passions which vegetate more rankly under the cassock of the indolent clerical tyrant than under the soldier's belt? They enjoyed princely revenues, but where are their national fruits? where the churches, colleges, or hospitals, or those truly charitable institutions, which ask no test but misery in the applicant, and which could help the country in such years as these? Where are the painters, sculptors, or architects, that flourished under her patronage? Travellers used to say of Ireland before 1780, that she was like a new country—nothing but ruins and uncultivated wastes, except the material comforts of the north, and the enterprise of Catholic merchants in the towns of the south. Benevolent individuals were never wanting, but there is no concession to the wretched Catholic which the Establishment did not oppose, no additional penal law which was not principally her work. There is sad evidence, indeed, that the speculative dogma of justification by faith only, which was engrafted on the Irish Church by the low Calvinism of her most eminent early teachers, has produced the results which might be naturally expected from a vicious principle developing itself in the most favourable circumstances. It was neither prudent, nor in good taste, with the history of his Church before him, to bring a French comedian to his help in describing a paltry grant made to the Irish Catholic.\* But if it was not beneath the dignity of a

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\* Dr. O'Brien gives the following dialogue as a specimen "of the style in which the Roman Catholics put forward their demands, and of the class of arguments on which they rely." A slight manœuvre of the *dramatis personæ* turns the arrow against himself. For "Premier Porteur" read "Eveque," for "Deuxieme



grave bishop to go to the theatre, it cannot be improper to allow our readers to decide whether the extract be a better allegory of the relations between the Established Church and the people of Ireland, than between the people and the government. Dr. O'Brien of course will say that justification by faith only does not exclude works of charity. We hope it may not do so in future. May he at length awake to the ineffable charity of letting Irish Protestantism stand on its own merits, resigning tithes and Church lands to the poor, relieving the farmer and landlord, relying on its own apostolical merits and the zeal of its children for support, and removing the only obstacle to the healthy reorganization of Irish elements and the peace and security of the empire.

The second great cause of the resistance of Protestant Ireland to English Tractarianism, is the unreserved development of the Romanist religion in Ireland. Judging from Dr. O'Brien's views expressed in various places, we should say that the most offensive development of the Catholic religion is her regard for certain ceremonies, to which he appears to have the most invincible repugnance. Now, unfortunately, it so happens that, in what is called the externals of religion, the full pomp of the Roman

Porteur" "Ministre," and for "Mascarille" "Irlandois," or "Papiste."

"*Deuxieme Porteur.* Payez nous donc, s'il vous plait, Monsieur.

"*Mascarille.* Hein ?

"*Deux. Port.* Je dis, Monsieur, que vous nous donniez de l'argent, s'il vous plait.

"*Mascar.* [*lui donnant un soufflet.*] Comment, coquin ? demander de l'argent d'une personne de ma qualité !"

"*Premier Porteur.* [*prenant un des bâtons de la chaise.*] Cà, payez moi vitelement.

"*Mascar.* Quoi ?

"*Prem. Port.* Je dis que je veux de l'argent tout à l'heure.

"*Mascar.* Il est raisonnable.

"*Prem. Port.* Vite, donc.

"*Mascar.* Oui-dà ! tu parles comme il faut, toi—tiens. Es-tu content ?

"*Prem. Port.* Non, je ne suis pas content. [*levant son bâton.*]

"*Mascar.* Doucement ; tiens. On obtient tout de moi quand on s'y prend de la bonne façon."

Mascarille had a chair for his money, in which he has the advantage of the Papist.—*p.* 294.

ceremonial, the Catholic Irish are remarkably deficient. Unprejudiced persons, with good means of information, will even assert that England carries out more fully than Ireland the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. We can hardly suppose, then, that Dr. O'Brien, with all his puritanical hatred of ceremonies, intended to mark their excess as "that vicious development of Catholicity which was always before his eyes" in Ireland. We must take the development in a more extensive signification, comprising dogmas, moral precepts, and church government, all the influences of religion on the affairs of this world and of the world to come, on private character and political conduct—in a word, all the attributes of a religion purporting to come from God, and claiming a right to direct the actions of men. Taken in this extensive sense, the development of the Catholic religion in Ireland must be most offensive to Dr. O'Brien, though we are equally sure it must command the respect of any unprejudiced mind. Strength, power to resist and to conquer the combined energies of the most powerful kingdom on earth, working by the most unscrupulous tools—such has been one striking attribute of Irish Catholicity. Broad acres and high titles do not make the souls of their possessors one whit more valuable in the eyes of God and the Church than the souls of the beggar. The "rank, wealth, and respectability" of Ireland may be stereotyped as Protestant (though the aggregate of Catholic wealth is great, whatever Mr. Godley may say to the contrary),\* but the millions are Catholic. Seven millions of Catholics against half-a-million of Protestants, after nearly three hundred years' exclusive possession of the government and ecclesiastical wealth of this kingdom by Protestants, is a development of Catholic energy which ought to command the respect of those who believe that the Christian religion itself derives great support from the ages of the martyrs and catacombs. Review the history of Ireland. The second of Elizabeth is passed, but remains a dead letter except in two points—the transfer of the ecclesiastic property, and the prohibition of public mass wherever it was practicable. Catholics could not be excluded from the House of Lords or Commons, nor from

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\* The Irish are charged with indolence. Spenser, their enemy, did not think so: "the most part of their baser sort are fit for labour, and industriously disposed."—*State of Ireland*.



the bench, or corporations, or the commission of the peace among the Catholic Anglo-Irish. Elizabeth had no power beyond the length of her deputy's sword over the native Irish; they were in war against her religion, her laws, and her crown—a war of resistance to conquest. But when they were conquered at the close of her reign, all who had escaped famine and the sword were Catholic in all parts of Ireland, with the exception of the very small number of English immigrants and the clergy of the Established Church, with their wives and families.\* During the reign of Elizabeth the great mass of the Anglo-Irish were not only loyal, but constituted the main force of the royal army. They had always acknowledged the English crown. The Irish chieftains had different views, but it belongs to our purpose here merely to say, that their conduct was angelic compared with the atrocities of their mailed and helmed apostles. James succeeds, and for forty years there is something like peace, at least compared with the preceding reign. An attempt was made to compel attendance at Protestant service, and to banish all friars and seminary priests. Both attempts miserably failed. The Catholics were excluded from offices of trust; but they were a large minority in the Commons, a respectable number in the Lords, all the towns were theirs, almost all the farmers, and in 1641 one half the landed property, even after the confiscation of the properties of the Ulster earls (carried by the loyal recusants of the Pale) and all the courts of inquisition into the defective titles. Here, during this period, there is no reason to blush at the development of Catholicity, except perhaps at the selfish acquiescence of the Catholics of the Pale in the attainder of the two Ulster earls. The great mass of the nation was patient and loyal, and devotedly attached to their religion, notwithstanding the persecutions and excommunication of pastors without flocks, and in the north flocks without pastors. Great literary works were planned and executed partly during this period. The Protestant nobles were beginning to contract the old Irish ties of gossipred and fosterage with their Catholic peers, and

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\* Quis facile credat, quod certo certius constat, in tota illâ gente sexaginta annorum spatio, nec pœna atrocissima, nec præmio amplissimo totos ducentos in hæreticorum sententiam hætenus concessisse.—Fitzimon Britanomachiæ, Lib. 3, pars. 8, cap. 5.

the learning of Protestant scholars was toiling with the Catholic on the old Catholic history of the country to bring about in due time a closer union, when that fatal epoch, 1641, adjourned for some centuries the happy consummation. The Ulster Irish rose to recover properties of which they had been unjustly deprived. All the rest of Ireland was driven into rebellion. Who, that knows the records of that period from 1641 to 1650, will say that the atrocious guilt of cold-blooded murder, treachery, the violation of all the laws, not of war only, but of humanity, was on the side of the Catholics? One damning sin, and that almost the only one, they were guilty of—discord; for which they suffered as no other nation ever has. But, upon a review of the ten years during which they enjoyed power, though the revolutionist will certainly find many reasons to censure their scrupulous indecision and excessive moderation, when opposed to such enemies, the unprejudiced reader, even Dr. O'Brien himself, could hardly say that they were hurried into those criminal excesses which characterize the slave in power, or added to the ordinary horrors of war. Of the awful period of the Protectorate, it is enough to say that the storm descended on the Episcopalians and the Catholics. The former disappeared from Ireland during ten years, either by death or exile, or more generally by conformity to the parliamentary creed. The latter were as great a difficulty as ever to English governors after the restoration. They were expelled from the cities built by their fathers, excluded for the first time from the house of commons, though admitted in the lords, robbed by the act of settlement of almost all their landed property for having been simple enough to make peace and cessations with Ormonde, and fight for their king. Surely Dr. O'Brien will not say that the fidelity of the Catholics of Ireland to James II. was an awful development of immorality, and if all the acts of Irish Catholics were as bad as he would have them, compare them with the penal code of William, Anne, and the Georges; a code enacted by Anglicans, at the suggestion of Anglican bishops, for the protection of the Anglican church. Recrimination is useless and not intended, but let any man of sense review that code, and surely it is one of the greatest miracles in the order of nature, that it did not debase its victims for ever, and obliterate almost the image of God from their



souls. Yet in 1780, the Catholic Irish were not bad fathers nor brothers: they were industrious and wealthy merchants in towns where they had scope for their energies\* as citizens—they were patient, for that was the only duty the laws allowed them, they preserved still all the great and good lineaments of their national character, with the inevitable mixture of the vices of slaves, and they preserved all by religion. The spirit of religion that cheered on the enthusiast in the victory of Benburb, or the retreat from Kinsale, does not even appear half so sublime as the stern endurance of the last miserable century, miserable for Irish Ascendancy, but glorious for the people of Ireland. The old Celtic fidelity to national character is in nothing more remarkable than in the strong propensity of the Irish, even at the present to worship sounding names and respectable lineage. The name of a noble would be an abomination to any other nation in Europe if it had suffered half so much as Ireland has suffered from nobles during the last three centuries, and yet if a council of Irish historians and men thoroughly acquainted with Irish character, were empowered to form an independent constitution for Ireland, we presume they would unanimously

\* 266. Whether the seaports of Galway, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, are not to be looked on as the keys of this kingdom? and whether the merchants are not possessed of those keys? and who are the most numerous merchants in those cities?

262. Whether it be not of great advantage to the Church of Rome, that she hath clergy suited to all ranks of men, in gradual succession from Cardinals down to beggars?—Berkeley.

To this latter query a few others may be added for the consideration of political economists.

How many Irish tradesmen, peasants, cottiers, &c., &c., are exempt from Poor Rates by the New Poor Law?

How far have those peasants, &c., hitherto contributed to support the Irish Poor?

Will they contribute now, if some cheap Catholic Bureau de Bienfaisance, or Brothers of Charity, such as exist in Catholic countries, be not established?

Whether such Catholic Institution or the Poor House have the greater chance of donations and legacies?

Vast sums of money have been expended during the last fifteen years in the erection of Catholic buildings in Ireland. It was cheerfully contributed, principally by that class which the law exempts from Poor Rates.

declare that the most extensive franchises and all the guarantees ever sanctioned by English law, would be required to protect the liberty of the people of Ireland against an Irish aristocracy of average worth, especially if that aristocracy were on friendly terms with the Catholic Church. Is not this fidelity to what we believe is a good principle of the Irish character, a fidelity through such persecutions, creditable to the people and their only instructor during the last two centuries—the Catholic Church? at least it is not what Dr. O'Brien would designate an awful development of Catholic principles. Are the legal and constitutional means, by which the Catholics of Ireland have now the corporations and the majority of Irish constituencies, unworthy of the descendants of those who extorted Magna Charta? Are the new churches and convents and other foundations of public beneficence and charity, which have sprung up as if by magic, under the inspiration of the Catholic Church, during the last ten years, a development at which Catholics must blush or Protestants tremble, if they respect the practical energy of religious conviction? Dr. O'Brien affects to dread persecution, though he must know that it never was a trait in Irish character, if the recovery of equal rights and laws be not persecution. The persecution he dreads is the loss of tithes and church-lands, the application of public wealth to public purposes, not for the benefit of a miserable minority of the people. If all the church-land in Ireland became in one night irreclaimable swamps, and all tithes were abolished, Dr. O'Brien himself might soon change his opinion of the Irish Catholics, and encourage his followers to co-operate with their countrymen to arrest general ruin. At present his lordship knows, that while some hundreds of thousands in Ireland are bound to party by the massive gold chains of the establishment, general co-operation for the country is either moonshine or a miracle.

Our limited space prevents the admission of some specimens of his lordship's theology. But an average example is enough. The author of the *Life of St. Wilfrid*, having stated that some persons who made vows of chastity were often grievously tempted, expressed himself thus: "the preservation of holy virginity is like an actual protracted life-long crucifixion." The Christian Bishop starts at this word, "crucifixion!" but suppose that some monks or



priests are tempted to yield to propensities, which have unfortunately been often unlawfully indulged even by married ministers, may not those temptations be for them that cross which all must take up who follow Christ, that persecution which all must undergo who wish to live piously in Christ? Shall a Christian Bishop be scandalized if the practice of a Christian virtue be called a crucifixion, when St. Paul desires to be crucified to the world, dead to the flesh and its concupiscences, and when these and similar expressions have been consecrated by the usage of all ages, to designate Christian virtue. His lordship should expunge the obnoxious words from Scripture,\* before he indulged in the ribald bigotry of his favourite Luther. Like Bishop Burnet he “smells Popery at 500 miles distance, better than fanaticism just under his nose.”

We shall not return to this subject, until some man of station in the opposite ranks, casts the first stone. It will then become necessary to break through the privileged *historical* toleration extended to the Irish Establishment in this historical age; to give its history by epochs; to compare it with the Anglo-Irish Catholic Church of the four preceding centuries, and show where they differ and agree in their exclusiveness, their influence on the arts and other social wants, and on the government of the country. The sketches can easily be drawn from Anglican authorities alone, and may help to fill up a great chasm in the history of Ireland.

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\* And they that are Christ's, have *crucified* their flesh with the vices and concupiscences.—Gal. v. 24.

But God forbid, that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is *crucified* to me and I to the world.—Gal. vi. 14.

ART. VII.—*Lives of the Queens of England.* Vol. IX. *Mary Beatrice of Modena.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. London: Henry Colburn. 1846.

THIS volume is in some respects, the most interesting of the series. Graceful language, vivacity, candour, and fearless exposure of error are to be expected; they are Miss Strickland's characteristics: but in addition to all this, the *Life of Mary of Modena* has, from its very nature a peculiar but mournful interest, little short of that of the martyred Queen of Scots. It tells of a princess, the most beautiful of the daughters of Italy, who in her prosperity was adored by all that knew her, become on a sudden the sport of the most trying reverses; it tells of the prince her husband, whose valour and genius had earned the encomiums of Turenne himself, and in Southwold Bay had taught the Dutch that the "Meteor flag of England" was now upon the deep, and whose principles of religious toleration would have achieved in the seventeenth century, what it has been the glory of the nineteenth to accomplish—this prince vilified as a bigot and a coward, plotted against by an interested faction, and, together with his consort, driven from his throne by the bayonets of the very Dutch whom he had so often vanquished: it tells of the family that had sprung from both, wandering in beggary and exile; a butt against which the Tory and the Whig, the pamphleteer and the statesman, the hunter of pension or preferment both in church and in state, all alike that hoped for any thing from William of Orange or the first princes of the House of Hanover, all directed the unceasing shafts of wit, malice, dullness, and ridicule. And now that this fair princess and her gallant but unfortunate lord have been a century and a half in their graves, and their children too, and their whole race, have joined them in the house of death, now at last is faction silent and the voice of truth is heard, and men who bow in hearty loyalty to the queen, dare yet with the freedom of Britons denounce the calumnies of the past, and proclaim the merits, without extenuating the faults, of the princely dead.

Well may the fair authoress exult in her labours: it is a noble office to vindicate the oppressed and to hold up to the terror of evil-doers, the resistless energy of truth,



which thus prevails over wealth and faction and all-devouring time itself. Let us then follow the steps of the authoress; and see what are the deeds, that we may judge of the merits of James of York and Mary of Modena. The present volume contains their marriage; their exile in Holland and Scotland; their elevation to the English throne; their expulsion; and the first years of their residence in France. The sequel of their history is told in another volume. Mary Beatrice was daughter of Alphonso d'Este, duke of Modena. She was born in 1658, and was entrusted for education to a community of Carmelite Nuns. When, in her fifteenth year, she was offered the hand of James the duke of York, and heir-presumptive of the throne of England, Mary Beatrice showed little eagerness for the prospect before her. Her thoughts were all of the simplicity and purity of the cloister: she had no other wish than to become a spouse of Christ. She was overruled, however, by the authority of her mother, the duchess of Modena, and after a painful struggle gave her acquiescence.

The earl of Peterborough was James's envoy to the court of Modena. His long search for a wife previous to his arrival in Italy is told with amusing earnestness, and is retailed in the same spirit by Miss Strickland. When he had gained the duchess, and had disclosed his mission to the young princess the latter answered "with a little fierceness,"

"That she was obliged to the king of England and the duke of York for their good opinion; but she could not but wonder why from so many princesses of more merit, who would esteem that honour, and be ready to embrace it, they should persist in endeavouring to force the inclination of one who had vowed herself, as much as was in her power, to another sort of life, out of which she never could think she should be happy; and she desired his excellency, even, as he fancied, with tears in her eyes, 'if he had an influence with his master, to oblige her by endeavouring to avert any further persecution of a maid, who had an invincible aversion to marriage. Princesses they were enow,' she said, 'in Italy, and even in that house, who would not be unworthy of so great an honour, and who, from the esteem they might have thereof, would deserve it much better than she could do.'

"However piqued the earl might be at the lofty disdain with which the youthful beauty received his compliments, and her earnest endeavours to defend herself from the unwelcome alliance to which he was wooing her, he was too able a diplomatist to take

any notice of her pointed hint, that his master's addresses would be more agreeable and suitable to her aunt than to herself. In reply to all her passionate rhetoric on the propriety of his allowing her to fulfil that vocation to which it was her desire to devote herself, his excellency told her, 'that he begged her pardon if he could not obey her; he might have been induced to do so before he saw her, but now it was impossible, since he could not believe she was made for other end than to give princes to the world, who should adorn it with characters of high virtue and merit; that his country had need of such, and he would now hazard the offending her by persisting in his demand; since if he did incur her displeasure by it, it would be the means of making her one of the happiest princesses in the world.' The earl complains that for all that he could say, the princess appeared dissatisfied at his persistence."—pp. 37, 38.

"The princess then, at last, gave herself up to the will of her friends. It was not as she herself afterwards declared without floods of tears that she yielded to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute.

"When a reluctant assent had thus been wrung, by maternal authority, from poor Mary Beatrice, the earl of Peterborough assumed his official character of ambassador extraordinary from the king of England to that court; and procurator and proxy for his royal highness, James, duke of York and Albany's marriage with the princess, sister to the duke."—p. 40.

In the old earl's account of this match there is much to make an attentive reader suspect, that it was written long after the earl's return, when the impressions of facts and opinions had begun to fade from his aged memory. Certain it is that, as the authoress herself observes, there is a "difficulty in reconciling" some parts of his narrative with the assertions of James.

We are told, for instance, by the earl that the pope refused to grant a dispensation; and by Miss Strickland, in explanation of the earl's account, that this dispensation was necessary, because, "as he (the duke of York) had made no public profession of reconciliation to the church of Rome, the pope took the present opportunity of giving him every annoyance!"—p. 34.

Now the earl's idea of the necessity of a dispensation, if he had such while in Italy, arose probably from the arts of the politicians who sought to thwart the marriage. At all events, James himself tells a very different story; and James surely could have learned the truth either from the lips of his new duchess or from her mother the Duchess



of Modena, who accompanied her into England: and if James knew the truth, he would certainly have told it, and therefore it is that his memoirs are so invaluable a source of historical knowledge. What then is James's statement? Simply this; "She (Mary Beatrice) had at that time, a great inclination to be a nun, insomuch that the duchess, her mother, was obliged to get the pope to write to her, and persuade her to comply with her wish, as most conducive to the service of God and the public good." Such testimony is, we think, conclusive. Let us, however, hear what the accurate Muratori says: "But because the thoughts of this princess were directed to a higher object, she being resolved to consecrate herself to God in a monastery, it was almost impossible to obtain her consent. Nor would the difficulty have been overcome, if the sovereign Pontiff, considering that such a marriage would be for the good of christianity, had not interposed his paternal exhortations."\*

It is needless to accumulate other authorities upon an obscure genealogy. But what are we to think of the gratuitous motive assigned to the pope of withholding the dispensation in order to give James "every annoyance?" It is an historian's duty, Miss Strickland justly observes in her preface, when explaining the words of Guizot, "to say nothing either in the way of praise or censure, which cannot be substantiated by sound evidence," (XI). Yet her own remarks upon the pope are hardly in conformity with her rule: the refusal of the dispensation is not "substantiated by sound evidence," and the assignment of a motive and such a motive, is both gratuitous and harsh. The poor popes! they must receive the lash, or perhaps the writer will be pitied for his ignorance or his illiberal narrow-minded conceptions! With the popes began the system of misrepresentation that has so long disgraced our literature; and to them does prejudice still cling when it is falling off from all things else.

We wish not, however, to speak severely of one to

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\* "Ma perchè più alto tendevano i pensieri di questa Principessa, risoluta di consecrarsi a Dio in un Monastero, S'incontravano troppe difficoltà ad ottenere il suo assenso. Nè si sarebbero superate, se il Sommo Pontefice, considerando, che in tale Nozze concorreva il bene della Christianità, non avesse interposte le sue paterne esortazioni."—Mur. Ann. D' Ital. tom. XI. An. 1673.

whom the lovers of truth are so greatly indebted: several other passages containing similar faults we purposely omit, that we may not appear unreasonably censorious. What has been already said should be sufficient to inspire caution alike in the use of authorities and in the announcement of opinions.

When at last the young bride had given a reluctant consent, had married James by proxy, and accompanied by her mother, the duchess, was approaching England, the repugnance to the marriage, so long subdued, produced a dangerous fever. When she had recovered, and had landed at Dover, she "is said to have betrayed her aversion to the duke," for she was too artless to conceal her emotions. The principles however which she had learned in the convent, she cherished in the world; and these principles which had taught her to yield up her love of the cloister at the call of obedience, taught her likewise to conquer her feelings, and to become towards one who was often an unfaithful husband, the most dutiful and affectionate of wives. So completely indeed did she overcome her repugnance, that she condemned her subsequent attachment to James as excessive, because she thought it had impeded spiritual duties, and interrupted her converse with God. This condemnation, however, was only that of an humble and even a saintly mind: it never altered the innocence of her life, nor withdrew her from reading her Latin Vulgate, or from her other daily devotions. Unable as Miss Strickland must be to appreciate the holiness of Catholicity, she is yet, in general, a fair witness of the beauty of Mary's character; and therefore her own views of that character are not uninteresting and are evidently sincere.

"How generally blameless her conduct was, at the tender age when she was torn from her peaceful convent to become the wife of a careless husband, whose years nearly trebled her own, and the stepmother of princesses old enough to be her sisters, may be perceived even from the unfriendly evidence of bishop Burnet himself. 'She was,' says he, 'a very graceful person, with a good measure of beauty, and so much wit and cunning, that during all this reign she behaved herself in so obliging a manner, and seemed so innocent and good, that she gained upon all that came near her, and possessed them with such impressions of her, that it was long before her behaviour after she was a queen could make them change their thoughts of her. So artificially did this young Italian



behave herself, that she deceived even the eldest and most jealous persons both in court and country. Only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler in business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved as long as she was a duchess.'

"'Upwards of twelve years,' (adds Miss Strickland). Rather a trying time for the most practised of hypocrites to have supported the part which this candid divine attributes to an inexperienced girl who commenced her career in public life at fifteen. If Mary Beatrice had, at that tender age, acquired not only the arts of simulation and dissimulation in such perfection, but the absolute control over every bad passion which Burnet imputes to her, so as to deceive the most watchful of her foes, and to conciliate the love and esteem of all who came near her, she might assuredly have governed the whole world. Unfortunately for herself, this princess was singularly deficient in the useful power of concealing her feelings; it is impossible to refrain from smiling at the idea of any one attributing policy so profound to the unsophisticated child of nature, who preferring the veil of a cloistered votaress to the prospect of the crown matrimonial of England, had interrupted the diplomatic courtship of a grave ambassador with passionate reproaches for his cruelty in endeavouring to marry her to his master against her inclination, and with tearful earnestness intimated how much more suitable and welcome the alliance would be to her maiden aunt than to herself, and was too little practised in deception to be able to conceal either her disinclination to her consort, in the first instance, or her too ardent affection for him when he had succeeded in winning her virgin love. If, then, so young a creature whose greatest fault was her proneness to yield to the impulse of her feelings, conducted herself for twelve years so perfectly, as not to give cause of complaint to any one, not even to her step-daughters, the natural inference is, that she acted under the influence of more conscientious motives than those which guided the pen of her calumniator.

"Mary Beatrice applied herself to the study of the English language to such good purpose, that she soon became a perfect mistress of all its intricacies, and not only spoke, read, and wrote it with fluency, but was able to appreciate the literature of that Augustan age. She had the good taste and good policy to pay distinguishing attention to persons of literary talent. She took great pleasure in the conversation of the aged Waller, and playfully commanded him to write....It was highly to the credit of so young a creature as Mary Beatrice that her mind was too well regulated to be alloyed with the vanity which the flattering incense offered up at the shrine of her beauty by the greatest wits of the age, was calculated to excite in a female heart. The purity of her

manners and conduct entitled her to universal respect. It was observed in that wanton, licentious court, where voluptuousness stalked unmasked, and gloried in its shame, that the youthful duchess of York afforded a bright example of feminine propriety and conjugal virtue. She appeared like a wedded Dian, walking through Paphian bowers in her calm purity."—pp. 65-67.

The Duchess of York was passionately fond of music, but had strong moral objections to the coarse comedies of the era; she even entertained doubts of the propriety of appearing at operas, though Italian singers were patronised by her. She was wont to say, "that there was no sin she believed, in going to theatres, provided the pieces that were represented were not of an objectionable character; the stage might and ought to be rendered a medium of conveying moral instruction to the public, instead of flattering and inculcating vice."—(pp. 133-34.)

The reader may now be desirous of seeing the reverse of the medal, but that reverse was almost a blank. Indeed, of the few instances of her faults given by Miss Strickland, it is remarkable that the fault is not in the act itself, but in the motive which the Authoress thinks she has discovered. Such discoveries are often self-delusions. The following is one of the most serious charges that can be attributed to the almost blameless Mary of Modena; yet even this we are told, was kept within limits by self-control.

"However perfect her conduct was as a wife, she was not without her faults as a woman; and of these her natural inclination to fancy herself too far above her fellow-creatures was the most injurious, and had it not subjected her to a salutary check, might have alienated the affection with which the old Scotch Cavaliers were prepared to regard her.

"One day James invited the famous General Dalziel to dine privately with him. The character of this devoted adherent of Charles I., is familiar to our readers from the brilliant sketch drawn by Sir Walter Scott in 'Old Mortality.' The Duchess of York, seeing three covers laid at table, asked her husband who was to dine with them, and when informed, she greatly objected to dine with a private gentleman. Dalziel entered at the moment, and heard the subject of the dispute before the duchess was aware of the presence of her guest; and, with a spirit still haughtier than her own, thus addressed her: 'Madame, I have dined at a table where *your* father stood behind my back!' He alluded to the time when, as a General in the imperial service, he had dined



in state with the emperor, for whom the Duke de Modena, as one of the vassals of the empire, performed personal service.

"Instead of testifying any resentment at this well-merited rebuke, Mary Beatrice turned playfully to her husband, and said, 'never offend the pride of proud men.'"—(p. 102.)

Amiable as was the character of Mary, she was not long to escape the misery with which splendour is always purchased. She had scarcely attained her twentieth year, when her trials began; and they were to end only with her life. If for some years she still continued free from personal annoyance, she suffered greatly: for her hopes and fears were those of her husband. Occasionally too she had a more immediate share in the calumnies that were so liberally dealt out to her lord. The series of plots that were thus entangling the unfortunate couple deserve, perhaps, a more comprehensive though in many respects a much briefer notice than that of our Authoress.

The party against James had sprung up even before his marriage with the Princess of Modena; but was not completely organised until after that event. Its leaders were Shaftesbury and Buckingham. The latter was the enemy, and was one of the chief instruments in the fall of Clarendon, the father-in-law of James. Feeling however, that now he had no favour to expect from the latter, and had reason to expect his vengeance, he resolved to do his utmost to exclude him from the succession. Shaftesbury was once a republican; then a friend and adviser of Cromwell; and had found means to earn the favour of Charles. He was as unprincipled as Buckingham, and conceiving himself injured by his sovereign, had thrown himself into the ranks of the opposition, and sought to revenge himself upon Charles by every means of annoyance, and even by an attempt to hurl him from his throne. The offer of Buckingham's alliance was eagerly embraced: James had become a Catholic, and the conspirators knew how easily they could array against him the prejudices of the nation; and if James were rendered powerless, Charles might be more easily assailed. Such, if we may judge from their deeds, was the twofold scheme of these able but revengeful men.

To prepare the way, reports of "Popish Plots" were busily circulated; and all Protestants were warned to beware of a secret but imminent danger that threatened

their property, consciences, and lives. James, they were reminded, had openly professed himself a Catholic, and had married a Catholic wife; and Charles, it was added, was about to imitate his brother's example, and was scheming with Louis of France to introduce Popery at the point of the bayonet. Men were amazed at these reiterated reports. Some of the statement they knew to be true, and, blinded by prejudice, they easily believed the rest. Shaftesbury exulted in his success and sought to confirm it by every popular art. Amongst the members of the country party; with the merchants on exchange; wherever, in short, public attention might be excited, or popularity gained, there was Shaftesbury, full of condescension, full of familiarity. Whatever he was before, he was now, in the eyes of the people, a persecuted patriot, a martyr to the liberties of his country. The very pulpits resounded with the praises of one, whose belief in revelation was at most but doubtful; and a suspected infidel stood forward, and was recognised as the champion of Protestantism.

The vigour of Shaftesbury's opposition was immediately felt. Mindful of its success in the reign of Charles I., the opposition strove in the first place to increase the alarm of the nation, and then stood forth as the deplorers and avengers of its wrongs. Hence the late petition for a general fast; hence a second address begging the king, although the country was completely tranquil, to order all the Catholics who were not householders to remove to a distance of at least ten miles from London; hence too a third petition to order the militia of London and Westminster to be ready at an hour's notice, and that of the country at a day's notice, in order to suppress any tumultuous meetings, whether of Papists or of other discontented characters. These measures were followed by a violent invective against the ministers, and by a petition for the dismissal of Lauderdale and Buckingham.

Buckingham had not as yet given his support to the opposition. He, however, displayed so much submission by pleading at the bar of the Commons, by his apologies, by his treacherous accusations of Arlington, and by his dark insinuations against the royal brothers, that the petition against him was considerably modified. Charles however had grown suspicious of the duke; and the latter, finding himself discarded, became the public ally of the



Earl of Shaftesbury. Many others beside Buckingham feared the vengeance of James for their share in the prosecution of Clarendon, and were easily induced to follow the duke's example. By the operation of the recent Test Act, the enemies of James had already deprived him of the office of admiral, and had held him up to the nation as one who was unfit to wear the crown. Now they introduced a more comprehensive Test to remove him from parliament, and to forbid him to appear within five miles of the court. It was proposed in the Lords, at the same time, that none of the royal family should marry a Catholic, that the younger branches of the royal family, the eldest sons of peers, and all other Catholic children, if their fathers were deceased, should be brought up in the established religion. Twice did they attempt to accomplish their object, and the majorities against them in the Commons were so small, that James began to despair. A prorogation of parliament gave him time to watch and combat the designs of his enemies.

The latter anticipating a triumph began to look round for a successor to the crown. Some thought of the Duke of Monmouth, the king's natural son; and others of the Prince of Orange, who had married Mary, the daughter of James, and whose achievements against Louis XIV had won the applause of Europe. Neither Monmouth nor the Prince of Orange was devoid of ambition: both maintained a close correspondence with their respective English partisans. The former, by their advice, asked and obtained the office of Commander-in-Chief, which a few years before had been abolished, from its being supposed to give too dangerous a power to the subject. The plans of the Prince of Orange were bolder, but more secret. It was proposed that money should be sent from Holland to purchase the votes of the English parliament, and thus to force Charles to join the Dutch in a league against Louis; and it was at the same time insinuated, in a manner that William could hardly misunderstand, that if the design were adopted, he was to be prepared to take advantage of any subsequent movements.

To promote this object, pamphlets were circulated, dilating on the growth of Popery and arbitrary power; calling attention to the war on the Continent, which was to decide the fate of their religion and liberty; and summoning to arms for the annihilation of France. The logical truth of these invectives may be inferred from the fact, that

France, against which, as the great opponent of Protestantism, all the wrath of the people was thus directed, was at this time in alliance with the Protestant State of Sweden, against the two great Catholic powers of Austria and Spain!

These preliminaries were followed by Oates's plot, the origin and general progress of which are too well known to need a recapitulation.

"The Jesuits," said this unblushing miscreant, "the Jesuits were everywhere plotting the re-establishment of Catholicity by bloodshed and rebellion; in Ireland they were organizing a general insurrection, in Holland they were disseminating French maxims and French influence, in Scotland they opposed the Established Church in the disguise of Cameronians, in England their malice had already been felt; the great fire was their work, in that conflagration they had employed seven hundred fire-balls, and had carried off a thousand carats of diamonds, making a clear profit of £14,000, while in the fire of Southwark, (1676,) they had cleared £2000; their present object was to burn Westminster, Wapping, and the shipping in the river, and to shoot the King; the Pope was aware of the scheme, and had already selected the person that was to fill the English throne."

As if terrified at what they heard, and as if fearing another Gunpowder Plot, the Commons ordered guards to be placed in the cellars under the parliament house; compelled the king to proclaim that all Catholics who were not householders, should quit London; and conjured him to dismiss every Papist from his service, and to be careful that his meals were prepared by none but orthodox cooks. Committees of enquiry were appointed, and their management was left to the unremitting activity of Shaftesbury.

The malignant audacity of Oates increased with the credulity of his hearers. He now ventured to name those who were selected by the Pope for the offices of state. At the word of a man who had neither character nor property, the Lords were startled from their jealousy of privilege, and suffered the Commons to send to the Tower, the Earl of Powis, Viscount Stafford, and the Lords Petre, Arundel, and Belasyse.

The excitement was kept alive by the funeral of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, falsely reported to have been mur-



dered by the catholics, and still more by the measures of the Government. For Danby, the prime minister, fearing an impeachment, sought his own safety by engrossing upon other subjects the whole attention of the opposition. Two thousand suspected traitors were thrown into prison, the houses of Catholics, not excepting that of the Earl Marshal, were rigorously searched for arms, and all who refused to take the oath of supremacy to the number of 30,000, were compelled to remove to a distance of at least ten miles from Whitehall. As if the excitement and confusion thus produced were not enough, posts were erected as if for the purpose of throwing chains across the streets upon the first alarm; the train-bands, volunteers and military, amounting in all to nearly 50,000 men, were occasionally ordered to remain all night under arms, numerous patrols moved along the streets, and batteries were thrown up for the defence of the palace.

While the nation was still in a ferment, it was worked up to a state of phrensy by the contrivances of the Green Ribbon Club. This club was formed of the leaders of the opposition, and held its meetings in the King's Arms Tavern, in what was then the fashionable neighbourhood of Temple Bar. It was published that a solemn procession at the expense of the club, was to celebrate the approaching anniversary of Elizabeth's accession. Accordingly, on the 17th of November, 200,000 persons were on the spot to witness the pageant. At the dusk of evening the expected procession formed by torch-light. First, a crier slowly advancing led the way, and proclaimed at intervals, "Remember Mr. Justice Godfrey." Immediately behind the crier, rode a person dressed in the habit of a Jesuit, and having before him, thrown over the horse's back, the figure of a dead body, meant for that of Godfrey. A long array dressed as monks, nuns, and cardinals, Catholic bishops in cope and mitre, and Protestant bishops in lawn sleeves, was closed by a litter containing an effigy of the Pope, and by his side as his adviser, the arch fiend himself. The excited spectators had already armed themselves with daggers against the designs of the "Papists," and had sworn against the latter eternal hatred; but when they had heard the solemn voice of the crier, and had seen the mysterious array of ghost-like forms under the baleful glare of the torches, and still more when they had seen the Pope's effigy hurled into the flames amidst a burst of fire-

works, they separated with their bosoms rankling with every bitter if not malignant feeling, that could gratify the heart, or forward the schemes of their wily deceiver.

Shaftesbury and his party calculated that if a parliament were to be held during the continuance of the excitement, they would be able to achieve a complete triumph. They had, therefore, already divided the country into districts, and in each district had organised a committee to get up petitions for summoning the parliament. It happened, (and the contingency had doubtlessly been anticipated,) that the licensing act expired at this very time, (May 1679.) At once, therefore, the press teemed with virulent writings of every description. The judges interfered, but Shaftesbury's object was already gained; Charles was ever beset with petitions. It was of no use that he answered that it was his province to appoint the time for parliamentary business, he was still incessantly and often most unseasonably way-laid and loaded with a multitude of similar petitions. The grand juries, the corporations, the common council of London, and nearly all the towns and counties vied with one another in urging the same importunate request. Charles now grew alarmed, and having provided trusty garrisons at Sheerness, Portsmouth, Hull, and other fortresses, he denounced rigorous punishment against all that should subscribe a petition contrary to the common and known laws of the land. This proclamation aroused the dormant loyalty of the people. But a little before, the king seemed almost alone, and was brooding despondingly on the gloomy future; now, however, all the lovers of monarchy were raising their voices from every part of the kingdom, and were crowding around the king to offer at once allegiance and aid. The nobles, the greater part of the gentry, the merchants, and multitudes of the middle and lower classes, poured in their loyal addresses, and declared their abhorrence of the late petitions. The king's enemies shrunk at this rallying cry of all England, and their confusion was as great as their former exultation.

Thus closed the first of this unparalleled series of plots. At the height of the popular frenzy, James had been requested to leave the country until the storm should have blown over. He refused to quit his post, but yielded to the commands of his brother. He resided first in Holland and afterwards in Scotland. His faithful duchess could not be kept from his side, even by the care of her infant child.



The popularity of both in Scotland was almost boundless, and so indeed it might well be, if one half of what is told of them be true.

“While in Scotland, James applied himself zealously to business, and with his usual regard for economy, detected and put a stop to many of the peculations and abuses of the duke of Lauderdale’s creatures, whereby he incurred the ill-will of that corrupt statesman, and his duchess, and many of their connections. He bestowed his attention on the maritime and commercial interests of Scotland, all of which were materially improved during his residence in that nation. Such were the feelings which the residence and popular government of the duke of York had excited in the kindred land of his forefathers, that there can be little doubt if he had been rejected by England, but that he would have been instantly proclaimed and crowned in Scotland.”—pp. 134, 135.

“The sailor prince, being a friend to ancient customs, encouraged the citizens and mechanics of the good town to take a share in these manly sports and pastimes, and for this end he always chose his partner at golf from these classes.

“The oral traditions of Edinburgh record the following instance of the frank and gracious conduct of the duke of York to one of his humble allies at the golf. His royal highness and the duke of Lauderdale, who were both expert golfers, generally engaged on opposite sides, and one day, they determined to play for an unusually high stake. James called a working shoemaker, named John Paterson, to second him, and after a very hard contest, defeated his antagonist. When the duke of Lauderdale paid the stake which is said to have been some hundreds of broad pieces, his royal highness handed the gold to Paterson with these words, ‘Through your skill I have won this game, and you are therefore entitled to the reward of the victory;’ the princely courtesy of the compliment being a trait of more refined generosity than the princely munificence of the gift; and dear, we may be sure, were both to the heart of the bonnie Scot, who had seconded the brother of his sovereign so stoutly on the links of Leith that day.

“Notwithstanding his popery, James was at that period one of the finest gentlemen in Europe.”—p. 124.

Amidst the reaction against Shaftesbury, which had been provoked by his system of petitions, James was recalled to London by his brother, and was welcomed by the acclamations of the people.

His enemies, however, were not yet discouraged. The tale of the black box, containing the pretended marriage-settlement of King Charles and Lucy Barlow, the mother of Monmouth, was scarcely exploded, when rumours and

depositions of presbyterian plots alarmed the credulous multitude. When these, and even the "popish meal-tub plot" had passed (and not without effect), preparations were made for a more immediate attack upon the Duke of York. These preparations were facilitated by a strange conjuncture of affairs. Louis knew that Charles had just formed a league with Spain, and by his liberal distribution of gold he encouraged the opposition to plot for the Prince of Orange, and thus to embarrass to the utmost their country's government. It was not enough that Hampden, Algernon Sidney, Buckingham, and many others, who talked loudly of their disinterested patriotism, should become the hirelings of France and Holland; but even Godolphin and Sunderland, afterwards so famous for their share in the "glorious revolution," and at this moment ministers of Charles and high in his confidence, were deeply involved in the intrigues of the French and Dutch envoys, and had pledged themselves to promote the bill for the exclusion of James.

To obtain the consent of Charles was the next object. To effect this the Duchess of Portsmouth, one of the king's mistresses, was threatened with an impeachment. When the wretched woman was sufficiently intimidated, they offered to forego the charge, provided she would influence Charles in favour of the bill. She made a compact for this purpose with Shaftesbury, Russell, and Monmouth; and that she might have power over the royal will, she was empowered to make the king an offer of a large sum of money and of the power to nominate his successor.

The Duke of York was now again in Scotland, in obedience to his brother's commands; but his enemies still sought to compass his ruin. When parliament had assembled, Dangerfield, an informer of unenviable notoriety, whose testimony had been scorned by three successive juries, was allowed to stand at the bar of the commons and prefer against James a charge of plotting against his brother's life. He must have reckoned largely on the credulity or hypocrisy of the members, but he had not reckoned amiss. The whole house appeared in a ferment, and Russell moved, that it should be their first care "effectually to suppress popery, and prevent a popish successor." A storm of invective against the "papists" followed; every evil that had befallen the country during the whole reign was their work. As a fitting close to so truthful a denun-



ciation, Oates and his brother informers, Prance, Faria, and Treby, the personifications of truth, now strided forward, and told the grave, or rather excited, senators, their labyrinth of detected conspiracies. It was voted that all these plots had been formed because the Duke of York was a papist; that if anything happened to the king, it should be revenged upon the whole body of Catholics; and, lastly, that a bill should be introduced for excluding James from the throne of England.

Baffled in their attempt by the exertions of Charles, the opposition presented a nominal address to the king, the real object of which was to exasperate the people by renewing the cry against the Jesuits. Their efforts were in great measure successful; but their want of moderation produced a reaction. Their impeachment and legal murder of the aged Lord Stafford aroused all the fanaticism of the mob, and even the parliament were not ashamed to greet the capital charge of Dangerfield with a shout of exultation! The patience of the gray-headed baron under the yells and execrations of the mob, and the cruelty and injustice of the heartless men upon the bench must have touched every heart that was not utterly callous. Stafford's speech upon the scaffold triumphed over prejudice and every other feeling, and called forth from the vast assemblage of Londoners one loud and unanimous testimony to his innocence: "We believe you, my lord! God bless you, my lord!" But there is not now in our constitution any power that may stand between an unjust sentence and its victim. Stafford's blood was streaming from the block almost at the moment that the cry of his innocence was rising to heaven.

The reaction which had thus been produced was not immediately felt, and the faction of Shaftesbury pursued their schemes with ardour. Godolphin, Sunderland, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and even the Prince of Orange, successively urged the king to come to an understanding with his parliament. The Spanish ambassador came next, alluded to the designs of Louis, and lamented that England should waste its strength in internal dissension, forgetful both of its own interests and of those of its allies. Then came the Dutch ambassadors with a long and elaborate memorial, declaring boldly that Charles had sacrificed the welfare of Europe, of all the Protestant powers, and particularly of the United Provinces, for so uncertain a

thing as a future succession. The tone of this memorial destroyed the effect of the whole scheme; Charles's indignation overcame his indolence, and he answered the remonstrants with a brief refusal.

The majority of the commons still supported Shaftesbury; and after a variety of arbitrary measures, they passed the alarming resolution, "that unless the Duke of York were excluded, there would be no safety for the king, government, or Protestant religion; that the Marquis of Worcester, the Earls of Halifax and Clarendon, the advisers of the late answer, and the Earl of Feversham, were promoters of popery; and that any one who should lend money to the king on any branch of the revenue should be adjudged to hinder the sitting of parliament, and should be made responsible for the same."

To weaken the opposition a new parliament was called, not to London, but to Oxford. Escorted by his life-guards Charles proceeded to the latter city to open the parliament. Shaftesbury, the representatives of the city, and the leaders of the opposition in the commons, followed in arms, surrounded by bands of armed men, who wore on their hats a ribbon inscribed with the words, "No popery! No slavery!"

To mollify his opponents Charles offered to agree that James should enjoy the title without the power of a king; that the government, during the whole of his life, should be administered by all. The offer was refused; a greater triumph was anticipated. A Scotchman and an Irish Protestant had lately dared to charge the king himself with a participation in the recent plots. These wretches were now introduced by the commons; and it was evident that they were going to act the part of Dangerfield.

The design was baffled by the unusual promptitude of the king. He dissolved the parliament, and hurried to Windsor with such precipitation, that it was rumoured that he had discovered a conspiracy, and fled for his life; there can be little doubt that the dissolution averted a civil war.

The king's declarations of his reasons for the two last dissolutions were answered by numerous loyal addresses. The reaction which had begun at the death of Stafford was now complete. The delirium was over: the plot was reconsidered, disbelieved, and condemned.

The time-serving informers now turned against their



former employers. Nor were the ministers upright enough to reject their perjured testimony: honour and truth were still sacrificed to revenge. Several executions followed; and Shaftesbury, after skulking in various hiding-places in London, and vainly summoning the people to arms, fled to Holland.

Baffled thus a second time, the opponents of the government became outrageous. The more violent proposed the assassination of the royal brothers. Whitehall, the theatre, and the Rye House, a lonely farm-house on the road between Newmarket and London, were successively pointed out as places well adapted for the purpose. The most active conspirator was Lord Howard of Escrick. The Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Essex, the Lords Grey and Russell, Algernon Sidney, and Mr. Hampden, consented to the plot, but not to the assassination. They wished to extort the royal consent to their proposals by a general rising in the city, in several counties, and in Scotland. Argyle had asked Shaftesbury for £30,000 towards the attempt; but Shaftesbury's turbulent career was drawing to a close, he expired about two months after his arrival in Holland.

Before Argyle could despatch the stipulated arms and ammunition to the conspirators, the arrest at Newcastle of a Scot, who was the bearer of a suspicious letter, excited the alarm of the government. Soon after one of the accomplices offered to reveal the plot. Several persons were arrested. Lord Howard became the accuser of his associates. Russell and Sydney died on the scaffold, and Essex committed suicide.

This third defeat of James's enemies was followed by the sudden death of Charles, and the peaceable accession of his brother: The latter might now appear secure. Yet his enemies were still at work, sometimes openly, and sometimes secretly, until they plucked the crown from his head. Their first efforts were displayed in the rebellions of Monmouth and Argyle; but they soon paid the penalty of rebellion. The unfeeling severity with which Jeffreys visited those that were engaged in the rebellion enabled the enemies of James to throw the whole fault upon the king. Let us hear Miss Strickland upon this point:

“It has been assumed by some historians, that James was cognizant of all Jeffreys' merciless proceedings, because there was a

constant correspondence between the latter and Sunderland, and Sunderland's letters contain assurances, 'that the king approved and thanked Jeffreys for his zeal in his service;' but this appears only one of the links in Sunderland's extensive chain of treachery. He and his friend Jeffreys played into each other's hands, and amassed enormous sums by the sale of pardons to the wealthy—a species of traffic of which Rochester and Father Petre are also accused. It is a notorious fact that Jeffreys, who was always in a state of exasperation of temper from bodily torture, and the irritability caused by habitual intemperance, scrupled not to set the king's authority at naught by hanging old Major Holmes, notwithstanding the royal grace had been extended to him. Jeffreys pretended that it was an accident; so, according to Queen Elizabeth, was the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. The barbarities of Jeffreys were lamented by the king, when the whole truth was made known to him by two courageous and noble-minded men, Sir Thomas Cutler, the commanding officer at Wells, and the good Bishop Kenn, who made a personal appeal to the monarch himself in behalf of some of the victims. James not only listened to their representations, but thanked Sir Thomas Cutler publicly for what he had done, and expressed a wish that others had imitated his humanity.

"Among the prisoners, whose case came under the personal attention of the king, was the popular orator, Story, who had endeavoured to excite the indignation of the people against his majesty, by repeating in very inflammatory language all the libellous accusations that had been set forth in Monmouth's proclamation. The incident being recorded by a violent nonconformist, Edmund Calamy, is not liable to suspicion of *over*-partiality to the sovereign. 'When Story, taken and imprisoned for assisting Monmouth, was ordered before the king and privy-council, of a sudden the keeper declared his orders were to bring him immediately, which he did in a coach, without giving him any time to prepare himself in any manner, only cautioning him to give a plain and direct answer to the questions King James might put to him. When brought before the privy-council, Story made so sad and sorrowful a figure that all present were surprised and affrighted at his haggard and squalid appearance. When King James first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, "Is that a man, or what is it?" His majesty was told it was the rebel Story. "Oh! Story," said the king, "I remember him—that is a rare fellow, indeed!" Then, turning towards him, "Pray, Story," said he, "you were in Monmouth's army in the west—were you not?" He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, "Yes, an't please your majesty." "Pray," said the king to him, "you were a commissary there, were you not?" Again Story replied, "Yes, an't please your majesty." "And you," said King James, "made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?" He again very readily



answered, "Yes, an't please your majesty." "Pray," said King James, "if you have not forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine speech,—let us have some specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric." Whereupon, resumes Edmund Calamy, 'Story told us that he readily made answer, "I told, an't please your majesty, that it was you that fired the city of London." "A rare rogue, upon my word," said the king; "and, pray, what else did you tell them?" "I told them, an't please your majesty, that you poisoned your brother." "Impudence in the utmost height of it," said King James; "pray, let's have something further, if your memory serve you." "I further told them," said Mr. Story, "that your majesty appeared fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves." "A rogue with a witness!" and, cutting off short, the king rejoined, "But what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I were to grant you your life?" To which he without any demur made answer, that he would pray for his majesty as long as he lived. "Why, then," said the king, "I freely pardon all that is past, and hope that you will not for the future represent your king as inexorable." " pp. 181, 183.

Whatever James's motives and feelings, his enemies were closely observing him, careful to diminish his popularity to the utmost. Too many opportunities did he afford them by his injudicious measures; but it was not the suspension of the penal laws, nor the imprisonment of the bishops that led to his deposition: it was a continuation of the former plots for his exclusion which, after having been three times defeated, now at last succeeded. The conspirators were supported by all the influence of Anne and Mary, the daughters of James. Seeing themselves debarred the English crown by the birth of a brother, they fabricated a story that the child was a low-born babe that had been introduced into the royal bed-chamber in a warming-pan; and, in their pretended indignation at the imposture, gave all their influence to the Prince of Orange.

With a Dutch fleet of sixty sail of the line, and an army of 16,000 men, William arrived at last at Torbay. Although astonished at the treachery of several of his most trusted friends, James was consoled by the evident loyalty of the majority, and moved forward to encounter the invaders. A violent effusion of blood from his nose, such as afterwards reduced him to the grave, rendered him inactive at the most critical moment, perplexed his friends, and encouraged the conspirators to unfurl in several places at once the standard of rebellion.

It was almost too late for a forward movement; and now, when James returned to his capital, he was stricken to the earth by the unexpected tidings of the treason of Anne. "God help me," he exclaimed, while the tears fell from his eyes, "my very children have forsaken me!" For two or three days the shock affected his brain; and now indeed it seemed too late. The Dutch troops were soon embattled around Whitehall; the Lord Craven's indignant sword was reluctantly sheathed; and James, surrounded by foreign bayonets, quitted London amid the tears and lamentations of the spectators, and with his queen and child was soon an exile in France.

The portion of the volume that tells of this, their last banishment, is of touching interest. It closes with the last days and the death of James, the bereavement and resignation of Mary, and the first measures of Louis in behalf of their son. We will close our notice with a brief extract from this mournful period of Mary's life:

"The conversation turning on death, the king expressed so much desire for that event, that the queen was much distressed. 'Alas!' said she, with tears in her eyes, 'what would become of me and your little ones, if we were deprived of you!' 'God,' he replied, 'will take care of you and our children: for what am I but a poor, feeble man, incapable of doing anything without Him?' Mary Beatrice, whose heart was full, went to the table to conceal her emotion by pretending to look for a book. The assistant, (the incident took place at a convent,) who tenderly loved the queen, softly approached the king, and said to him, 'We humbly entreat your majesty not to speak of your death to the queen, for it always afflicts her.' 'I do so, to prepare her for that event,' replied James, 'since it is a thing which in the course of nature must soon occur, and it is proper to accustom her to the certainty of it.' The assistant said to the queen, when they were alone, 'Madame, I have taken the liberty of begging the king not to talk of death to your majesty to make you sad.' The queen smiled, and said, 'It will not trouble me any more. He is accustomed to talk to me about it very often, and, above all, I am sure it will not accelerate his death a single moment.'"—p. 346.



ART. VIII.—*Letters to M. Gondon, on the Destructive Character of the Church of Rome, both in Religion and Polity.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D., Canon of Westminster. Second Edition. London: 1847.

A CLASSICAL scholar meddling with theology, is one of the most pitiful and piteous phenomena in the whole world of literature. Somehow or other such persons are singularly disqualified for what they have so rashly undertaken, the tone of authority which they assume making their performances absolutely ridiculous. Dr. Wordsworth is a scholar, he may be something more, but at present there is no evidence for it. His position in the Anglican establishment gives him leisure for writing, we wish it had given him leisure for reading. The divines of the communion to which he belongs, have never shown depth of thought nor extensive learning, except perhaps in one instance, and he was a neglected predecessor of Dr. Wordsworth in the Abbey of Westminster, but not a monk. Dr. Wordsworth has confidence in his cause, and a supply of passages to make it good, but is not at all scrupulous as to the real meaning of his quotations; he gives them a meaning himself, and that one as far removed from that of the writer whom he cites as it can possibly be. Having no time for a more particular observation of these letters, which we find now in a second edition, we confine ourselves to the bare exposing of blunders, which we are afraid our readers will give us credit for inventing, rather than suppose Dr. Wordsworth guilty of such dulness as to have committed them himself. We shall in pursuance of our purpose set down Dr. Wordsworth's own words, and then as briefly as we possibly can, correct his misrepresentations.

“Cardinal Bellarmine says, ‘if the Pope should so far err as to *command vices* and to *prohibit virtues*, the Church would be bound to believe that vices are good and virtues are evil; unless she will sin against her conscience.’”—p. 63.

This is not the first time we have heard of this misrepresentation; we wish we could think that Dr. Wordsworth may be its last promulgator. The passage translated in the text is given in a note, with accurate reference to the treatise of Bellarmine, *De Pontifice*, iv. 5, and indeed the

words are correctly cited. We hope that Dr. Wordsworth never read the chapter from which he quotes, but that he has taken his authorities on trust. The words he has produced are half a sentence, and are really the conclusion that follows from an hypothesis contrary to that which Bellarmine maintained. His argument may be given in substance thus: "if the Pope were not infallible in matters of faith and morals, he might command people to believe what is false, and practice what is evil; and as the Church is ever bound to obey the Pope, she would then be bound to believe virtue to be vice, and vice virtue." Dr. Wordsworth cannot have a greater horror of such a dereliction of duty than all Catholics have, and the Cardinal always expressed. What would Dr. Wordsworth say of us if we were to charge him with the following opinion which we give in his own words, p. 49. "The infidel might justly assert that all our religion is a mere  $\psi\lambda\eta\ \pi\acute{\iota}\sigma\tau\iota\varsigma$ , a bare groundless faith." We have done with his book only what he has done with that of Bellarmine, suppressed the hypothetical clause.

"It is expressly said that the superior may bind the members of the society to commit *mortal sin*," p. 65. It requires no effort on the part of Protestants to believe this of the Jesuits; but we are surprised at the hardihood of Dr. Wordsworth, who has actually cited in a note the constitutions of the society, to prove so wicked and groundless a charge. The note is as follows: Pars. vi. c. 5. "The constitutions are *not* to bind to mortal sin, NISI superior *id* in nomine, D. N. J. C.....juberet." We do not cite the whole of course, for the rest is not relevant; we print the word *id* in italics, for a reason that will appear by and by. The title of the chapter which Dr. Wordsworth quotes from, is *Quod constitutiones peccati obligationem non inducunt*; that is, the constitutions do not bind under pain of sin, which is a very different thing.

It is therein expressly provided, that excepting the four vows, all declarations and ordinances if not duly observed, do not involve him who fails therein in the guilt of mortal or venial sin—*peccatum mortale vel veniale*—unless the superior should enforce those declarations and ordinances in the name of God, or in virtue of obedience. Dr. Wordsworth has here misquoted his authority, he has the word *id* after *superior*, and refers it to mortal sin; for without that change the accusation could not be sustained: whereas



the text has *ea*, referring to the constitutions of the society. But what shall we say of the learning of a man who cannot read Latin, or of his honesty who cites his documents untruly?

“‘Vain is the labour,’ said Cardinal Hosius, a Papal legate and president at the Council of Trent, ‘which is spent on Holy Scripture, for Scripture is but a creature and a beggarly element.’ And Ludovicus, a canon of the Lateran, in a speech at the same Council, ‘Scripture is only lifeless ink.’ And Pighius, in his third book of Controversies, calls it ‘a mute judge, a *nose of wax*, which allows itself to be pulled this way and that, and to be moulded into any form you please.’”—p. 74.

Will Dr. Wordsworth say that these expressions are used in contempt of Scripture, or that their authors undervalued the holy writings and ridiculed their contents? if he cannot, or dare not, what do these expressions prove against those who used them, or the Church whose devoted children they were? If Hosius, Ludovicus, and Pighius, were irreverent men and trifled with holy things, or wrote about what they did not understand, such language coming from them is liable to grave censure; it will prove nothing for Dr. Wordsworth’s purpose to cite these and like sayings, unless he can also show the writers to have been influenced by a spirit of irreverence, which he so deliberately insinuates against them.

First, we begin with Pighius. He wrote thus:

“But as there is no passage of Scripture so plain or clear as to defend itself from the wrong-dealings of heretics, who adulterate, wrest and pervert the Scriptures to their own sense. For these are—as some one no less truly than wittily observed—like a nose of wax which may be twisted every way; and like a leaden rule which is made to bend to what shape one pleases. To these (the Scriptures) we must apply not a rule of lead and one equally flexible, but one strong and unbending, that column, that foundation of the truth, I mean the common understanding and sentence of the Catholic Church.”—Lib. iii. c. 3.

Does this sound like contempt? is it not clear that to the heretics and to their treatment of Scripture the expression is to be applied, and not to the estimation in which Pighius held the sacred writings? We are even confident enough to ask Dr. Wordsworth himself, whether he can find fault with the expression now; we are certain of this,

the High Anglican party will adopt the whole passage readily.

Ludovicus is the next. Dr. Wordsworth does not give any reference to the place where his words may be found, which leaves us to suppose that he has taken his quotations on the authority of another; we have been at the pains to find them,\* and shall now present them with their context.

"That I may pass by that most important and clear saying of blessed Paul, in which he warned the Thessalonians and others who practised christian piety, to stand to and hold fast, not the writings, not the volumes, not the books, but 'the traditions which they had learned, whether by word of mouth or by writing.' For that holy teacher, who had been taken up into the third heaven and heard secret words which no man may speak, knew that the Church of God was the living breast of Christ, but the Scripture as it were dead ink—*quasi mortuum atramentum*—and therefore we must rather believe the living breast than dead ink, that is, greater faith is to be given to the living Church than to books, which in themselves, are as dead things. He knew, too, that Christ did not leave books, writings, instruments, or muniments to His disciples, but examples, precepts, ways of life and commandments." And a little further on he speaks of the "books of divine authority."

Does this sound as if Ludovicus disregarded Scripture? On the contrary, it could have been written only by one most jealous for its due veneration, and the preservation of its uncorrupted sense.

Hosius comes next in our order, and the charge against him we dispose of by saying, that Dr. Wordsworth has cited as his words, what Hosius really considers the heretics to say to their new teachers. Hosius introduces the words with this preface: "They have begun to have such thoughts as these. How long shall we endure this tyranny of these apostate monks?" *Excucullatorum istorum tyrannidem*. Soon after these words occur those cited by Dr. Wordsworth, who he might have seen, if he had not been purposely blind, that Hosius is not answerable for the sentence he quotes from him; for in the margin of the very edition he has used are these words, *hæreticorum argumenta ridicula*.

The great Cardinal has furnished Dr. Wordsworth with much matter for condemnation. His words are alleged, separated from their context, and made to bear a substan-

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\* Colet. Concil. Tom. xx. Col. 1143.



tive meaning, when they are used only in relation to others. He has dealt as unfairly by him as he would do who should say, that we attributed divine honours to the queen because we speak of her as "her majesty." We produce now a very extraordinary passage from p. 150 :

"Nay more, not only does she thus render the Word of God of none effect, but she even ascribes His oracles to the dictation of the Evil One. Cardinal Hosius says, 'That which the Church (of Rome) teaches is the express word of God, and that which is held contrary to the sense and consent of the Church, is the express word of the Devil.' So that if we believe that Christ commands us to receive in both kinds, saying, 'Drink ye all of this, and except ye drink my blood ye have no life in you,' as the Church of Rome herself once taught and practised, we should obey Satan and not God."

This passage represents Dr. Wordsworth's understanding of Hosius; and he has quoted in his notes the passages he alludes to. The Cardinal, in his tract *de expresso Dei Verbo*, observes upon the practice of heretics always quoting Scripture, but in a sense altogether their own. The devil, he says, quoted Scripture to our Lord, but in a sense that was impious and profane: so the heretics are ever ready with phrases of Scripture, but used by them in a bad sense, as the devil did when he tempted our Lord. As the devil then cited the very words of Scripture, so do his members now by means of Scriptural sayings labour to persuade christians to throw themselves away from the protection of the Church. "What the Church teaches," he says, "is the word of God;" what is contrary to her teaching, even if it be in the very words of Scripture, is the teaching of Satan himself. He further shows, that the practice of communion in both kinds was clamoured for, not because it was the command of Christ, but through contempt of the Church, and in defiance of her authority. "The Church commanded to receive in one kind; Satan in both." This is the substance of the words of Hosius, and Dr. Wordsworth has used them as if the Cardinal held the communion in both kinds as the work of Satan. It is this perversion that we complain of. So far is the Cardinal from disliking absolutely such communion, that he has said in this very tract that it might be permitted; and it is because men clamoured for the cup in a wicked and rebellious spirit, that he says Satan

desired it. Dr. Wordsworth might have known this: we really are almost compelled to believe that he has deliberately misunderstood the place he quotes, which is this: "It is the rule or custom of Christ's body, the Church, that we communicate under one kind; his [Satan] under both. It is the rule or custom of Christ's body, the Church, that we communicate under both kinds; his, either under one or neither." Who but Dr. Wordsworth could have failed to see that the Cardinal is putting two conditions before us, with neither of which Satan would have been satisfied? The object of heretics being, not communion in both kinds, but the destruction of the Church; for how can we ever believe that they were sincere in desiring the cup, when they were destroying the priesthood by which alone the Sacrament could be had?

In pp. 147, 148, we have this: "Pope Gelasius condemned the practice of *half-communion* as sacrilegious." For this assertion he quotes Gratian, *de cons.* ii. 12. *Comperimus*. We find it impossible to explain upon what principle Dr. Wordsworth reads books. The title of the canon he quotes, and the gloss upon it, forbid us to read it as he has done. The canon forbids the priest to abstain from receiving the cup, and that abstinence it calls a "great sacrilege." It is the celebrant the canon condemns, not the lay-communicant; and the rule of the Church is no more condemned by it than it is by the statute of mortmain or the reform-bill.

Page 281, in a note, Dr. Wordsworth says, "One of the decrees of the Council of Constance is, that 'faith is not to be kept with heretics to the prejudice of the Church.' (Sess. 19.)" To this we give a flat denial, and defy any one, except the Canon of Westminster, to explain that decree to mean anything but that faith *must* be kept with heretics and all others to whom it is given.

Page 314. "No Romanist archbishop can consecrate a church, or *confirm a child*, without receiving the *Pallium* from Rome." This assertion Dr. Wordsworth supports by a quotation from the Pontifical, and the words which he considers equivalent to "confirm a child" are *chrisma conficere*, which mean, not confirmation, but the blessing of the oils on Maundy Thursday. Such is the learning of a man who writes a book of more than 300 pages on the destructive character of the Church of Rome!



We conclude our ungrateful labours with a historical inaccuracy of our scholar, which may be found in p. 285, where he says, "that the Pope not only indirectly deprived Louis XVIII. of his crown, but that he *placed it with his own hands on the head of Napoleon.*" It is very well known that Buonaparte saved the pope this trouble; for, says M. Thiers, he "*saisit la couronne des mains du Pontife, sans brusquerie, mais avec décision, et la plaça lui-même sur sa tête.*" (Hist. du Consulat. liv. 20. tom. v. p. 266. Paris, 1845.)

In his first edition of these Letters he gave extracts from a document purporting to be a confession of faith propounded to converts in Hungary. In the second he gives the whole document. Dr. Wordsworth considers it genuine, or he does not; that is all we shall say on this point. He describes it in these words: "The following document is a public and an authoritative one; it has even taken its place among the 'Symbolical Books' of the Church of Rome, and I cite it from one of the most recent editions of the dogmatical collections of that Church." (p. 68.) He then gives his extracts, which are in themselves evidence enough of the forgery, one of them being this, "that they who communicate *in both kinds receive nothing but bare bread,*" which is simply an absurdity. Dr. Wordsworth says that this confession has authority, and "has even taken its place among the Symbolical Books of the Church of Rome." The Church of Rome has no "Symbolical Books." That is a Lutheran possession; and if a Protestant chooses to print our canons and catechism, and call them Symbolical Books, we have no help for it: if people will force principles upon us which we abhor, we must submit. In the advertisement to the second edition of his book Dr. Wordsworth tells us, that these Symbolical Books were "edited by two learned members of that Church, Streitwolf and Klener." Whether Streitwolf was a Catholic, or not, matters little; he had nothing to do with editing this confession. Klener calls him "a minister of the Word." He died in 1836. Klener published what Streitwolf had collected, and added to them the whole of the second volume, where this confession is found; and there is no evidence that Streitwolf ever saw it, or knew of its existence. Klener's religion is not very clear; he seems upon the whole to belong to Bunsen's "Church of the Future," to which, or some-

thing like it, he dedicates his book, published two years after Streitwolf's death. But what makes the whole affair ridiculous is this, that this confession was drawn up, it is said, by the Jesuits. It seems to be the satirical composition of a Protestant, or of a Catholic representing the Protestant's apprehensions of the Catholic religion: at all events it represents Dr. Wordsworth's.\*

Page 147. "It is the practice of the Church of Rome to celebrate the festival of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and therefore original sin is no longer, in her case at least, an article of faith, but the contrary." Now, what can such a sentence as this mean? does our belief in the immaculate conception of the Virgin-Mother interfere with the doctrine of original sin? If it does not—and who will say that it does?—such writing as this can have no other issue but the stirring up of the spirit of reviling and blasphemy. It might as well be said, that our belief in the removal of Enoch denies the fact that we must all die. It is almost despairing to see such a work as this arrive at a second edition, and to hear of its being recommended by estimable and amiable people. Surely, if the Anglican communion be in the right, it has no reason for calumniating. If it must be defended, why should it have recourse to untrue accusations against its enemies? If the Catholic Church be a lie, let those who think so abstain from lies themselves. We ask for justice and truth; our books are open, our churches too, let people see and judge whether we are so wicked and abandoned of all grace as our enemies represent us to be. Let them act upon their own principle of judging for themselves, and not listen to

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\* As an illustration of the learned Canon's temper, we give an extract from this Confession in his own version: "We confess that the most holy Pontiff ought to be honoured by all with divine honour (*honorari divino honore*), with more prostration than what is due to Christ Himself." We should have thought it much safer to translate it thus: "with the greater genuflection, due to Christ Himself"—*majori cum genuflectione, ipsi Christo debita*. The Doctor's own version is doubtless more fitted for his purpose, though in disregard of grammatical laws. Did he leave out the 17th clause because it was overlooked? It is this: "We confess that the Blessed Virgin Mary is worthy of greater honour from angels and men than Christ Himself, the Son of God;" or would the insertion of this clause make the forgery too transparent even in Exeter Hall?



pompous and pedantic writers, who through wickedness or weakness will not understand what we say. Dr. Wordsworth demands our pity and our prayers: he labours in a miserable work, and in these letters has committed more blunders than we have exposed. He believes the Pope to be Antichrist (pp. 242, 300), and, consequently, the Catholic Church to be the body of Satan; and yet dare not be consistent enough to call on M. Gondon or any other foreigner to leave the communion, which, on his principles, must carry all its members to everlasting ruin. Anglican divines have opinions, and propound theories, but they have no grasp of truth: they shrink from their own conclusions as soon as they have uttered the premises, and make strong assertions, but they do not, cannot believe what they say.

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ART. IX.—“*The Nation’s Guide to Scripture;*” a Sermon preached at Chippenham, July 13, 1846, at the Visitation of the Venerable Thomas Thorp, B. D., Archdeacon of Bristol. By the REV. JOHN EDWARD JACKSON, M. A., of Brasenose College, Oxford; Rector of Leigh-Delamere, Wiltshire. London, Rivington, 1846.

Whatever attempts may have been made by Anglicans to raise up a theory in defence of the authority of their own Church, it is certain that the majority of them regard Scripture as the sole rule of faith, and resent the introduction of any other authority as an insult to the dignity of that rule. Still, a sermon like that prefixed to this article, does moot the question of some standing guide to the Scripture,—a question the importance of which some of those to whom it was delivered must feel to be very vital, though all mention of the Catholic Church as that guide be avoided, and in its place is substituted a name more grateful to ears that hate the Pope, to wit, that of “the Established Ministry of the Church.” The reason of this substitution is, that the Church, which is the *living* promulgatrix of the books, and the books themselves, are assumed to be testimonies adverse the one to the other: hence as the Scriptures were to be retained, the only definite ‘guide’ to them was rejected. The assumption of

such contrariety between the two, obviously rendered this rejection necessary; and a most unsettled state of belief amongst Anglicans has thus been the natural consequence of that assumption.

The fact is, that men inadequately acquainted with theology and the depths of Scripture language, are yet very unwilling to submit to any suspense of judgment. A habit of hasty judgment springs up in the place of this patient suspense: hence when abstruse positions, such as theology inevitably contains, are presented to the mind, if it fails to see clear Scripture warrant for them, it pronounces them untenable, and uses them as reasons against paying reverence to the authority of the Church. There is nothing left in a mind of this sort to secure the Church a hearing: and it therefore takes refuge in Scripture as a rule of faith, perfectly assured that *there* it will find in all doubtful cases a shelter for any variety of opinion which may please its own capricious judgment.

The Church, on the other hand, speaks definitively upon controverted points, and when she has spoken she is standing close by, as being a living body, to see that her sentence is neither evaded nor misunderstood. A book like the Scripture, written so long ago, by authors so differently educated, and upon subjects so diversified, cannot but be open to mistakes and to sophistry of almost infinite variety. When the authors themselves, the apostles and evangelists, are no longer alive to defend themselves against such contrivances, what then hinders a man, who has once thrown off his respect for those who inherited their authority, from making whatever use of their writings he pleases? which are thus found, from the diversity of their matter and their unprotectedness, to be a very welcome refuge for false teachers and unbelievers against the stringent control of the Church's direct reproof, as Mr. Jackson tells his congregation in the following sentence (p. 10) of his Sermon:

“The ulterior object of the more designing part is; that under shelter, and by the aid, of this plausibly-sounding principle, they may by and by persuade the people of this country to discard that particular spiritual authority and teaching, which, apostolically derived, the legislature acknowledges and upholds: in short, to *get rid of the Established Ministry of the Church.*”

How serviceable for them it is made to be, we see from



facts; for while true and faithful observants of orthodox truth are generally silent upon such matters, as having no need to parade their respect for Scripture, which, as long as they adhere to the Church, can never be questioned; on the other hand it is frequently found that an encomium upon the Bible is used as a prelude to some attack on Christian doctrine, or to the broaching of some licentious philosophy.

Thus, there is every reason for a latitudinarian to prefer the name of Scripture to that of the Church, as his professed guide, in order that he may rid himself of any allegiance to the Church at all; and this is a course that may be readily defended, if any blame appear attached for having forsaken the Church doctrine. This step may be called a conscientious abandonment of cold forms and of dry notions, while the charge of irreverence may be easily met by an appearance of submission to the other testimony, the Bible; which, by taking care to mention always by its most honourable titles, as "The Word of God," "The inspired Volume," "The Fountain-head," and the like, may give a semblance of deference to sacred things, and may cover the design of undermining its teaching. Thus, under an appearance of modesty there has been insinuated a notion of opponency between the two; a high respect for the Bible having been kept up, the Church is thrown into an appearance of variance with "God's word," and that the more, the more the Scripture is praised. And then every well deserved commendation of Scripture is looked upon as so much gained against the Church; and every respectful deference to the sense of the Church's received faith is construed into so much encroachment upon Scripture: so that, instead of being looked upon as the bulwark and home of Scripture, she is made to wear the appearance of a witness of suspected credibility, nay, as a culprit, which has to answer for its offences against the other witness, the Scripture.

Thus the Church's voice, reproving for any aberration from the right and safe rule of faith, is got rid of, and not allowed to hinder every man's unfettered judgment from taking a plain ground on which to erect itself as the proper keeper of God's word, determining by its own light what God's method of salvation is to be.

Then, whatever in the Scripture stands in the way of easy comprehension is removed by the ready contrivances

of figurative interpretations, limitations by the supposition of metaphor, as when the Unitarian, wishing to do away with the consubstantiality of the Son, explains the words, "I and my Father are one," as meaning only one in purpose.

And if there be any stubborn part, which will not yield to such a method of solution, it is cut out from the page of Scripture as being inconsistent, and the man soon comes to fix for himself what is and what is not Scripture; for the Church having been declared of no authority, which alone had decided what books were canonical, it is competent for any man to discard as unauthenticate any book, books, or parts of books hitherto resting only on her warrant, which may not suit his private judgment. Thus Luther discarded the Epistle of St. James, when it did not suit his hypothesis, was very near considering the Book of Jonas, as he says, "a great lie," and slighted the Book of the Proverbs and many others. Thus Strauss and the modern German school twist about the writings of the Evangelists according to their humour; and not without reason: for having no check but their own discretion, when they bereft Scripture of the Church's protection, it became quite defenceless against their attacks, and was exposed to be pulled in pieces as they list. Moreover, as every man becomes his own authority, if he happens to dislike any particular doctrine, it is not at all difficult for him, when he has got rid of the Church by a professed desire to respect Scripture, to put forward another truth in such a prominent way, by quotations of texts and other ways, as to make it seem inconsistent with the one he wishes to disparage, so that everything is made to give way to it.

Thus Dr. S. Clarke prefaces his attack upon the doctrine of the Trinity by an attempt to make Scripture his sole rule of faith; by which he manages to get rid of all the Church teaching which he does not like—such as the Athanasian Creed, whose downright language hardly any evasions could cheat of its meaning; and thus, the protector of the doctrine of the Trinity having been removed, there remains nothing to prevent him from abusing the Scripture to the purpose of defeating the fundamental part of our belief. It was by an appeal to Scripture without the Church, that Arians have covered all their attacks upon the same doctrine. It was by appealing to Scripture



stripped of its defence, the Church, that Socinus defended his declaring our Saviour a creature. It was under cover of their respect to Scripture, and Scripture alone, that the Presbyterians overthrew Episcopacy, rejected and inveighed against all set forms of prayer, denied the sacraments their dignity, abolished all decent order in communion, and instituted all the indecencies in the form of worship, which they now use.

Let not Protestants, whether thoroughly such or partially alive to the necessity of Catholic guidance, as Mr. Jackson the author of this sermon appears to be, suppose that these and the like things are so gross, as that there is no danger of such follies becoming general among mankind. Whether the men who fathered them were much below the bulk of mankind in natural ability or even piety, let *that* be judged by the number in those sects and churches, whom their force of genius and character have brought subject to their authority and regime so as to follow implicitly their dictates. And let the aversion of men to receive this kind of tenets, and their ability to defend their own souls against the poison of them by the armoury of true doctrine, be judged by the speed with which the spurious ones have gained credit, and the zeal with which these multitudes have maintained them.

It is by appealing to Scripture when unprotected by the Church, that the Scriptures have been the prey not only of every heretic but of every infidel. For when the Church's authority has been removed, and the Bible made an open field of debate, any man of a cavilling or irreligious temper, (as there are many,) when he has found in the Bible something that he cannot easily reconcile, or what shocks his understanding, is thus enabled to triumph against religion by the inconsistency which he fancies he has brought to light, and to shake the faith also of others who took the Bible as their impregnable fortress. They, on the other hand, who revere the Church's doctrine, well know that they are not to suppose every mystery of Scripture to be forthwith made plain, and are saved from what would else be these lamentable effects of their own simplicity.

Thus, while fidelity to wise doctrine and respect to Scripture is secured with him who keeps his reverence for the Church secure, he who once transfers the authority of interpreting Scripture from the *public* standard to his own

private judgment, has no longer any security whatever left, either for respect for the Bible, or for any part of the Faith. Scripture being looked upon as the sole authority, being once torn from the shelter of the Church, and being of no authority at all, every doctrine is looked upon as uncertain, and as a mere matter of opinion ; one opinion is considered as good as another, and since there is no sect which may not get many followers, so every opinion being backed by numbers, is supposed to be reputable ; right and wrong views are confounded, truth is desolated, the sacred writings are despised, all authority is mocked at, and the Faith is supplanted by a *blank* or rather a *blot*. And all this under pretext of taking as a rule of faith the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible.

Whether, then, this be the right view, is a thing which it certainly becomes well worth while for Anglicans to ponder, and for that reason we shall not hold it as a superfluous labour, even in the present generation, to make still *more* plain, for their sake, the main fact though often dwelt on, (the danger of forgetting which Mr. Jackson also has ventured to show,) viz., that so far from its being right to detach Scripture from the Church, Scripture must never be divorced from the teaching of the Church, but must always be read, and used, with a strict regard to some preceding standard of interpretation, since without this it would be unintelligible. For the New Testament throughout presupposes in the reader the knowledge and belief of the vital points of Christian doctrine, without which no man can duly appreciate any part of it.

This we might be thoroughly predisposed to think from what we know of the *intention* of the several authors of its contents : which, as we find, were written not for the mere *initiation*, but for the *edification* of the Christian Church, when in an advanced state, long after it had been invested with all powers requisite for it as a messenger of God's salvation ; which it was first authorized to be on the memorable day of Pentecost ; when there was granted to it (what had been promised) the final crowning qualification needed for the propagation of God's peace by witnessing for Him—the charge committed to it in our Lord's words to those who were afterwards to constitute it, “ Go, therefore, teach ye all nations : baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I



have commanded *you*,”—and in these words also,—“ You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and Samaria, and even unto the uttermost parts of the earth;” and again, “ Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them: and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.”

This trust of teaching, and remission of sins, (although they had received it,) they as yet waited to be capable of performing, until they had from the Lord what was to furnish their souls for the work, as we learn from His words: “ I send the promise of my Father upon you: but stay you in the city of Jerusalem till you be endued with power from on high,” “ which power,” said He, “ ye shall receive of the Holy Ghost coming upon you,” as had been pledged or potentially given by our Lord on the Sunday of His Resurrection forty days before, when breathing on them, He said, “ Receive ye the Holy Ghost,” in prospect of the gift of which, he commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but should *wait for the promise* of the Father, which, saith he, you have heard of my mouth. “ For John indeed baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.”

As yet then this promised solemn ratification of their authority had not arrived, and they therefore, obediently to their Lord’s behest, waited at Jerusalem expecting its fulfilment: nor did they during the interval proceed to any ministerial work.

But, as we read in the 2nd Chapter: “ When the days of Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place: and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them: And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak.”

From this time then was *The Church* no less consummate than was the first created day, when, after the void mass was formed, God said, “ Let there be Light, and there was Light,” once, and for all, firmly started upon its earthly pilgrimage, with its first beginning the Lord’s Apostles, who, together with their heirs for ever, were furnished with whatever was needful for carrying on their commission of evangelizing the world.

If they were before rude in knowledge, having the words of their Master lying crude in memory, these were now kindled into wisdom by the illuminating fire of the Holy Spirit, enabling them to speak forth life-giving oracles. If before this time they had been merely babes and stammerers, they were *now* armed with the gift of tongues, so that out of their mouth was ordained strength to tell out the wonderful acts of God.

If before they had been a company of sundry men, having each his own views and opinions, and only as yet *ordained* for high places in Christ, *now* the effusion of the Holy Spirit melted them into one body, so as to have all the same purpose and hopes. If before this time they were so weak, as that when without the visible presence of Jesus, they reeled fainting from the slightest breath of opposition from their fellow-mortals, *now*, when confirmed by the Holy Ghost, they were bound up into the strength of God, so as, (instead of keeping retired in an upper chamber,) to stand unterrified in assertion of their Faith, before the threats of sanhedrim and kings.

Thus were they indeed shown to have been really the anointed ones for the Church's groundwork; and if there was wanting any further proof of their divine authority, that was immediately sealed by their conversion on the same day of 3,000 souls. So that that Church,—that against which the gates of hell were not to prevail, that sanctuary where alone was to be learnt how rightly to call upon the only name under heaven whereby men may be saved, was, in such manner as to lack nothing as the accredited keeper and witness of Christ's Gospel, indelibly established from that day.

Long after this it was, that the Scriptures of the New Testament issued into the world, which were the gradual growth of accidental occasions happening to the Apostles, who, after this sanction from the Holy Ghost, going abroad into various parts, preached the Gospel, founded churches, baptized into the faith, appointed proper ordinances, settled discipline, ordained men to take their places upon their departure, in short, exercised all the functions necessary for the increase and welfare of the Church, and that so prosperously as to get the Church speedily established as a cognizable body in the world; and most firmly established too, since we find it flourishing at a high pitch in numbers, piety, and discipline.



We learn in the Acts of the Apostles how, when St. Peter preached to the mixed multitude of divers nations, they that gladly received the word, were baptized; and at one time of 3,000 converts, and at another we hear of a multitude of "about 5,000;" "a multitude of men and women;" "a great multitude of priests;" "of the extension of the Church to Samaria;" "of the conversion of the Gentiles."

It is needless to state what every one is familiar with,—the great progress of St. Paul's preaching: let it suffice to remind readers that before many years were expired, we find the Church established in Jerusalem, Judæa, Samaria, Syria; in Antioch, in Pisidia, in Thessalonica; at Athens, Corinth, Philippi, and other places of Macedonia; throughout Asia and Achaia; at Ephesus, Smyrna, and even Rome.

Such then was the progress of the Church in *numbers*, under the hands of a few men, SS. Peter, John and Paul, within less than thirty years after the great day of Pentecost; so that all this was only what can be traced to a *little* of the labours of a very *few* of the Apostles. What was the number of churches founded by St. Matthias, by St. Barnabas in Cyprus, by St. Philip, by St. James, whose places of labour we hardly hear of, by SS. Thomas and Bartholomew in India, by St. Matthew in Ethiopia, by St. Jude in Persia, by St. Simon in Egypt, by St. Andrew in Scythia, and by the rest in various parts of the globe, we hear little or nothing; so that the immense increase of the Church, of which we do hear, was the result of a few men's work. If then that small portion of this, which happens to have been recorded, be so large, should the whole seed spread by the aggregate labours of them all have been put down, what might we expect it to appear?

And as to the advancement in piety of this multitude, we learn from the accounts in the "Acts," and from the commendations of the Apostles, how they were "persevering" steadfastly "in the doctrine of the Apostles, in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayers," "praising God, and having favour with all the people;" how "the church had peace throughout all Judæa, and Galilee, and Samaria, and was edified, walking in the fear of the Lord, and was filled with the consolation of the Holy Ghost," and "confirmed in the faith." We learn

from the commendations given by St. Paul, how the "faith," of the Romans, "was spoken of in the whole world," Rom. i. 8; and perpetually throughout the Epistles, of the "knowledge," "the work of faith and labour of love," "patience," "works," and "charity" of the persons addressed by the writers; addressed as having at least received the faith, and as being confirmed Christians.

After all this we may ask, where there no churches for whose behalf the Scriptures were written, that were not already proficient in the doctrine of Jesus Christ at the very least, still needing to be taught and grounded in the elements of Christian faith?

And not only in piety, but in Ecclesiastical discipline was the Church well bested, before it was furnished with any of our accounts of the Lord's acts and teaching, and with the Epistles, and the canon of Scripture. Without this it would be difficult to account for the division of labour, (if we may use the expression,) which seems already to have taken place, as we gather from St. Paul's most express language in the fourth of Ephesians, where he says, "how Christ having received gifts for ever, gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ," which manifestly shows that a kind of order and stated distribution of evangelical labours into departments had already become a custom, if it were not from the very beginning of the Church. To the same effect also is that passage in the Romans: "So we being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. And having different gifts, according to the grace that is given to us, either prophecy let us prophecy, to be used according to the rule of faith; or ministry in ministry, or he that teacheth in doctrine, or he that exhorteth in exhorting, he that giveth with simplicity, he that ruleth with carefulness;" in which is a recognition that certain gifts belong to certain offices. Still more distinctly and in series does he mention the several offices of the Church in 1 Cor. xii. 28. "And God hath indeed set some in the Church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly doctors; after that miracles, then the graces of healing, helps, governments, various kinds of tongues, interpretation of speeches. Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all doctors? are all workers of miracles?



have all the grace of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?" In the beginning of the same chapter, concerning the diverse operations of the Holy Ghost, there is a most express and eloquent treatment of the diversity compatible with unity existing in the Church with regard to the services of each member. We need not mention the various allusions to subordinate ministers made in parts of St. Paul's epistles, to bishops, and deacons, and elders.

Indeed there was, as we find from the history, and from the commendatory manner in which the apostles speak of their "order," a very regular discipline with ministers, higher and subordinate, at a time previous to the appearance of any Christian Scriptures, and much more, to anything like a common circulation of them. Therefore, before this time, when by looking at the matter in detail, we see how vastly numerous, how sound, how united was the Church, considering it was upon an earthly career; we may without error conclude, that whatever property was requisite for the Church to have for the keeping and propagating the true faith, *that* it was furnished with.

We know that at that time, as well as afterwards, thousands were baptized into the faith, lived and died in communion of God, were fed and nourished with the food of evangelic truth, and held the hope of everlasting life, after the light of the apostles' presence had been long withdrawn, or while there were only one or two, and the chief of them at Rome and in prison, or in the perils of travel, and yet the Scriptures relating to Christ had been only a few, and most not at all published, still less far and wide known. These grew up by little and little, according as they were called for by some occasion or other in the congregations which had been founded, and grown into prosperity by the labours of the apostles and their associates. For when the number of their flocks, which their zeal and mighty labours had effected to be very vast, outgrew in extent the means of their personal presence amongst them, they not only appointed subordinate ministers or deputies, to whom they committed as to faithful men, the trust of keeping up their doctrine, but it appears that they were minded sometimes to supply the lack of personal exhortation by writing to them, bidding them to keep in the faith wherein they had been baptized, and to walk worthy of their vocation; or by comforting them in their

trouble, if any were in such, or by deciding any controversies, or by correcting any mistakes that had arisen among them, one or other of which we find to be the object of every epistle that there is in our canon of Scripture.

Thus, an exhortation to walk and live as Christian men, mindful of their high and singular privileges, is the purpose of those five Epistles of St. Paul to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians; which are all letters, written out of an affectionate regard of their first founder to his beloved flocks, wherein having strongly and eloquently put them in remembrance of their blessed condition as baptized men, thanking God for the same, he ends by inculcating a holiness of life conformable to such a high station. Such is the theme of all these five Epistles.

To take one more example: Certain controversies and mistakes appear to have been the occasion that called forth the other more general Epistles—that to the Romans, the two to the Corinthians, that to the Galatians, and that to the Hebrews; the first of which he wrote for the sake of rectifying some very great errors that had been broached by two different parties at Rome, one Gentile and the other Jewish, concerning the priority of their several claims to the divine favour; and he therefore shows, that neither the law of Moses, on which the Jews prided themselves, nor the natural law of conscience possessed by the heathen would obtain pardon for them for their defects. Of somewhat a similar kind are his Epistles to the Corinthians, which he wrote for the sake of solving certain doubts in practice on which they had sent for his opinion; and he is therein led to speak of unity, the necessity of a more strict regard to moral conduct, of certain methods of public worship, the use of spiritual privileges, and he also answers some infidel objections to the resurrection of the dead, and other matters of a like kind.

The short notices prefixed to the other Epistles in almost every commentary upon Scripture will show that it was from certain emergencies or special occasions, not for the sake of first proclaiming and explaining the faith, but of comforting and strengthening, or of correcting errors of opinion, that all the twenty-one *Epistles* of Scripture were developed.

Besides these, in order to give them more ample food for the nourishing of their confidence in God, showing to



them more at large the power of that Lord, into whose fold they had been translated, the Fathers of the Church compiled histories of the acts and sufferings of Him in whom they hoped, such as were calculated to feed the flame of faith and charity by making them more particularly acquainted with all the matters connected with the blessed event of His visitation of the earth. This we find was the design of St. Luke's Gospel, as is hinted in the preface to it, which the author, addressing his Christian friend Theophilus, to whom he wrote it, says, he had "set forth in order a narrative of," that he might know at large the verity of those things in which he had been catechised. Thus the person Theophilus was already a believer, and he was to study this book of St. Luke that he might become more learned in the truths which he had already been taught. The peculiar character of St. John's Gospel, which is so well known to have had an end so far removed from any merely initiatory purpose into the articles of faith, need only be mentioned to convince any person, the least acquainted with Biblical history that it was for the sake of promoting, not of beginning, in believers the knowledge of the more valuable facts of their holy religion for which these came into being, the books of the Gospels.

And in order to let those who were desirous to know more particularly of the progress of that Church which had been such a blessing to them, nothing could be more interesting or likely to be read with pleasure, than the biography and adventures of the *founders* of the Churches—the Saints who had ordained it, their enterprises, dangers, and sayings; and, accordingly, we find the book of the "Acts of the Apostles." What was the proximate occasion of this, but St. Luke's desire to give an account of the most notable actions of those Apostles with whom he was best acquainted, and for the truth of whose history he could vouch?

Thus, then, it was particular emergencies—such as desire for enlightenment, controversies to be settled, or the difficulties and questions of some of the faithful, or, more generally, the dear care of their pastor—brought forth the *Epistles*, the Histories of our Lord, and of His Apostles, indeed, the whole of what is called the New Testament.

These therefore, we must repeat, came, not to ground

but to edify, not to persuade men into Christianity (for Christians they all were who had to read it) but to encourage them in the faith; not that they should be born in knowledge, but having been born into and bred in the Church's doctrine, they should be fed and cherished in it, and led up further into its mysteries; not as if the readers had any doubt of the truths, but would have opportunity for progress in them. It was, therefore, subsequent to the establishment of the Christian Church as a principality that there was any production of the canonical Scriptures, much more any extensive circulation of them in an aggregate form, for it was not until the immediate interest which the event had excited among the fresh converts had subsided, that the Scriptures were gathered up into one volume, as we have them at the present time; during which period we may suppose each of the books to have lain by itself amongst the persons to whom it might happen to have been dedicated. Thus there might be one at Corinth, another at Rome, another at Ephesus, and all strewn about the world, until the lapse of generations had rendered them precious antiquities, after which the few remnants of the apostles' writings would at length be collected by the reverent diligence of their posterity, and what could be found, however slight, would be presented to the Church in the form in which it remains until this day—the savings out of a golden treasure of apostolic writings, which, from the very force of the interest excited and missionary labours, we must know, if we had it all, would be immense. If, then, the treatises, histories, and epistles upon the matter of the Church's religion, which the indifference of their authors to their being digested and deposited in a public form, proves them not to have intended them as a statute of reference for simple novices, were produced in a state of the Church so advanced as we find it to have been from the Scriptures themselves, so secure as to its continuance, so healthful in its practice, so orderly in its discipline, so stable, so undoubting in the faith: would not any person looking out for the truth of the matter, and willing to give due regard to moral evidence, be inclined rather than not to expect—nay, would he not be very much surprised to find it otherwise than—that they should be composed in a manner such as was not altogether adapted for heathens or infidels? Would it be a very great stretch of conjecture to think it likely that the writers would address them as



not altogether rude and ignorant in the faith of that Gospel in whose truths they are described as having been so well instructed, in whose law they had been so well trained, and in whose light they had been so long walking?

Would it not be expected that the writings of those men would be found *taking for granted* that they did not now need to be retaught those rudiments of religion which they must long ago have outgrown, even to have received the sign by baptism of their initiation into it?

Should we not rather look in these books for *edification*, and advance in religious knowledge, rather than as mere elementary handbooks for those about to be admitted into the privileges of believers?

Should we, then, be surprised if we did not find any formal statement of the mere grounds and alphabet of the faith, which, unless a man have, he is so far from coming within the class of "*Saints*" as the readers are addressed as being, that he cannot be considered as a member even of the visible Church so as to understand the very *names* of the subjects therein treated?

Should we not then expect to find the principles of the Christian faith, which the readers were supposed to be already fully aware of, and no longer requiring to be instructed in, *taken for granted*, and left to the care of those persons who had been *expressly ordained* for the purpose of teaching and keeping it inviolate? If so, we must assuredly not look for the treatment of the simple articles or elements of the Christian religion, although they may here and there be mentioned incidentally, or involved by implication. We must seek for the enforcement of holiness on evangelic principles, rather than for those principles stated formally for their own sake, as if they had ever been unknown or questioned.

And that it does so we shall endeavour to demonstrate, by showing that, so far from Scripture being such an elementary rule for the articles of the Christian Faith, it does take the whole elements of the Christian Faith *for granted*, and proceeds thereupon as being indubitable.

And here it might be sufficient, perhaps, for guarding against the contrary assertion (instead of examining Scripture expressly for the purpose) to ask of any person affirming it, "Where is there a single book of the whole of the New Testament, from the beginning to the end, whether we look at those four histories of our Lord's

ministry, entitled the Gospels, or that narrative of the promulgation of the Gospel by two or three of the Apostles, called the "Acts," or at St. Paul's thirteen Epistles, congratulatory, corrective, or familiar, or at those of SS. Peter, Jude, James, and John, or at that wit-baffling writing of St. John called the Apocalypse,—in which of these remains of Apostolic antiquity, comprising what now we call the "New Testament" (which, by the bye, are writings rather *about* the New Testament), can we find evidence of the slightest kind, that any of the several authors of them had the most distant notion of giving in them a sole rule of faith to their contemporaries, much more to their posterity, or of completing by any additions any written rule of faith by laying down in them, once and for all, for the first and last time any fundamental propositions? Where is the book which does not speak to the readers as already baptized into the faith, and having acquaintance with its fundamental articles, into which they had been received? Where is the Epistle which begins these things anew, and announces them, as for the first time, and finally, as if the Christian doctrine could be confined to the limits of a sheet of paper or a skin of parchment?

This might suffice to meet and silence the designs of such as, desiring to render themselves independent of the Catholic doctrine of tradition, talk loudly about Scripture doctrines instead, and pretend to fetch their opinions on fundamental points from the "Word of God," (meaning by that only these few historic sketches.) But inasmuch as, besides the refutation of these notions, a more clear view into the matter will be attended with some benefit by the light it will throw upon the true use and dignity of the Scriptures, we will enquire into the relation in which Christian doctrine and Scriptural teaching stand to each other by comparing them together. And for this purpose we may confine ourselves to the Gospels, and not speak so particularly of either the Acts of the Apostles, or of the Epistles, or Apocalypse, because *they* are not so likely, if any are, to be imagined as depositories of fundamental points, as those which come first in order after the title-page, the Gospels themselves, which give the very life and discourses of our Lord Himself; and whatever arguments will be used concerning them will easily suggest to the reader sufficient for the treatment of the Epistles and



Apocalypse. These Gospels, therefore, we shall at present confine ourselves to, from which we shall see that they *do* presuppose in the reader an acquaintance with the main things necessary to be most surely believed amongst Christians.

It may be clearly seen from *this*, that the fundamental principles it is the aim of the four Gospels not to teach from the beginning, but to *illustrate*.

When we say "*illustrate*," we must not be understood as meaning that they bring forward *proofs*, as if the matter illustrated had not been before received with implicit belief, or as if it had been at all brought into debate; there is nothing in them of a nature that could arise out of controversy, or adapted to the use of a controversial or doubting spirit; no prejudices of a faithless mind are designed to be cleared away by them, nor are any such answered or even by anticipation guarded against. The events therein recorded are not robbed of their marvellousness nor apparent improbability to suit the incredulous nature of proud man. No cavils are answered; and even when St. Matthew, at the end of his Gospel, tells us that some of the Jews invented a story about his disciples stealing away the body of Jesus, to make it appear His Resurrection was not a fact, he does not deign to answer it. No cavils of any such description are guarded against, except as simple narrative is armed against cavils. The miracles are not softened so as to appear less improbable, nor are the hard words of our Lord made easy to suit the desires of such as like not to take up the cross daily. No questions beginning with, "Why should these things be?" or "How should these things be?" are answered; and if they had, it would have made the books as infinite as are the fetches of a cavilling mind, or as the pertinacity of conceited ignorance. In them, as we know, there is no attempt to bring down religious manifestations to a level with the natural understanding, "which discerneth not spiritual things," nor with "the carnal mind" which relishes not "spiritual things."

Not of a nature then to reconcile pride or prejudice are the testimonies in the gospels, which are testimonies to the mission and godhead of Jesus Christ, (not for the sake of clearing up doubts, or dispelling unbelief,) but such as cannot be received by any but those whom God has gifted with faith to believe, first without proof the power and

goodness of God, to do beyond all that we could expect or account for. This is the kind of spirit expected for the fruition of the four gospels, which instead of stopping here and there, and going out of their way to explain themselves, or leaving out anything that might offend prejudice, for the sake of guarding against objections, begin their story without preface, and end without formal conclusion, going straightforward like Ezekiel's four living creatures, whither the spirit was to go, go they, they turn not as they go. Whom God does not reconcile to them, they seek not by any deference to reconcile to themselves. "He that hath ears to hear," alone can hear what their spirit says, those whom God through their faith has prepared to receive their light, them they enlighten only.

When therefore we say they "*illustrate*," we do not mean that the four gospels were intended merely for such a purpose as the author of "the Evidences of Christianity" has used them, to clear away the difficulties which a doubtful mind might have, nor to reconcile the unsearchable mysteries of Christ to a profane and curious inquirer, but that they were written with a single intent to *illustrate* for the sake of instructing those who were full of a godly desire to seek diligently as for hid treasures, for the treasures of spiritual wisdom, as St. Luke says, "to set forth in order a narration of those things that had been accomplished, that they might know the infallible certainty of those things in which they had been orally instructed."

Such are the persons to whom the gospels address their illustrations of Christian doctrine, by which we do not mean that they portray at full length, and from the mere elements as a mathematical book would its science, its doctrines; on the contrary, they are seldom referred to, never mentioned as for their own sake in the gospels; these are the historical evidences for the truth, but Christianity is the truth itself.

To see the difference better, let us call to mind some of the classes of doctrines which a Christian, as a Christian, has to consider for his spiritual welfare.

Amongst these, there are many things belonging to his own state as a child of fallen man, such as his own sinfulness and inability to help himself, and the apprehended future awaiting him. These, though from their subjective nature not so strictly theology, are so necessarily connected with it, as to be treated often in the same books with



it, and must be feelingly known in order to find the value of these objects of faith, which must be believed in order to cure the evils found by an insight into his own self. These being objective, are more eminently belonging to theology, or the doctrine of divine truth. Such are those enumerated in the first part of the Nicene Creed, teaching the belief "in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and born of the Father before all ages; God of God, light of light, true God of true God, begotten not made, consubstantial to the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven." Then there are matters belonging to the eternal Word becoming flesh and dwelling among us, which are related in the next part as far as to the ascension into heaven; viz. "and became incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, *and was made man*. He was crucified also for us, suffered for us under Pontius Pilate, and was buried. And the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, sitteth on the right hand of the Father." All these are facts which took place in accomplishment of God's will upon the earth.

Then there are matters relating to the destiny of man, arising from Christ's assumption of the manhood and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which may enable him to ensure a happy fruition of his immortality; such are in the last words: "And he is to come again with glory, to judge both the living and the dead, of whose kingdom there shall be no end. And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who together with the Father and the Son is adored and glorified, who spake by the prophets. And one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, one baptism for the remission of sins," and "the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

Of these four classes of doctrine then intimately relating to, and correspondent to each other, as sorrow past to future joy, of past labour and agony to future glory, the first are lamentable facts evident upon our own experience, which if a man be ignorant of, he can have no relish whatever for religion which is their balm—these, therefore, are presupposed in him who reads the divine writings of

the Gospels, which we can hardly call dissertations upon the depravity of man.

The second, with which the Nicene creed commences, are glorious mysteries, which of all others may be called spiritual truth, or the matter of theology and the objects of faith. They are true from their own abiding nature, as existing whether there were a manhood or not, whether there was any to be saved or not. Of which of these can we say that they took place to our knowledge on such and such a day, or at such and such a place? which we *can* say, however, of the part of the Nicene Creed beginning with the Incarnation, as far as the Ascension—of the things related by SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, whose books are histories of facts, (not truths,) which had their course until our Lord took the manhood into heaven—what happened to Him, as His birth, death, and sufferings, and what was done by Him, as His works, and His sayings.

Here then is the difference between the two, the essential and abstract truths of theology, which have a place higher and *previous* to the Incarnation, and those facts which happen in order *after* the Incarnation, the junction of which one to the other through the mercy of God, it is which is Christianity. The first are ever present and eternal truths, which may be said to be as true at one time as another; the other are historical facts, which take place at a certain season: the first belong to eternity, and are infinite; the other take place in time and space: the first are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; the other, when once done are done for ever.

Again, that which comes last in the same Creed, the destiny of man, the resurrection and judgment to come, his present access to means of grace, are matters belonging to the future for the most part, or to the current state of the world, and for that reason are not the proximate subjects of the Gospels, which are histories of past events.

In as far then as man's present state, and future hopes, and eternal truths, can be illustrated by historical facts of thirty-three years, so far are the doctrines of Christianity illustrated by the records of the earthly events in the Gospels. But is it by a philosophical explanation of them, so as to justify them before men? That would have been to bring them down to be viewed by profane eyes, who could not profit by them; and if explained, it would no longer be



said that faith was needful. Besides, it is not to every one that they are revealed. "To you," said our Lord to His faithful disciples, "it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but to the rest," (that is the careless multitude,) "in parables, that seeing they may not see, and hearing may not understand."

It is not then by explaining them, or showing them naked to man's intelligence, that the heavenly mysteries are illustrated by these histories.

Nor is it by drawing out the statement of these truths as in a tabular form, at full length, and giving them their proper names, and then adding such and such are the requisite matters for a Christian man's belief. They would then be charts or maps of divinity, and not history, as they are. It is not then by a *portraiture* of theological belief, that it is illustrated by the life of our Lord, as narrated in the four Gospels.

How then do these historic narratives illustrate these theological truths?

Simply by rendering incontestible, through infallible signs and wonders, what ensured to mortals a participation of that glorious destiny which Christianity warrants to us—namely, the mighty event, (not the high truth, *that Christ was God*, but,) *that Jesus was the Christ*; not that there was a future state of bliss and misery, (this had been believed before by Jew and heathen,) but that He that was to vanquish hell and open the kingdom of heaven to all believers was come; not that there was God, (this was also a general belief with the better taught, and universal with the Jews,) but that God had been "made manifest in the flesh;" not that there was a Mediator, but that the Mediator was *here*; not, in fine, that Christ should atone for our sins by His sufferings, but that Jesus had suffered. In short, His *appearance*, not His prior *existence*; His sufferings, not His mediation by those sufferings; in *what fashion* He appeared, not *who He was*; what He had *done*, not *why* He had done it; what He had *said*, not *what He would teach* us by His sayings:—these are the offices of the Gospels, and beyond this office they must not be expected, at least directly, to step.

In fact, whatever relates to the actual coming of the Lord in the flesh as Mediator, as Ransomer, as the Incarnate God, in His visible, lowly, and ignoble habit, these we may not be surprised to find; and it is by this

that the higher and more *interior* doctrines of Christianity are illustrated, and by giving the exterior and visible manifestation of Christ in the Gospels. Their true business therefore is entirely the recording the testimonies of the divinity of Jesus, Son of Mary, or of God the Son's taking upon Himself manhood; for both of these, (which are exchanged views of the same thing, one from a *heavenly*, and the other from an *earthly* point of view,) seem to ensure to us a participation in a divine nature. For to prove that Jesus of Nazareth was, as St. Peter confessed, "the Christ of God," proves the union of God and man, and to show that Christ was come in the fashion of a servant, the reputed son of Joseph, proved that we men had now an interest in God.

Now this illustrates Christianity, by giving to man's feeble intelligence, as much as his faith may without injury to God's name ask—namely, proofs of the genuineness of Christ's mission, not indeed by rehearsing expressly the history of His descent upon earth, (they leave the preacher and personal teacher to do that,) but by giving concurring testimonies to the fact, in the same way as the Phenomena of Nature illustrate by giving evidence of (not enunciating or preaching forth with naked words) the wisdom of God, and his mercy to man. This we find silently witnessed with a testimony only appreciable by such as, (like Moses who turned aside to see why the bush was not burnt,) would search out the meaning of things. So also in the Gospels, and we might add also in the History of the Old Testament, the Almighty manifests Himself as moving in a mysterious way. His goodness and His majesty are shown by effects, and in its lowest effects, His works do not interpret themselves any more than nature does; which do not say, "I am good," "These are my purposes and my meaning." It is the philosopher who must do this, and he learns his little knowledge by a most heedful search into it.

And in like manner they who would know more of God's wonderful dealings in *redemption*, see (as on the face of nature, the marks of wisdom and the beginning of their reasoning,) in the Gospels what may—if they dig, if they explore, and "search," as our Saviour told the Jews to do—what may make them wise in the purposes of grace, whose outer and coarsest garments their surface words are. There they lie as facts to be *considered*, and they so far



*illustrate* the view to man, as he brings to them a mind studious to understand parables and dark sayings, from a right preparation by the Church.

But it is the Church in whom alone the enlightening Spirit dwells, that must lead our mind within the veil of mere human language. Thus, for instance: If the Church proclaims first to us that the Son of God for our sake, "came down from heaven, and was incarnate, and was made man," this doctrine the Gospels nowhere *ostensibly* teach so broadly as if they had intended us to have that impression, but we find in them this historical fact, that He of whom it is said, that being God he became man, was born of a pure Virgin, and many other things relating to His birth, which are not said of any other, thus giving the corresponding earthly fact which such a doctrine might teach us to value.

If it is believed as the doctrine of the Church, that He by His merits takes upon Himself off us the burden of a perfect service of God, by His fulfilling all righteousness, we have it not indeed stated, that He *did* release us from the punishment of breaking the law; but we have historical testimonies, that He of whom it is said that He fulfilled all our righteousness, did undergo the rites of circumcision and baptism, the pain of fasting, the trial of temptation, the labour of serving God, and the penalty of death.

If it be believed, as the Church bids us believe, that He made an atonement for our sins by the sacrifice of Himself, this is nowhere stated in the words of the Gospels by any of their authors; but with regard to the great Person of whom it is said, they inform us that He did die upon the cross, being put to death by Pontius Pilate.

If the Church preaches that in the name of Jesus there is forgiveness of sins for those who believe in His name, or secondly, that the amount of man's sins will not exclude him from salvation if they are truly repented of, and replaced by faith and charity; these things the Gospels nowhere enunciate, but we find facts very conformable to these doctrines, 1st. That He whom the Church proclaims as justifying from their sins, gave a sure sign, to let us know that the Son of Man had power on earth to forgive the sins of one sick of the palsy, by enabling him to take up his bed and walk; and also that the same Person declared before a sinful woman that she had been "for-

given" much because she had "loved much," and therefore bidding her "go in peace," for her "faith had saved her."

If the Church teaches that by Jesus Christ, we may expect the resurrection of the body after death, which the Gospels do not inculcate, and only mention incidentally, this has a corresponding *fact* in the history of Jesus, that He, on the third day after death, rose again.

If the Church, the witness for Christianity, teaches us that those who trust in Him, shall be glorified together with Him and the Father, the Gospels are not explicit upon this; but they tell us, that after being seen forty days after His resurrection, He was taken up into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God.

If the Church doctrine bids us look upon him as divine, this the Gospels nowhere affirm, or are explicit so as to exclude a controversy; but they give us for the sake of those who already believe it, or wish to believe it, testimonies from the dæmons, testimonies from voices heard from heaven, testimonies of signs, testimonies of power, by healing, and raising the dead, testimonies from a man speaking in the Spirit of God, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" testimonies by holiness, in abstinence and beneficence; testimonies of wisdom, in parables and teaching; and withal, testimonies of glory, by miracles; testimonies of prophecy fulfilled, to show that the Person *so pointed* at as divine, was declared to be so however by heaven and hell, by men too and angels.

Thus then, not by enunciating the truth, and so soliciting belief, but by allowing speechless testimonies, as in some spectacle, to pass before the disciple of Christ's religion, for the sake of such as should enunciate, or believe it, do our Evangelists justify, and illustrate it when proclaimed by the Church.

If then Christian truth be thus assisted by the works of the four Evangelists, it remains now to enquire how far they are dependent for their efficacy upon the Church, as furnished on the day of Pentecost with the gifts of tongues and the interpretation of tongues. It is her office to teach as is taught by that Spirit, (who brings all things to her remembrance whatsoever her Lord spoke,) to enforce upon men Christ's words, and, amongst other things to bring into her service the books written concerning our Lord by her Saints and Apostles. The letter of



their remains derives its use from their subserviency to the Church as a depositary of the doctrines and ordinances of Christ, without which they would be entirely unintelligible and unserviceable.

When, for instance, opening the first page of St. Matthew, an uninformed man reads that Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, that Jesse begat David the king, and so forth, down to Jacob who begat Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ, what would this convey any more than any other genealogy, if he had not heard of Christ or of what he was to expect from Him? Plainly, nothing at all more than if it were the list of any other names; for the Evangelist does not tell him wherefore he writes all this genealogy, nor does he inform him where he is to go to learn its use. But suppose that this man, instead of being uninformed, should be a Hebrew convert, in the early age of the Christian Church, which had put into his hands the Gospel of St. Matthew for his instruction, (and we must mind that St. Matthew's Gospel was written expressly for Hebrew converts, and not for Gentiles,) then the whole list becomes full of light, because it gives him to understand, what the prophecies of his nation had taught him to expect, that He whom he learnt was the Messiah, was really of the seed of Abraham, and through the loins of Jesse and David; and it is for this cause that the genealogy is given, and in a manner different from St. Matthew's account, which traces it up to Adam; but St. Luke nowhere tells us that this was the reason of his stating, and thus stating, the descent. In this instance, the first which the volume opens to us, does the Church doctrine that Christ was the Messiah not only receive light *from*, but gives light and meaning *to*, this unspeaking testimony of our Lord's authentic descent from the patriarchs.

Again, supposing the same person reading on should find it stated that the same one, whose descent he had just read, was born after a manner quite beyond the ordinary course of experience, and also that he was named Jesus, what would he understand by it, what would he be inclined to think, if uninstructed, who the Holy Ghost was? The whole event would be to him, if not already a believer, as uninteresting, and perhaps more unintelligible, than any other history of a birth; but if he should have been taught by his Church, as a Hebrew convert, that this

“Christ” was the promised Messiah who should restore all things, and that the Holy Ghost was God, he would not be long in appreciating the words with which the narrative ends, “Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel.”

So also, if he should read in the next chapter, and find in it accounts of four separate things—viz., the *place* of the same person’s birth, His going down into Egypt, the slaughter of the Innocents by Herod, His going back to Nazareth—what service could such facts, any more than the birth-place, and change of residence, and return of any other person, be, however true, to any reader, if not already a Christian? But suppose him, again, a Hebrew convert, who had been taught to place all his hopes in Jesus, these facts then, instead of being mere isolated notices, without reference to the Christian student, would become most dear and valuable testimonies to the verity of Christ’s claim to the Messiahship, inasmuch as they show the accordance of the events with the four several predictions, justifying the words of the Evangelist as follows: “That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come the captain that shall rule my people Israel.” Secondly. “Out of Egypt have I called my Son.” Thirdly. “A voice was heard in Rama, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel, bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not;” and, fourthly, “He shall be called a Nazarite.”

These prophecies, then, being fulfilled by these events, the recording of them by St. Matthew, who does not explain why he gives this accordance of the prophecy and event, is valuable to a person previously instructed by his Church how to use them as testimonies to his belief; but to whom else?

Again, the doctrine of the Atonement also sheds a light upon the Gospels, and makes them valuable; this doctrine is nowhere stated in them, nor do they tell us that we must look to Jesus for the expiation of our sins.

Now, then, suppose any one quite unconvinced of his perilous state, and untaught by the Church concerning the necessity of a Redeemer, or of his insufficiency to



merit salvation himself, should read (not the birth, but) the circumstances connected with the death of Jesus, who was born at Nazareth, and that he was crucified, what would all this show to him, or of what possible service could it be to him, as an imperfect creature, more than the account of the crucifixion of any one of the many hundreds and thousands who had been crucified in the same manner?

But suppose he had been made to feel his utter hopelessness to visit the face of God without the mediation of Jesus Christ, who, by taking upon Himself the punishment due to us, had freed us from liability,—then the sufferings and death, as exhibited in the Evangelists, become testimonies to the required fact, that the person thus declared as the Mediator *did* suffer and die, although he would have to learn from the Church that He suffered and died for him. \*

Again, suppose he should read in the Gospels the account of the same Person's appearance alive after three days, what would it be to him, if unlearned in the promise of immortality? They nowhere tell him, what use would it be to him. Or of His Ascension forty days after into heaven—what could he make of these? Or, in short, of other such facts? He would, of course, peruse this the same as any other story which he could neither account for nor appreciate.

But would he do so if he had been taught, and, what is more, had well learned to believe as our creed tells us to believe, in the resurrection of his own body, and also as he is taught to hope by the traditional preaching of the Church, in his following of Christ to heaven by the power of Jesus, now Lord, then the narrative of Jesus' rising from the dead, and of his ascension into heaven, would be inestimable truths, to be used as earnest of his own resurrection and his ascent to glory.

These few examples will perhaps suffice to suggest what may serve to show how entirely dependant upon the light of the Church is that portion of Christian literature called the Gospels, in regard to *doctrine*; we shall now use a few words with regard to *ordinance*.

We may suppose a man who had never been told of any church, or of the necessity of being initiated into it, reads in three out of the four Evangelists a few lines in each concerning Jesus having, at the time of supper, taken the

chalice and said, "Take and divide it among you;" and, afterwards, the same with the bread; and then added certain words to the effect that what He broke was His body, and the chalice a New Testament, according to the narrative in the Gospels, which is as short as this, what could he possibly understand by such language? would he not give it up as not belonging to him? would he (can we suppose it likely), on reading such words, consider himself bound to prepare bread and wine, to bless and use after the same Eucharistic manner? Would he see in these few short passages an account more suggestive of personal obligation to him than in the account of any other supper, or eating, or drinking? Would he say, Here is an evident authority for the use of a Sacrament for all generations; and, since there is no word in the Gospels explaining or commenting upon this fact, he would of course dismiss it from his memory as not more significant than any other historical fact? The same may be observed with regard to baptism, on which there is still less in the history of its institution, if indeed those in the Gospel *be* the history of the *institution* of it, (which, for anything we should know from the *Gospels themselves*, might have been instituted and taught to the Apostles themselves during the forty days, or even during the first part of our Lord's ministry, when He was baptized Himself.) In them there is, as everybody knows, nothing except an instruction of the most general character. Would he see in it, so obscure and short a hint, any reason for him to take to himself a duty of baptizing, or of being baptized, much less to have infants baptized, of whom it says nothing, and would at first seem, from the requirement of belief, to exclude from it? But if he had been bred up in a reverence for the holy Sacraments of Baptism and of the Eucharist as a Christian, and had been taught by the Church, as the keeper and dispenser of these ordinances, the good of them in order to salvation, he would not be long in discerning that these little facts, brief and reservedly mentioned as they are, are not insignificant, but contain testimonies to Christ's institution, descriptive of these Sacraments, which he might use as a warrant for believing more and more his Church. Thus short narratives, else to him sealed parables, become bright with the light which the traditional law of the Church throws upon them, as well as they upon the usage of the Church.



These few instances, which might indeed be multiplied, will serve to show how necessary it is that there should be a depositary and a declarer of Gospel truths and ordinances, to make the four Gospels testimonies of any utility, and indeed at all comprehensible.

But when they are both had, they reflect and receive light one from another, and we see that while these Gospels would be dark and sealed books without the Church to use them, that the Church also would lack a most inestimable treasure as a text from which to preach Christ crucified. We may see that, since the Evangelists nowhere tell their readers how they are to apply to their salvation, or to their duty as Christians, or to their faith, the historical facts which are there arranged in order, since they do not tell us even that they *are* testimonies, still less explain to us what *truths* they testify, (presupposing a knowledge of all these things,) we are driven upon the conclusion that there must be somewhere or other another source to show that they are testimonies, and also what they point at and attest. It is needful that there should be some minister and propounder of the truths thus warranted by them; that if the mediation of Christ be necessary for our union with God, there must be some person to lead us to Him and tell us of our wants. Since, indeed, these Gospels nowhere tell us anything about *ourselves*, but only about *Jesus* of Nazareth and of His life, where are we bound to look but either in some other books or in some living witness?

And if books do not tell us; except those written or authorized by the Church itself, what ordinances are necessary to our spiritual health, what can we use as a means to convince others of their necessity, or to assure ourselves? This office the living witness of the Church ever has and has had, whose power and commission, first delivered on the day of Pentecost, suffers even until the world's end no alteration in its carriage, any more than does a fire while it lasts, whose essence is as pure when centuries have elapsed as when it was first kindled. How then can any doctrine of the Church corrupt or change, that is itself freighted with a fire; (which is much the truer emblem than what, from the seeming possibility, however unlikely, of its being tainted, many have chosen for their similitude,—a stream of water.)

For in what form did the Holy Spirit, both the Church's

conductor and burden too, descend, when he visited as an abiding guest the assembly prepared for its elements, but in that of fire, never changing, never tiring fire? By which he teaches us that he will not allow ever to fail, ever to betray its commission, or to give a dubious light the Apostolic Church, His chosen living temple. It is there He waits to be gracious to men, that we may obtain the gifts of assurance and wisdom. And as at the first it was she, (not printed books,) who being gifted with this unfaltering light, was by her ministers and officers, to go into all lands preaching the gospel to every creature, and teaching men to observe whatever the Lord had taught her; so *now* it is she, ruled by Him who engraves upon the heart what is written upon paper, whose law and custom alone renders intelligible, a document at any time written by those officers in a human language, whether it be gospel, epistle, or revelation; for without her, there could be no meaning for them, because there would then be no garden sacred to Christ's death and resurrection, where the divine interpreter might perpetually dwell.

And when He shall have ascended from the earth, where He now deigns to abide until His triumph-time on earth with His Church, her guide and comforter, then it will most certainly be seen that prophecies, and knowledge, as well as scriptures also, have availed as little for man's hope, as that darkness in which all earthly substances will then be left, unless they have been used gratefully as *subordinate* means of grace, to second and strengthen the work of that one Church whose property they are, by whose spirit they were dictated, and by whose ministers composed.

ART. X.—1. *Sketches of the History of Christian Art.* By LORD LINDSAY. 3. vols. Murray, 1847.

2.—*The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1847. (Catalogue.)*

THE pages of our Review have been more than once devoted to the subject of Christian art. Both directly and indirectly, we have sought to excite an interest in it, and to inculcate its principles. And we have many reasons for believing that we have not laboured in vain. We do



not pretend to have produced a painting by anything that we may have written, nor even perhaps to have laid down a single new principle. But debarred as Englishmen have been from acquaintance with an art essentially religious, and from the power of contemplating its results—unconscious as English Catholics necessarily were of the artistic power of principles and doctrines, rites and practices of their Church, from not having witnessed their fruits, the first step towards creating a school of English religious art, naturally was to bring before the mind such general information on the subject as would excite curiosity, and such more definite views as would give rise to hopes at least and to endeavours.

Besides, therefore, articles devoted expressly to this matter, we have never failed to embrace any opportunity that presented itself, of pointing out the beauties and artistic elements of the Catholic ceremonial, as well as the poetry of our ritual and forms of prayer, all eminently conducive to the creation of religious art. Many considerations have now brought us to the conclusion that the time is at length come, for practice rather than theory, and that we must earnestly think of embodying in actual representation those forms of beauty, which we have till now contemplated as either reflections of past realities, or as shadows of possible futurities. If it has been given to this Review to lead forward the Catholic mind to higher and better views, upon the more *æsthetic* parts of ecclesiastical and religious institutions; if its mission has been in the past to open brighter prospects which have not been disappointed; if it has successfully seconded and promoted the ecclesiological movement, such as it has been amongst us, and the theological movement which has been without, we feel that it is only fulfilling a portion of its duty as an exponent of Catholic feeling and Catholic truth, by turning the minds of our fellow-catholics to a more practical realization of what till now have been but hopes, of the foundation of a religious school of design and art in England.

We have uniformly observed, that in our age as in every other, indefinite instincts precede clear indications of great beneficial changes; there is a silent yearning, a consciousness of want, before active measures are even thought of, a discontent of the past and actual state of things before plans are gone into for the future. We could illustrate this course of things in various ways, having reference to

the religious occurrences of the last few years. But in regard to religious art, we think the manifestations of desire for better things are very clear, and sufficiently strong to make us think of how they may be attained.

First, there has been more knowledge obtained and diffused among the people in general, and among Catholics in particular, on the existence, and perhaps the characteristics, of Christian art. Many have become acquainted with them by travelling, and more works have been lately written on the subject. The one before us is a remarkable one, not as a popular, but as a very learned and diligent, and often even eloquent book, though far from Catholic. But we will reserve our remarks on it to a later portion of our article. At present we will content ourselves with remarking, that the names of Christian artists dead and living, have become much more familiar to us than they used to be. Catholics, even the less learned in such things, would know, if they were told of a painting of the Blessed Angelico or Overbeck, that there would be necessarily a religious tone and character in it, such as they would never expect to find in one of West or Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But secondly, our taste has as much to do in the matter as our knowledge. We have learnt what is a religious tone and character. A few years ago, specimens of art worthy of the name, were not within our reach. A few costly engravings of older masters might indeed be found in the portfolios of rich *connoisseurs*, from which the character of Christian artists might be studied, but nothing could be more paltry, more degrading to their subjects, than the majority of prints furnished by France, or by our own country, to the bulk of our people. Wretched in design as in execution, devoid of all feeling, of all expression, of all mere beauty even, they were calculated only to give the idea that religious representations stood below, rather than above, every other department of art. Tawdrily coloured prints, ill-defined mezzotintos, or rude etchings of meanly imagined figures, formed the staple of decorations for the room, or of illustrations for the prayer-book. Neither devotion nor even a pious thought could be inspired by such abortions of art. By degrees, however, engravings of a superior style have found their way from France and Germany. The Academy of Düsseldorf has become the regenerator of religious taste all over Europe. The beautiful designs of Overbeck, Deger, the two Müllers, and



other artists, have been exquisitely engraved by Keller and his school, and through the modern machinery of an association, have been scattered on every side at the lowest price; a price which would bring them within the reach of the poorest peasant in this country but for the barbarous duty, which is fully equal to the cost of the print.\* The importation of these admirable specimens of religious art, has led to a successful imitation, or rather copying both of their subjects and style in England. Mr. Dolman reproduced Curmer's designs from Overbeck, (which though published in Paris, were executed at Düsseldorf,) with great success; and most of the Düsseldorf Society's series has been re-engraved at Derby, and published by Messrs. Richardson, with their usual spirit.

The effect of these publications has been very important; they have, as we have observed, brought home to the eyes and feelings of Catholics of every rank, specimens of real Christian art. Few, perhaps, can judge of the accuracy of the design or the delicacy of the engraving; but every one can *feel* the accordance between the expression and ideas and sentiments which his heart tells him are good and holy. Instead of the vague stare of a figure, which, but for a pair of keys or a sword in its hand, might as well represent Pontius Pilate as an apostle, one now expects dignity of attitude, nobleness of features, holiness of expression, majesty of action. Instead of the unmeaning beauty of feature (if even this) by which the best attempts at a *Madonna* were characterized, no one is satisfied without an approach at least to the sweetness, the grace, the purity, and the queenly grandeur that befit the Virgin-Mother of God. In like manner we now desire and expect to see, in the representation of sacred histories, the simplicity of action, naturalness of arrangement, and power of expression, which enables the eye to read them, and the feelings to apprehend them—the truest test of real religious art. We are alive to that holy, calm, and quiet

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\* While on every other article subject to duty, ten per cent is the average rate of duty, on prints it still continues to be a penny each. This is a trifle upon large and expensive engravings, but on the Düsseldorf prints which cost only one penny, it amounts to 100 per cent. Having imported a large number, chiefly for distribution among the poor, we had to pay £.25 for duty, and appealed, in vain, to the inexorable Vandalism of financial officials.

beauty which pervades the compositions of the older Italian and modern German masters, where one can almost divine what each person is saying and thinking, as well as one can see what he is doing.

It may be said that all these observations apply only to Catholics, and afford no indication of a similar taste springing up in the country in general. Perhaps not; although at the same time we sincerely believe that symptoms of it are appearing among the people in general. We shall have more to say presently on the subject. But, first, we are anxious to express our opinion on some matters connected with our subject; premising that we are most anxious to avoid every cause of offence. We must observe, therefore, that we are writing entirely about the arts of design, and principally on painting and drawing, though many of our observations will apply likewise to sculpture and carving. We say, then, that the taste and feeling for Christian art, to which we have alluded, must not be confounded with the architectural movement, which, however valuable in itself, goes upon different principles, and, in some respects, may be considered as discouraging of what we wish to see revived in art. The *tendency* of architectural movements is to return to given models, and to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the works of other times. This is the case with every sort of architecture. If a man revive Egyptian patterns, he must needs introduce sphynxes and hieroglyphics, though they are worse than absolute nonsense; and the restorers of Grecian architecture give us most punctually the wreathed skulls of victims, the pateræ, and other heathen symbols, devoid of meaning, and of beauty, too, when out of place. The better ecclesiological movement which has taken place in England (most happily, we own) has a similar, though better directed, tendency to reproduce the rudenesses, and even deformities, of past ages. It so happened, by a very obvious process, that the various branches of what are called the fine arts did not develop equally in any country; that while architecture, for instance, in England and France had reached its prime of matchless beauty, drawing and painting were not equally advanced: hence, splendid canopies overshadow but indifferent figures, and the few remains which we have of painting present but inferior specimens of conception or design. Unfortunately in copying, as they deserve, the architectural monuments



of our forefathers, we have taken to admire, and even to copy, their very unequal embellishments in the way of sculpture and drawing.

But this is not even the worst: we have almost canonized defects, and sanctified monstrosities. What was the result of ignorance or unskilfulness, we attribute to some mysterious influence or deep design. A few terms give sanction and authority to any outrageousness in form, anatomy, or position; to stiffness, hardness, meagreness, unexpressiveness—nay, to impossibilities in the present structure of the human frame. Feet twisted round, fingers in wrong order on the hand, heads inverted on their shoulders, distorted features, squinting eyes, grotesque postures, bodies stretched out as if taken from the rack, enormously elongated extremities, grimness of features, fierceness of expression, and an atrocious contradiction to the anatomical structure of man,—where this is displayed, are not only allowed to pass current, but are published in the transactions of Societies, are copied into stained glass, images, and prints, and are called “mystical,” or “symbolical,” or “conventional” forms and representations. And this is enough to get things praised and admired, which can barely be tolerated by allowance for the rudeness of their own age. We have seen representations of saints such as we honestly declare we should be sorry to meet in flesh and blood, with the reality of their emblematic sword or club about them, on the highway at evening. And because these were the productions of an *age* eminently Catholic, they are considered as the types of an *art* equally so. But religious art does not look at time, but at nature, which changes not, and at religion, which is equally immutable. To make rude carvings because the building on which they are placed is Norman, or to make a stiff design because the glass is framed in early English tracery, may be all quite characteristic, but it is not artistic. The object of all art is to speak to the eye, and, through it, to the feelings; and the object of religious art is consequently to excite, through the sight, religious emotions adequate to the subjects or persons represented. It is not intended that the spectator should have to say, “How well the Norman style is carried out even in the carvings!” or, “How admirably the glass of Edward the Fourth’s time has been imitated!” or, “One could really fancy that crucifixion to have been painted in the thirteenth century!”

but it is to be desired and aimed at, that the beholder, antiquarian or simple, scholar or peasant, should at once feel himself penetrated with a sense of the beautifully holy, be enamoured of the virtues which beam from the face and seem to clothe the form of the figure before him, that from earthly comeliness his thoughts should rise to the contemplation of heavenly charms; that he should at once weep or exult, be humbled or gain confidence as he gazes,—not to study or criticise, but to feel.

While, therefore, we will join to the full pitch of our voice in the cry of condemnation that has been raised against all that is frivolous, trumpery, and trivial in sacred art; while we utterly anathematize all representations of the Immaculate Mother in modern Parisian fashions, and of angels in the attitudes of a posture-master, we are not prepared to admire a figure of the former merely because enveloped in a diapered mantle, nor of the latter simply because he wears a cope. We want more than these accessories, however valuable; we want truth, according to our noblest conceptions. The devout mind loves to contemplate the Incarnate Glory of heaven as the type of dignified and hallowed beauty—as the “*speciosus forma præ filiis hominum*,” figuring in Himself all that humanity could ever contain of outward comeliness as expressive of inward perfection. He was a man—“*in similitudinem hominum factus, et habitu inventus ut homo*”—and therefore he is to be represented with features, limbs, bones, muscles, and sinews like those of other men. But whether as an infant, or as a youth, or as grown to full manhood—at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, or Calvary—His effigy must be to the eye (so far as art can portray it) what loving thought of Him is to the soul, the combination of all that is nobly beautiful. Even in the agonies of death, even extended on the cross, the eye of faith, and consequently the eye of christian art, cannot contemplate Him otherwise. We are repulsed, therefore, rather than attracted, by those mediæval representations of Him, which place before us a body painfully extenuated, with ill-proportioned or distorted limbs, and with a haggard, if not an ill-favoured, countenance; nor are we gained to admiration by being told, that such an effigy is more mystical or symbolical. For we cannot see how mysticism should require that which is supremely fair to be set forth as ugly, nor how



external disproportion or uncomeliness should be the rightful symbol of what is infinite perfection,—

“Quæcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.”

And in like manner, we have no toleration for any intended likeness of His Virgin-Mother, which exhibits her other than as the “*tota pulchra Maria*” of the Church’s song. Sweet, graceful, maidenly in countenance and carriage we wish to see her ever represented; full of peace, benignity, and cheering joy, whether smiling on her own infant or on us; blending the Mother and the Virgin only by the tempering with majesty of the unfading bloom of celestial charms.

Strange indeed, it may seem, that while the mental type of this unparalleled Being should have been so clearly, so sublimely brought out by a Bernard, its artistic type should have been locked up in the hard and dark delineations of the Byzantine school, waiting as it were for a germ of life to bring them into the warm and bright existence of the Christian school. But this only proves what we have before remarked, that the various arts developed at different periods; and thus the poetry of religion opened into blossom before its painting.

What we have already written may suffice to explain our conviction that if a Catholic school of art has to be raised in England, it must be, not only independent of the architectural school which has been formed, but on principles totally different from those on which this is based. First, it must not set out with the idea of mere reproduction, or of copying older masters, or of having a warrant and authority for every thing it does. In other words, a school of Christian art, to succeed, must not be an antiquarian establishment. It must start on the principle that it is essentially a creative art, that it must invent as well as the old masters did, that it must study them and cull out their excellencies, but must not servilely copy them: it may imitate, but not transcribe. Hence we must have no Saxon, or mediæval, or Gothic, or cinquecento styles, but a pure Christian style, wherever and whenever it has to be used.

Secondly, the work must begin from the beginning. Till now, we have taken an old brass, or an old window,\*

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\* We must gratefully acknowledge however that a great improve-

or an old statue; we have rubbed the one, traced the other, and pressed or moulded the third, and have got artists that could copy exactly. But this is not art. We can thus indeed create clever workmen, and accurate imitators; but we give them no principles, and they can never materially get beyond what they find. The study of Christian art must begin where every other branch begins; by accurate drawing, by studies from nature, and then by studying and copying the best models, chastening and purifying as it proceeds, the mere animal forms and traits, and drawing out and learning to embody those characters, expressions, and feelings, which belong to religion as distinct from nature, and to the inward, rather than to the outward, life.

Now this last can only be done by three different means combined. The first is the study, to which we have already alluded, of the great Catholic masters of every country, particularly of Italy. The second is the use of proper models. Academical models will do well enough for anatomy and attitude; and a lay-figure will answer for hanging on drapery; but the living characteristics of Christian art, expression not merely of features, but of form, must be sought among those whose lives exhibit the practice, and consequently whose exterior presents the type, of the virtues to be represented. For, as was intimated above, truth must be the aim of art; and, thank God, in the Catholic Church the type of art is not ideal, in a strict sense, but real. The older artists may have elevated and purified the models which they used, but they nevertheless did not invent them. They found them in the Church, and they formed their style upon them. And in the same place the Catholic artist must look for the same guidance. He will still find his St. Brunos, as Zurbeyran did, among his disciples the Carthusians, and his St. Bernards among the Cistercians; and he will be surprised to see again and again, before and round the altar, the attitudes, the arrangements, and even the countenances and bearing of figures and groups, which have

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ment has been visible of late in the stained glass, in respect to accurate drawing, breadth, and expression, especially in that designed by Mr. Pugin, and executed by Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham. Still much remains to be done.



appeared to him masterly inventions, when seen in the old masters.

But the third means, and the principal one, by which any one can hope to attain the true principles and practice of religious art, is meditation and devout study of its objects, joined to holiness of life and the attempt, at least, to realise in himself the character that he wishes to depict. Without this, all other efforts are vain. We wish the full extent of the cost to be known by those who may be gloriously bold enough to bid for this crown. We may easily have a school of religious naturalists, such as interrupted the succession of great artists in Italy, and such as France now has; men who, by combining natural beauty with studied attitude, have fancied, if they thought at all about it, that they were painting saints. Such men may call themselves religious and Catholic artists, but they will never accomplish anything worthy of the name: they will be cold, insipid, and eventually mannered. We have been struck with the character and even appearance of the modern Catholic artists of Germany: no one can know them without seeing at once that they believe in all that they express, that their hearts go with their hands in their work, that they are impressed with the feeling that what they are doing is a holy thing. It would be invidious, and hardly delicate to mention names: but let any one make the acquaintance of the principal Catholic painters at Rome; or let any lover of the arts, who is making the usual trip of the Rhine, stop to visit the splendid church built by Count Fürstenberg at Apollinarisberg, near Bonn, and converse with the Düsseldorf academicians engaged on its beautiful frescoes, and we are sure he will be satisfied, that the work which he admires is the fruit of sincere faith and religious meditation.

But if the artist looks back for his models among the great religious painters of the middle ages, he will find, not mere piety but, absolute sanctity become the guarantee of success in its perfection. The connection between the two—between perfection in virtue (where abilities are not deficient) and perfection in christian art—becomes demonstrated, as well as exhibited, in the Blessed Giovanni, or, as he is oftener called, Angelico da Fiesoli. We will quote his character as given by Vasari, whose own style, life, and disposition, were diametrically opposite to his.

“He was simple, and most holy in his manners,—and let this serve for token of his simplicity, that Pope Nicholas one morning offering him refreshment, he scrupled to eat flesh without the license of his Superior, forgetful for the moment of the dispensing authority of the Pontiff. He shunned altogether the commerce of the world, and living in holiness and in purity, was as loving towards the poor on earth as I think his soul must now be in heaven. He worked incessantly at his art, nor would he ever paint other than sacred subjects. He might have been rich but cared not to be so, saying that true riches consisted rather in being content with little. He might have ruled over many, but willed it not, saying there was less trouble and hazard of sin in obeying others. Dignity and authority were within his grasp, but he disregarded them, affirming that he sought no other advancement than to escape Hell and draw near to Paradise. He was most meek and temperate, and by a chaste life loosened himself from the snares of the world, oft-times saying that the student of painting had need of quiet and to live without anxiety, and that the dealer in the things of Christ ought to dwell habitually with Christ. Never was he seen in anger with the brethren, which appears to me a thing most marvellous, and all but incredible; his admonitions to his friends were simple and always softened by a smile. Whoever sought to employ him, he answered with the utmost courtesy, that he would do his part willingly so the prior were content. In sum, this never sufficiently to be lauded father was most humble and modest in all his words and deeds, and in his paintings graceful and devout, and the saints which he painted have more of the air and aspect of saints than those of any other artist. He was wont never to retouch or amend any of his paintings, but left them always as they had come from his hand at first; believing, as he said, that such was the will of God. Some say that he never took up his pencils without previous prayer. He never painted a crucifix without tears bathing his cheeks; and throughout his works, in the countenance and attitude of all his figures, the correspondent impress of his sincere and exalted appreciation of the Christian religion is recognisable. ‘Such,’ adds Vasari, ‘was this verily angelic father, who spent the whole of his time in the service of God and in doing good to the world and to his neighbour. And truly a gift (virtù) like his could not descend on any but a man of most saintly life; for a painter must be holy himself before he can depict holiness.’”—pp. 195-6-7.

We have given this character by Vasari from Lord Lindsay’s work; and we are sure we shall further illustrate our subject by another extract, in which the noble author describes the results of the saintly character, as



exhibited on the artist's canvas. The following is his description of B. Angelico's chief excellence.

"Expression, accordingly—the special exponent of Spirit, as Form is of Intellect, and Colour of Sense—is the peculiar prerogative of Fra Angelico. Ecstasy and enthusiasm were his native element, and the emotions of his heart animated his pencil with a tenderness and repose, a love and a peace in which no one has yet excelled or even equalled him. These are the unvarying characteristics of the Madonna in his paintings. The true theory of her likeness presumes her outward form to have been so exquisitely moulded and etherialized by inward purity and habitual converse with heaven, that Gabriel might have known her among mankind by her face alone, had he been in search of her with no other token. Subsequently to the Nativity, the mother's love must be supposed to blend with the innocence of the Virgin, and a beauty to result from the union, combining the holiness and purity of both estates, as inconceivable as that union itself was supernatural. Hence evidently, an Ideal for the artist's imagination, impossible of attainment, but which he will ever seek after, whether by spiritualizing the lineaments of her most dear to him, or by appropriating and reanimating some one of the many ancient portraiture of the Virgin,—for there is no one fixed traditional resemblance, as of our Saviour. Every great painter, accordingly has his distinctive type, born (for the most part) of his domestic affections,—daughters of loveliness are they, sweet as the rose, pure as the dew, capable of the holiest and loftiest of thoughts, but in almost every instance marked with an individuality which distresses the imagination, while the absence of that individuality as invariably infers vagueness and insipidity. Now the peculiarity and merit (as it appears to me) of Fra Angelico is, that his Virgins are neither vague nor individual,—even while doing nothing, they breathe of heaven in their repose—they are visible incarnations of the beauty of holiness, and yet not mere abstractions—they are most emphatically feminine—the ideal of womanhood as the chosen temple of the Trinity; they are to the Madonnas of other painters what Eve may be supposed to have been to her daughters before the Fall—their lineaments seem to include all other likenesses, to assume to each several votary the semblance he loves most to gaze upon. It was because Fra Angelico's whole life was love—diverted by his vow of celibacy from any specific object, that his imagination thus sought for and found inspiration in heaven. Next to the Madonna, I may mention the heads of our Saviour, of the Apostles and Saints in Fra Angelico's pictures, as excelling in expression and beauty, as well as those of the elect, in his representations of the Last Judgment; his delineations of the worldly, the wicked, the reprobate, are uniformly feeble and inadequate; his success or

failure is always proportioned to his moral sympathy or distaste.”\*  
—pp. 191-2-3.

Let us, then, at once draw our conclusion. We must not expect, nor ought we to desire, the formation of a religious school of art otherwise than by the formation of a school of *religious artists*—that is, of men who will do their work with faith and for love, whose outward performances will be only counterparts of an inward devotion, so that what they strive to represent in form and colour shall be the visions of their own pious meditations, and the fruit of their constant conversation with things spiritual and holy.

We have before said, that a school of christian art must spring up under the conviction that this is creative, and not merely imitative; and this may call for some explanation here. There is a medium to be kept, not binding on the pursuer of any other branch of art: the one between traditional modes and original ideas. Here, too, we are in danger of being cramped by prejudices in favour of the mere antique. It is certain, indeed, that the first revivers of painting, how much soever they cultivated and perfected design, colouring, and expression, allowed themselves to be severely fettered in regard to composition by the standard or traditionary manner of representing given subjects; so as to have departed but slowly and cautiously from the stiff and formal arrangement of a preceding period. This is easily accounted for. They painted essentially *for the people*. Let that never be forgotten. Their pictures might be ordered by a prince or a wealthy merchant, but it was never with a view of putting them into a gallery, only to be opened by a ticket or a shilling, but to be hung over some altar, or to adorn the walls of a cloister, or perhaps a public hall. They painted, therefore, so that the people should at once understand their pictures, and therefore as they had been accustomed to see the subjects

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\* One of the most beautiful productions of B. Angelico's pencil is his Last Judgment, in the gallery of the late Cardinal Fesch. Lord Lindsay has described it. (vol. iii. p. 187.) It was bought in, at the sale of the Cardinal's pictures, by his nephew, the Prince of Canino; and has just been purchased from him by Lord Ward. This will be a most valuable addition to the small share of specimens of Christian art possessed by England.



treated. To have left out, or violently displaced, figures which always formed part of a subject, would have been to disturb the habitual train of thought, and consequently the devotion, of those who came to be edified and to pray before them. And here let us pause for one moment, to express our feeling of how glorious a sight must have been presented by one of the churches of Florence or Siena (and we might add other cities) when the altarpieces of the old masters, which yet in part adorn them, were all fresh, not merely in their gold and paint, but in that heavenly sweetness of expression which, even in their present faded state, beams from their pannels. But, still, the observer will note the formality of composition that gives them a family resemblance, though otherwise belonging to different authors, nay, to different schools and ages. For, from Giotto to Pietro Perugino, the same rules on this portion of art prevailed.

The reason which we have given, will sufficiently account for this. At the same time it is clear that every advance in correctness of design, beauty, and harmony of colour, and above all in perfection of expression, would please naturally, even those who could not discover the cause of their emotions, or would only increase and deepen those feelings which the same subject inferiorly treated had before produced. No one would quarrel with a picture because the Blessed Virgin in it was more lovely, or the infant on her knees more divine, or the saints on either side more devout; but many would have perhaps murmured, had a change taken place in the ordinary disposition of these figures, and had the mother and child been transferred from the post of honour to one side of the composition, as we find it later in Corregio or Guido. But these traditions of ancient Christian art have been totally broken, and there are no associations in existing monuments around us and before the people, nor in devotional forms of conception familiar through preaching or meditation, to give them now any particular empire over the affections of beholders, or over the standard rules of composition. To bind Christian art on its revival, to the conventional forms of representation admitted in old times, would be a groundless tyranny, and in fact would tend to strangle it in its very cradle. In this respect we think the Germans have given us a useful lesson, and we should be prepared to follow it. We have no hesitation in stating

our conviction, that however short the best modern Catholic artists may fall, in giving that truly devout and heavenly character to individual figures, which belongs to the older masters, they have gained upon them, (regard being had to the character of our age,) in the giving of more action and more varied expression to subjects that naturally require it, in bringing forward as subjects for art, events and circumstances which, for the reasons above given, were not handled by the more ancient artists; and finally, in conceiving new and often most exquisite representations of subjects often before treated. We shall perhaps shock the antiquarian artist by such an avowal; but we shall do no good with art in this country till many prejudices are broken down. We will put one case. Let a modern artist be desired to paint the *Sposalizio*, or espousal of Mary to Joseph, and that for a public church. Would he venture to take the old type, such as Pietro and Raffaello have given it in their exquisite pictures of this subject, based, that is, on the traditional history of the blossoming rod of Joseph? would he introduce the youth breaking his barren rod over his knee? If he did, who in a thousand, that looked on it, would understand it? And if a long explanation were given, would that move to piety which is not based on any belief? At the time, and in the country, of those older artists, the history was at any rate known; the tradition was alive, the spectators understood the meaning of each circumstance. Now and here, the chain has been broken, and would it be profitable to reconnect it? Nay, could one hope to gain any advancement in piety and faith, by endeavouring to revive the knowledge of an uncertain legend? But who could fail to understand and to appreciate, nay to be moved by Overbeck's conception of the subject; espousals so pure and so unearthly, that no witnesses are there but angels, so that the whole function is one of heaven heavenly, without example and without imitation? We could multiply instances of what will be admitted by all to be purer and sublimer conceptions of scenes in our Saviour's life by modern than by older artists, but we remember having given several in one of our first numbers.\* Then as to new subjects, not anciently treated, but worked out by meditation and earnest thoughtfulness, the illustrious artist already mentioned and his many fol-

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\* Vol. i. p. 459.



lowers, among whom Steinle must hold a distinguished place, would furnish us with abundant examples: but fortunately we have one to our purpose nearer home. This year's Catalogue of the Royal Academy's annual exhibition, contains a picture (No. 130.) which cannot fail to arrest the eye of every visitor of that collection. It is Mr. Herbert's picture of our Saviour, subject to His parents at Nazareth. It represents a circumstance, which, though not historical, is not merely possible, but highly probable. Some wood, thrown on the ground beside Joseph's humble workshop, has formed a cross. This naturally lights up a train of thought in the mind of the Divine Youth, who stands for a moment as if fixed in a painful trance, while His Mother, who lays up every look, as every word, in her heart, gazes on Him, with work suspended, in intense and loving, and therefore sympathising, interest. Here is a subject, which every one will at once acknowledge to be worthy of the pencil of any truly christian artist. To the mere Bible-christian it may appear fanciful: but not so to the Catholic. Long before Mr. Herbert's successful attempt to give it outward life by design and colour, it had suggested itself to the devout meditation of the most tender, the most poetical, and the most sweetly loving of the ancient Fathers, St. Ephrem, the Syrian. It will not be long, we trust, before we call our reader's attention to the admirable and most learned translation of his Rhythms, just published by the Rev. J. B. Morris, late of Exeter College, Oxford, and now of St. Mary's, Oscott; but we trust that, in the meantime, no Catholic who can procure the book will fail to feast his devotion on its delightful stores of spiritual refreshment. In the seventeenth Rhythm we meet with this remarkable passage: "Hail, Son of the Creator! hail to the Son of the carpenter! who, when creating, created everything in the mystery of the cross! And haply, even in the house of Joseph that carpenter, with the cross He was busied all the day."\* Thus we have a Father of the fourth century considering it probable that our Blessed Saviour, from passing His early youth in a carpenter's house, would have the thought of the cross constantly brought before His mind.

Such is the subject on which Mr. Herbert has happily

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\* Select Works of S. Ephrem the Syrian. Oxford, Parker, 1847, p. 164.

seized, though unconscious of so early a precedent, and the concurrent voice of artists and critics gives evidence of his success. Nothing can be more simple than the composition of the picture: there is no effort at strong effects by combinations. Each figure is apart, detached, so as to claim, and actually receive, separate and successive attention. The attitudes are singularly simple, natural, and unstudied; drawn and painted with a delicate accuracy, not merely of outline, but of fold, feature, and smallest lineament—a precaution absolutely necessary where the artist invites the eye to the careful observation of each figure in its detail. Nor is there anything in the accessories to divide the attention. The landscape, copied from the present arid reality of Nazareth, is stern, unvaried, and undistracting: so that the entire attention is concentrated on the figures, and principally on One. The expression of this is, to our minds, a little too overcast with pain: but this is a comparatively slight defect amidst the beauties of the piece. Its great merit is decidedly the direct appeal which it makes, through expression, to religious feelings, while it simply tells its whole history to the observer, and enables him to enter fully into the part acted by each Person represented. It requires no book learning to understand, to comprehend, and to feel it; it cannot make any but one impression, a tender and devout one; it will leave a quiet and calm reflection of itself on the mind, which will not be effaced by the ghastly brilliancy of Turner's incomprehensible dreams, nor by the warm and feeling exhibition of religious chivalry in Etty's noble painting. All this is in accordance with what we wish to see in a true religious school of art.

But we have almost lost sight of the subject, directly in view, when we mentioned Mr. Herbert's picture; though our reason for entering so fully into it will appear just now. We were anxious to impress upon our readers the importance of looking upon religious art as a creative power, not as a servile imitator of what have been called "conventional" or "traditional" forms. This picture we quoted as an instance of the possibility, even in this degenerate age, of finding subjects not treated before, and making them fit vehicles for the conveying to the mind of believers most religious impressions. We repeat, therefore, that to such traditional forms as belong purely to art and not to religion—that is, the tradition for which is not any



doctrine, or even pious belief handed down by the Church, but merely a practice of copying from an antecedent and ruder period, we do not think that artists should be bound in a country like ours, where the very existence of such traditions has been lost, and where the reproduction could only cause misunderstanding, and would be equivalent to a new creation.

But, as we remarked, it is necessary to keep a medium; so as not to depart too far from certain conventional forms and modes of representation—such, that is, as have a ground in ecclesiastical learning, and have a truth about them that would soon be intelligible. And this, we conceive, would be one of the advantages of a recognized Catholic school of art in England, as it certainly has been in Germany: that many being trained on given principles, they would have their individual fancies checked, and gradually such forms and characters of religious representations would be established as would at once be intelligible to all, and yet be conformable to all real traditions, and even to all well-grounded conventions, in matters where some rule is necessary. Perhaps a few examples will best explain our meaning. 1. We would, then, for instance, have strict regard paid to the symbols of the saints, such as partly history and partly tradition has appointed them. The instruments of their martyrdom, the emblems of their dignity, the representation of some great work (as a church), or an object allusive to their occupation, are fitting modes of giving those holy personages individual character. St. Peter should not be deprived of his keys, nor St. Lawrence of his gridiron, nor St. Catherine of her wheel, nor St. Agnes of her lamb, nor St. Jerome of his lion, by any innovation of art. Such symbolism is at once natural, intelligible, and historical. We believe that these saints, were they to appear in vision, would make themselves cognizable by these, their respective, badges. 2. The same we would say respecting the insignia of office or robes, distinctive of ecclesiastical dignity. Too severe an attention to historical costume would be pedantic, fatiguing, and perplexing. It is true, a bishop of the third century did not wear a cope and mitre of the same form as now are in use; but these have become the well known emblems and garments of persons in that office, and as such should be given to pontiffs who, though they lived ages ago on

earth, are represented to the piety of the faithful as living in heaven now.

In the public square at Milan is a statue in marble, of modern sculpture, representing a person in a Roman toga; and we remember being almost shocked on being told, in answer to an enquiry, that it represented St. Ambrose. We could not give assent to our friendly and learned guide's arguments, that this was the *truer* representation. We could not bear to see the saint otherwise than as a bishop. In like manner, we would have the raiment of the celestial hierarchy, where they appear upon earth copied from that of the Church here below. For the angels are represented to us as ministering at the altar in heaven, and our faith teaches us to consider the triumphant and the militant, but as portions of one indivisible Church, and those blessed spirits as fellow-ministers with our visible priesthood. Moreover, the eye of the faithful is accustomed to associate the ecclesiastical garments, used only at the altar, as the most sacred of outward apparel, and more dignified, in truth, than the most splendid distinctions of mere secular rank.

3. We would have due observance of the appropriation of established colours in the draperies of Our Divine Saviour, our Blessed Lady, and other Saints. For the eye has been accustomed to the choice, and it is in itself appropriate; and every one would be offended at mixed and fancy colours being applied to such figures. In the same manner, we should never object, (in pictures not meant for historical, but for devotional,) to a richness being given to these accessories of a picture, such as certainly never existed. But in this respect too, we would have great sobriety of taste.

4. Where there is no certain belief or tradition to guide us, and the one followed by old artists is natural and devout, we should deprecate departure from this. For instance, in the Annunciation, the Blessed Virgin is always represented as at prayer, or as rising from prayer, when the angel enters. We should be sorry to see an attempt to alter this, and to have the mystery take place, while any meaner or more homely occupation was going on. But we cannot reconcile ourselves to adherence to certain forms, merely because they are old; as our Saviour at his resurrection, springing from a coffin which could not hold half His body; or as an infant attended by an ox and



an ass of most extraordinary species, not larger than lap-dogs; or standing in the air, (of which we have specimens at hand;) or in the transit of our Lady made like the death-bed of one whose salvation might be doubtful, where every appliance of anxious piety is made by the attendant apostles, instead of them and us gazing in silent awe and edification at the passage of that sinless soul from its spotless tabernacle to the bosom of its Lord. No amount of precedent even from the most hallowed names, will ever make us submit to such traditionary modes.

Our readers will however see, that our concessions to established usages, are sufficiently ample to secure their being preserved, where intelligible and really good.

Having now discharged our consciences of what perhaps many will not wholly approve, but having at the same time, we are sure, cleared the ground of prejudices, which have stood powerfully in the way of engaging real artists to attempt the foundation of a religious school, we proceed to a more pleasing portion of our undertaking.

We stated, almost at the outset, that we thought there were indications of a rising feeling for true religious art among the people. Though the evidences may appear slight, it is fair to state them. First, the reference which we have made to Mr. Herbert's picture affords us one. It must have struck every one, who follows the course of public opinion on such matters, that this painting has met with universal, and almost with unbounded praise. Without distinction of religious character, every paper that has mentioned it, has spoken of it as one of the most beautiful of the exhibition. Nor is this all, it has rivetted the gaze, and won the admiration of the multitudes that have flocked around it; nor have we heard of any feelings expressed before it, but such as proved how completely it addressed itself at once to the minds and hearts of the people. This we own has given us almost our first ray of hope on the practical possibility of establishing a Catholic school of art. When there is sentiment enough in the people to appreciate so peculiar a subject treated so quietly, so differently from what they are accustomed to on the walls of the Royal Academy, we have secured to us the basis, the *priming*, if we may so speak, upon which Christian art can work.

But further let us remark, that similar taste has been

shown in other ways. Thus we have been struck with the evident manner in which the splendid *Francias* in the National Gallery arrests the eye of those who visit that collection, although they present neither intensity of action, nay, nor action at all, nor subjects with which the English mind is familiar. But while passing by the awful and stern magnificence of *Sebastiano's* masterpiece, which few can prize, we see young and old won by the soft and sweet radiance of the angels mourning over the sacred corpse of their Lord, feeling, if they do not fully comprehend, the essentially Catholic spirituality of the scene, and the deep mysteries which it conceals.

We could add some other reasons for our opinion; but it is not necessary. For it would be folly to expect any strong demonstration in favour of a branch of art, which does not as yet exist on a scale to permit it. Not one Englishman in ten thousand has an opportunity of seeing a truly religious painting; not one in ten times that number of seeing so many and such as can form his taste, and enable him to appreciate this highest department of art. All that we can reasonably expect, therefore, is that, in proportion as opportunities are afforded for trial, the result is favourable; and the instances mentioned are enough for this. Development must be the work of time. Let us but give to the English public but one such chance of showing its taste, as the King of Bavaria has done at Munich, or is doing at Spire; let us throw open one good church, glowing from its ceiling to its lower pannelling, not with diaper and mere colour, not even with single figures in separate compartments, but with a series of large and simple histories, comprising the chief Gospel mysteries and the life of the Blessed Virgin or any other great Saint; let expression of the most refined and dignified character reign in every head and countenance; let the tints be harmonious, grave, yet warm and bright; let holiness and calm reign through every part; and we shall soon see, first, whether the English heart is not as fully attuned to the sentiment of the beautiful and delicate in art as that of any other nation; and, secondly, whether encouragement will not spring up on all sides for this higher sphere of art, enough both to give employment to all formed artists, and to enkindle genius that otherwise might for ever have wanted life. To expect more than this would be as absurd as to suppose, that a love of naval life and glory could



exist in an inland tribe of Africa, that had never seen a ship.

Now comes the great question, Is this practicable? Is it hopeful? How is this first effort to be made? How is this first specimen to be given? We could answer by following up our illustration, and say, "Do as the Romans did when they determined to rival the Carthagenians at sea. They took the wreck of a galley cast on their shore, and copied it, and they trained their future sailors on dry land. Begin by imitating the works of others; take your models and examples from abroad. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*; try on a small scale, and produce something less perfect to begin with." But this will never do. We must begin with something great and noble at once. Christian art must not come out before the public, for the first time, mean and imperfect. Her unfledged efforts at flight must be sacred, in the retreat of the academy or the *studio*. On the walls of the sanctuary she must appear bright, golden, queen-like, from the first,—fit associate for adoring angels and heavenly mysteries. Are we, then, dreaming of some chimera, the brood of an over-heated imagination? On the contrary, we are writing on what we believe—dare we say, intend?—to be a most practical and a most certain result.

Lord Lindsay, at the conclusion of his work, asks this significant question: "And why despair of this," (of painting like Raphael and Michael Angelo,) "or even of shaming the Vatican? For with genius and God's blessing nothing is impossible." (vol. iii. p. 420.) Now to this we answer, that without presumption it may be really said, that the blessing of genius for christian art is not one which it has pleased the Almighty to give out of the Catholic Church. No Protestant country has yet produced a religious artist of any sort; every Catholic one has produced a school. Account for it as you please, the fact stands hard and incontrovertible; and as such it has two faces—it looks to the future as well as to the past. Protestantism is barren as to religious art; and Lord Lindsay's book gives us additional proof, if we wanted it, of this truth. We shall not be departing from our subject by a few paragraphs in evidence of this.

Protestantism is essentially irreverent; and Lord Lindsay's work, great as is its merit, shows it. He begins it by a long preface on "*Christian Mythology!*" And this

is synonymous with "the materials of christian art during the middle ages." Imagine the possibility of a school of art springing up among a sect, who, while they pretend to copy or rival old art, consider its materials—a *mythology*! Can their artists be expected to look on it with more reverence, or to treat its subjects with more feeling, than they would those of Grecian or of Egyptian mythology? But just let us look at some of these mythologies. The torments of hell, as painted in the middle ages, were suggested by Buddhist doctrines! (vol. i. p. xxxiii.) The origin of the nine orders or choirs that compose the heavenly hierarchy, from seraphim to angels, (though each is mentioned by St. Paul, and from him the order is drawn by the Fathers,) "must be sought for apparently in the remote east, among the Chaldeans and Medo-Persians!" (p. xxxiv.) The Nativity and Presentation of the Blessed Virgin (p. xl.), her woes at the foot of the Cross (p. l.) are all mythologies! as is her Assumption! (p. lxii.) The same is to be said of the Discovery of the Cross, of its Exaltation, and of many other historical subjects. But we are not left merely to induction for our conclusion that Protestantism is void of that reverence, which is as necessary an ingredient in religious art as oil or some other vehicle is in the composition of its colours. Lord Lindsay's language in speaking of these subjects is blasphemously irreverent, nay even to Anglicanism heterodox. He tells us that the apocryphal gospels may be traced to Leucius, a Gnostic heretic, who forged them chiefly "with a view of supporting *the peculiar tenets of the sect*, namely.....*that the Blessed Mary was ever Virgin*," &c. "The *early Church*," he adds, "in rejecting the leading principle of the heresy, and condemning the heretics, sanctioned, or at least winked at, the circulation of the fables devised by them in its support, and these have become the mythology of Christianity.....while many of the dogmas which they were grounded upon have crept into the faith." (p. xl.) The belief therefore in the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Mother of God is, according to Lord Lindsay, a *peculiar tenet* of Gnosticism, which has crept into the Church! Again, "The transfer to her" (the Blessed Virgin) "of the popular veneration for a female deity, whether Diana, Astarte, or Isis, universally current among the Southern nations, is the key to the whole mystery of her various representa-



tion in early art." (p. lxiii.) We pass over other similarly afflicting passages: for these will suffice. If the enthusiastic admirer of early Christian art can thus think of all that inspired it, and looks upon it with the irreverent eyes, and speaks of it with the flippant tongue, wherewith he might approach the abominations of heathen fable, what hope can there be that the religion (*sit verbo venia*) which can generate such feelings, will ever give birth to any noble or tender inspirations of that very art? In the next place, Protestantism, as regards art, is essentially unholy. Two characteristics of holiness pervade pictorial art, which at once distinguish its figures from those of its profane or secular sister—austerity and purity. The entire outline of body is corrected and ætherialized by the former, the countenance is sweetened and irradiated by the latter. Disconnect the idea of holiness from these; assume that a Saint is not of necessity a mortified and self-denying character, and that chastity or purity is not the virtue which makes angels of men, and you may indeed have a school of religious painting, that will riot in masses of gross flesh and most unsaintly countenances, like Rubens, but not what Lord Lindsay asks for, men who will paint like Pietro Perugino and Luca Signorelli. Now his lordship, speaking no doubt the language of the future patrons of English Christian art, has clearly recorded his own views on the subject of these very virtues. In the passage above quoted, the doctrine of mortification is enumerated among Gnostic errors. But further on the whole Catholic doctrine of "the ascetic or angelic life" is characterised in terms of opprobrious condemnation, (p. civ.) which we will attribute to ignorance of its true nature rather than to any worse motive. But his attack upon the Catholic virtue of chastity will at once satisfy us of the utter hopelessness of the revival which he contemplates. It is as follows:

"This fresco needs little comment. I need not remind you that the chastity thus commended is that which brands our wives and mothers with a slur—nor dwell upon the melancholy consequences to human virtue and happiness entailed by the fatal and most unscriptural restriction of the idea, and the term to virginity and celibacy,—a delusion of most ancient date, and inherited alike by the Mystics of the East and the West, the Buddhists and the Gnostics,—the latter of whom, more especially, referred the origin of sin to the creation of matter, the creation of matter to the Evil

Principle—and identified that Evil Principle with Jehovah! St. Francis shared to the full in the agonies of the early ascetics,\*—it is a subject that can but be alluded to.—May God in His mercy shield us from such horrors in England!”—Vol. ii. p. 225.

Let any artist imbued with these notions sit down to meditate upon the countenance which he would give to a “Virgin-Saint,” whose chief characteristic must be the virtue thus unchristianly denounced beaming from every feature. As to his attempting to depict the queen of Virgins, to set forth the lily, after he has scorned its whiteness, we defy him.

Furthermore, Protestantism presents no types of Christian art. It has destroyed the types of the past. It excludes as legendary all the most beautiful histories of the early saints: it has quenched all sympathy for the favourite themes of mediæval painting, the Fathers of the desert, St. Benedict, and the great monastic heroes, and still more the inspirer, and the maturer of art, and of its poetry, the glorious St. Francis of Assisium. And as to the present, it allows no communion with Saints in heaven, and consequently no interest in having their effigies before our eyes: no loving intercourse with blessed Spirits, and therefore no right to bring them visibly into action. All ecstasy, supernatural contemplation, vision, and rapturous prayer, with the only approach to heavenly expression that earth can give; all miracles and marvellous occurrences, with the store of incident which they supply, all mingling in any one scene of the living and the Blessed, the past and the present—in fine, all the poetry of art is coldly cut out, nay, strangled and quenched by the hard hand of protestantism.

And as to the living types which the Catholic Church supplies, where is Anglicanism to find them? The Catholic artist can unfold the most noble characters or scenes of the past, by representing them as they would be found now in the Church. He would put St. Cuthbert or St. Thomas in cope and mitre such as may be seen on any high festival in the Church of Birmingham or Oscott; he would place an angel by his side in the alb and cincture which any minister could wear in a church of London or Bristol, and clothe the attendant

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\* Vita, p. 43.



monks in habits still worn at Downside or in Charnwood Forest. All would be new and yet fully represent the old, as nobly and as perfectly as it can be done. Let an Anglican artist try to establish the same links, and observe the same truthfulness; let him endeavour thus, through the eye, to convince Protestant beholders, that these venerable personages are fully represented by their modern counterparts. Will he venture to vest the Anglo-Saxon bishop in lawn sleeves and wig, or the angel in a chorister's surplice, or the monks in the cap and gown of an University Proctor, or Head of a House?

We might further add that Protestantism lacks essentially all religious tenderness and affectionateness. It has no sympathies with the mysteries that touch the feelings. The crucifix is, to it, what it was in St. Paul's time dividedly to Jew and Gentile, both a stumbling-block and foolishness; the Mother of sevenfold grief is a superstition. Meditation on the infancy or passion of our Lord are not part of youthful training in its schools; it has not produced a tender writer on these subjects.

Now from all this, what are we to conclude? Not merely that Protestantism will never give reality to Lord Lindsay's day-dreams, on the revival of christian art in England, not merely that it is effete in regard to all artistic purposes, but that Christian art is a noble and a divine existence not to be commanded by patronage, not to be bought by wealth, not to be coaxed by flattery, not even to be wooed and won by genius. It must spring up, either like the Phoenix from the ashes of its great predecessors, and this it may do in Italy, or like the first light, by creation from the void of a preceding chaos. Protestantism has neither a smouldering spark nor a creative vigour to quicken it. But the Catholic Church has it everywhere, and therefore here. And this is our answer to our former queries. The time is come; and Catholic art is even now ready to spring into life. We are sure, we know it as a certainty, that there are at this moment in England, artists of the highest name and character ready to lend the powerful guidance of their abilities and experience, towards directing the formation of such a school. We know too, that there are not wanting youthful artists ready to constitute its body under such guidance; men full of confidence, because full of faith; enamoured of all that the Church teaches them to love as

well as to believe; admirers of all that is truly beautiful in ancient art and in living virtue; trained already, and skilled in the mechanism and material portion of their art; and what is more important than all, enured to the exclusively Catholic principle of self-devotion, self-dedication to what is fair, good, and holy, for its own sake. Here is all ready, the materials are compounded, only the quickening touch is wanted, and all will burst into life. Let it not be thought that we are basing our conclusions on vague data or uncertain conjecture; that our wishes are the only groundwork for our assertions. We have carefully weighed the whole matter, we have within reach all that we have reckoned on, we have every evidence that can promise certain results before us, and we are sure that the Catholic public is but little aware of the number of religious artists existing in the country, of their talents, of their zeal, and of their earnest desire to create and perpetuate a school of genuine religious art. Let only what we have written produce an echo in the Catholic mind; let us feel that the ground is secure under our feet; let us learn that a practical effort to produce and to show forth all that we have promised will be generously seconded and supported, and we will engage that what we have written shall not be a dead letter, but shall mark the era of the rise, or at least the planting, of a flourishing and fruitful Institution.

We have till now had occasion to speak of Lord Lindsay's work, more in the way of reprehension than of praise. We should be sorry, however, to dismiss it thus. It is, without exception, the most elaborate, the most intelligent, and the most complete work on Christian art which English literature contains. Lord Lindsay has travelled through Italy with the eye of a connoisseur, and the admiration of an enthusiast. He has traced, as far as possible, by his works, the history of each great master, followed his influence through the various schools, and endeavoured to make out the filiations and connections of these. Any one travelling into Italy, for artistic purposes, will find this work not merely a useful, but an indispensable companion. Besides the more serious faults which regard religion, and are painful to a Catholic reader, it has many lesser blemishes and mistakes, which a second edition will probably correct. We have not made any regular note of these, but a few examples may serve to direct the author's eye to others.



Vol. i. p. 33, S. Stefano in Rotondo is described as an ancient Baptistery; of which there is no evidence; in fact, it was originally an open portico, perhaps a public hall. Page 78, the mosaic on the triumphal arch of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, fortunately was not destroyed. It was taken down after the fire, and carefully repaired, to be again replaced. Page 86 (note), we are told that "of the intermediate Dedication" (Presentation) "of the Virgin (her ascent of the steps of the temple when a child) there certainly existed a traditional representation in the tenth and eleventh centuries, but it is very rare and of inferior merit, and was never, that I am aware of, copied by Italian artists." We are writing this almost at the foot of a painting, most probably by Giotto, representing this very subject. Page 89, the mosaic of our Lord's Baptism at Ravenna is said to be probably the original of the traditional representation of this subject. We can refer further back to the painting over an ancient font of living water in the Catacombs, out of the Porta Portese. Page 92 we have the two usual male figures, engaged in the Deposition from the Cross, described as "Joseph and Nathaniel." In vol. ii. p. 192, the same two persons are called "Nicodemus and Nathaniel." We need not observe that the second name in each enumeration is an error; and that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea should stand together in both places. Page 159, St. Nicholas of Myra and St. Nicholas of Bari are made two distinct persons, uncle and nephew. But the great Archbishop of the East is the same whose body now reposes at Bari, from which he consequently has taken his name.

These, however, are small inaccuracies, compared with one which pervades the work: the German theorizing spirit in which the author attempts to explain the characteristics of different schools, or of different epochs of art, by the greater prevalence of ethnographical influences, the disproportionate intermixture of given races. This is useless as it is fanciful; and in reading a work where one naturally looks for information, for principles, and occasionally for eloquent description or bursts of feeling, one is only annoyed, and almost disgusted, to find the Hindoo, or the Medo-Persian, or the Teutonic element of art brought in to account for results which can have no connection with any of them. Nay, this is carried so far, that we are gravely told that, to understand the reason

why the Greek Church turned their churches towards the East, and the Roman towards the West, "we should recollect that Byzantine was a Dorian city, that Roman civilization was of Ionian origin, and that the Dorians and Ionians, the types respectively of conservation and progression, entered their temples, the former from the West, the latter from the East—the former bending their eye for ever on the world they had left behind, the latter pressing eagerly forward in search of novelty and change." (vol. i. p. 19.) Surely this is but solemn trifling at the best.

We will now draw our remarks to a conclusion. We believe Lord Lindsay's work calculated to do much good; to awake thought, and to excite good desires, on the subject of christian art. Many passages, too, there are in it which will gratify every Catholic, from the candid testimony which they bear to the privileges, if not to the truths, of his religion. We will conclude with one extract, which will show his opinion respecting the ecclesiological movement in the Anglican Church.

"I much fear that Mr. Pugin is right—that it is 'as utterly impossible to square a Catholic building with the present rites as to mingle oil with water,'—that 'those who think merely to build chancels without reviving the ancient faith, will be miserably deceived in their expectation,'—'the study of ancient church architecture' (in such an exclusive spirit) 'is an admirable preparation for the old faith,'—and that 'if the present revival of Catholic antiquity is suffered to proceed much farther, it will be seen that either the Common Prayer or the ancient models must be abandoned.'—*Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, pp. 130, 137, &c. But what is the alternative? the meeting-house? By no means. The Church of England is neither Catholic nor Protestant—she does not with the Catholics exalt Imagination and repudiate Reason, nor with the Protestants exalt Reason and repudiate Imagination, but includes them both, harmoniously opposed, within her constitution, so as to preserve the balance of truth, and point out the true 'via media' between Superstition on the one hand, and Scepticism on the other, thus approximating (in degree) to the Ideal of human nature, Christ Incarnate, of whom the Church is the Body, and ought to be the Likeness and the Image. This, then, is the problem—England wants a new architecture, expressive of the epoch, of her Anglican faith, and of the human mind as balanced in her development, as heir of the past and trustee for the future—a modification it may be, of the Gothic, but not otherwise so than as the Gothic was a modification of the Lombard, the Lombard of the Byzantine and Roman, the Byzantine and Roman of the Classic



Greek, the Classic Greek of the Egyptian. We have a right to expect this from the importance of the epoch, and I see no reason why the Man to create it, the Buschetto of the nineteenth century, may not be among us at this moment, although we know it not."—Vol. ii. p. 29, note.

What chance is there for christian painting in the Church which has not yet raised fitting walls on which it can be executed?

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## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*The Statesmen of America in 1846.* By SARAH MYTTON MAURY. London, Longmans, 1847.

A WORK on America from a lady, full of admiration and of enthusiasm, is certainly a rarity. We have been so long accustomed to read nothing but abuse of the United States as regards their social condition, and our political relations have been so clouded by an appearance of rivalry and by the danger of collision, that our views of that great commonwealth, whose future prospects are indeed a mystery, have not generally worn a friendly aspect. Mrs. Maury has visited them at the moment when such feelings, if mutual, as they might be naturally supposed to be, would engender suspicion of a stranger, closeness and reserve. Mrs. Maury however seems neither to have apprehended, nor to have encountered, any such result. She threw herself with confidence, on the generous feelings of the American people, or their leaders, and she seems to have met with the reverse of disappointment. Nor, we are sure, will her friends in the other hemisphere find reason, in her book, to repent of their civility or even kindness to her. It is returned not in the language of formal acknowledgment, not as it would be by a traveller of the "Nil admirari" school, who thinks that every attention is his due, and that his satire or his sting are cheaply bought off by the homage of his intended victims, but by a hearty, sincere, warm-hearted admiration of American men and American things, which seems to embrace all in

its universality and its intensity. One particular feature of this new feeling will certainly strike every reader. Each and every statesman, great or small, with whom Mrs. Maury makes acquaintance, is a *gentleman*, in the highest sense of the word; endued with refinement of mind and polish of manners, adorned with every courtly grace, fitted to shine in any sphere of society however brilliant or however exalted. The phrase may be varied, the praise may be modified; but were any one to read this, as his first book on America, he would come to the inevitable conclusion, that its Government and Senate are composed of a galaxy of elegant and highly finished courtiers, such as the *Salle des Maréchaux*, or the gardens of Versailles never collected together. We do not wish to challenge the truth of our lady-traveller's statements: perhaps she has excluded from her portrait gallery the many who were not worthy of her richly-carved frames; probably her own frank, and confiding, and warm address thawed and melted in every one that took her fancy, his republican coldness and official *hauteur*; certainly she is the person to have often seen others, in their image reflected on herself, rather than in their realities, as she would have great public characters to be, rather than as they truly are.

But be it as it may, we are not disposed to quarrel with one who looks at men and things with the milk of kindness, rather than in the gall of bitterness. Of the latter we have unhappily too much in this cynical age, of the former but little. And certainly there is one sketch, more of a full length portrait than any of the others, to the truth of which we can speak. There is indeed a dash of warmth thrown into the colouring, that belongs to the enthusiasm of character which we have imputed to the artist; but the features, the expression, the life, we will answer for as true. We allude to the memoir of the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of New York. What interests us, however, in this biography, is the frank and uncompromising avowal made by Mrs. Maury, of her opinions respecting religion in America. Every writer almost, on the subject, has borne testimony to the wonderful and steady progress of the Catholic Faith in that country, but Mrs. Maury goes further. She maintains its necessity for the United States, she considers it as the only safeguard, the sole hope, the exclusive chance of salvation from ruin, for the democracy



of the union. Our readers, we feel certain, will excuse our presenting them with a long extract on this subject.

*“The Bishop is the greatest temporal Prince in America, and he is the greatest spiritual Prince in the world. And his reign is more immutable than that of Kings and Presidents, because it is not merely an earthly, but a heavenly bond that unites him to his flock; Kings rule by inheritance, and Presidents by election; but this man rules alone through the mighty influences of Religion. And marvellous are its effects, not only upon the people committed to his charge, but on those also whose religious and political prejudices have been and are arrayed against them. The discipline of the Catholic Church, fortified by experience, sanctioned by time, justified by its results, does even now exert its guardian influences upon the moral character of the American people. As education proceeds in its glorious mission, this long persecuted, much enduring faith, is gradually restored to its honours and to its privileges of usefulness.*

*“The dearest and warmest friends of the Republic look with fear and trembling on her sectional divisions, her party jealousies; upon the various and conflicting interests which are enclosed within her bosom; upon the strange and anomalous divisions, sub-divisions, and minor sub-divisions of her interminable and contending religious denominations; and with greater apprehension still upon the varieties of national character and feeling which are daily becoming more strongly marked in feature, and which require more urgently every hour some amalgamating influence of higher origin, of more harmonizing tendency than the civil or the legal code. The equality enjoyed, and the freedom exercised by every individual of the United States in the choice of their religion, moral views, commercial enterprises, habits, manners, and society, is their birth-right;—and were men angels, or still lived in the blessed ignorance of evil that was the lot of our first parents in Paradise;—then, indeed this freedom would be as heavenly in its effects as in its origin. But Man, Alas! is still apparelled in his coil of clay;—he is born in sin, and a child of wrath, and his very virtues themselves are embued with a taint of the earth from which his mortal body was compounded; his ardour becomes ambition, his hope grows into confidence, his repentance sinks into despair, his wisdom is folly, his liberty licentiousness; and since the commission of that pristine sin which “first brought death into the world, and all our woe,” he who was created in the similitude of God, pursues his weary footsteps begirt with woe, deformed with vice, a frail and darkened image.*

*“The Gospel of Christ indeed sheds on us all its hallowed rays;—but the experience of all ages has shown that even the Gospel, the inspired word of God himself, must be moulded into a tangible form to be available in its effects on our degraded nature; that be-*

lievers must practise certain preconcerted external modes of worship extracted from its promulgations, and must unite in one universally acknowledged Confession of Faith, in order to establish and perpetuate religious observances among men. The primitive Christians, guided by that light from Heaven, which like the Star in the East upon the path of the expectant Shepherds, shone upon their fond inquiries, elicited from the NEW TESTAMENT, the precious Legacy which they had received from Christ and his Apostles, those forms and habitudes of prayer which in after and happier years were ratified by the Fathers, and confirmed by the Councils of the Church.

“THESE ARE THE FORMS AND HABITUDES WHICH CONSTITUTE THE CREED AND WORSHIP; OR, IN OTHER WORDS, THE RITUAL OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

“Modified in after ages by accidental causes, sometimes in honour, sometimes in dishonour, sometimes in wisdom, sometimes in folly, these forms have, notwithstanding, been the true, essential, and unchangeable canons on which all other denominations have reared their faith; and it is somewhat curious that the nearer these recusant denominations approach to the Roman Catholic ordinances, whether of Creed or form, the more exalted are the claims they put forth to Orthodoxy. But vain is the assumption, and false the claim; there is no stronger, more impregnable point in Orthodoxy, than UNITY—and it is precisely this Unity which is the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Catholic Church;—it is this Unity, in all her attributes, that has not only enabled her to be the mightiest, most extended, and most apostolic of Christian Communities, but it has carried her through centuries of sorrow with unrepining patience and submission. *Her ministers have endured the Cross, despising the shame;*—it is this Unity which creates the attachment of her disciples to her Faith;—her Priests teach as men having authority; they preach the Gospel assisted by the light of tradition; they study and they know; it is, moreover, her Unity, that quickening spirit which has at length enabled her to cast off her sackcloth and ashes, to put on the whole Armour of Light, and in a new hemisphere the gift of her disciples to the elder world, to arise in Glory and in Majesty;—universal, spiritual, and incorruptible.

“But of all the consequences which result from the UNITY of the Church, the most important, the most needful in the existing state of society, is the DISCIPLINE of the heart of man; the reduction of his nature to the laws of *Heaven* and of *Humanity*. It is of this Discipline and its Effects that I would briefly speak.

“I have alluded above to the apprehensions entertained by many of the best and wisest citizens of America with regard to the various intersectional causes which may estrange her people from each



other, springing, as they do, in countless multitudes from North, and South, and East, and West. The impending result is *alienation or disruption*. Where then is the Union? I have also remarked upon the privileges exercised alike in common by the young and by the aged, by the learned and by the ignorant, by the high and by the low; by the master and his servant, by the teacher and the pupil—by the parent and the child; equal terms exist between all these unequal relations of life; and the natural consequence is *insubordination*. Where then is prosperity; where is peace, or the rational liberty and protection of the citizen? And I have commented upon the extraordinary spectacle presented by the religious denominations in America, and the dramatic aspects they present in their zealous efforts, each to emblazon *majority* upon their banner. They are separated into invisible fractions. ‘As a house divided against itself must fall,’ so these various creeds must be extinguished by their own ambitious and restless aspirations. And the effect must be their gradual *extermination*. What then becomes of Religion?

“From these momentous causes the difficulties to be anticipated are many and manifest; they need not be enlarged upon.

“And where is the remedy? not in the Institutions of a Democracy; in them is the origin of the evil; not in parental authority, —the youth of America is impatient of restraint; not in self correction, —the masses any where rarely practise it; not in the mechanical instruction of the schools,—they o’er inform the *mind*, and leave the *spirit* in its ignorance; not in the abridgment of Liberty, either public or private—God forbid! — — — — — And looking round in anxious and enquiring solicitude, for dear, unutterably dear to me is that America where my children’s children will be reared, I behold, with grateful heart, provision made by the Supreme Regulator of human things against these ripening dangers; dangers which the mind dares scarcely pause to look upon. A scheme of infinite Mercy has been divulged and committed to the wisdom and energy of appointed Messengers to be fulfilled. THE CLERGY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF EUROPE, THE HEIRS OF THE FIRST PILGRIMS OF THE CROSS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, SEEK THEIR INHERITANCE; they rest their claims upon the Gospel which they preach, upon the services which they render, and the examples which they give; taking neither purse nor scrip across the ocean, they carry with them the inestimable boon which maketh men wise unto Salvation. They have laid the foundation stone of real education; education of the heart; the formation of character; *without which liberty is licentiousness*; and compared to which the mere accomplishments of the mind and fingers are airy nothings, unsubstantial in possession and useless in application. In the numerous and crowded Catholic Schools of the United States are taught the exercise of prayer, the practice of morality, the laws of obedience and responsibility; and self sacrifice and

moral and spiritual humility, and good works as well as *saving faith*, and charity, and brotherly love, and tolerance; and here the strong hand of DISCIPLINE is felt and respected. Many well judging persons of different religious persuasions have assured me that the only really *useful* and *corrective* education is that of the Catholic Schools and Colleges. So far as I have known, these Seminaries are crowded not only with pupils of their own Creed, but with those of all other Sects. And I have high official authority for saying that the Ministers and Missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church are at this moment doing more good for the cause of virtue and morality, throughout the whole continent of America, than those of any other religious denomination whatever.

"*The Constitution provides that no religious sect shall be incorporated with the Government.* This wise and wholesome prohibition can never be infringed;—every American heart would rebel, every American hand would be raised at so foul a usurpation. The Union of Church and State, unnatural in all governments, would be monstrous in a Republic, and must, of necessity, end in the corruption of both, and the destruction of one. In such an event, the weaker must yield to the stronger, the Church to the State, and any Church in America, by seeking aggrandizement in wealth or political power, would shortly and inevitably discover that it had drawn upon itself hopeless and endless ruin. It is the general opinion among the enlightened Catholic Clergy that the greatest trial the Church has ever endured has been its union with the State; and they regard its emancipation from such an alliance as the most certain assurance of its future rapid increase, and permanent establishment. Excess of wealth, excess of power, corrupt the Church as they do mundane Communities.

"But the professors of the Catholic Religion in America, are too wise, too well instructed in the history of past ages, and too observant of the present aspect of both hemispheres of the world, to be still ignorant that all forms of Religious Administration must be engrafted upon national character; that they must reflect the civil institutions of a country, *so far as the laws of God permit*, and not oppose or rival them—that their ministers must teach submission; not usurp power. And it is the most extraordinary feature of this wonderful Religion that it is adapted to all Governments, all nations, all periods, all climates, all characters; with their vicissitudes and their attributes. In Europe, both Monarchies and Republics have professed its Creed; and in America, the purest of Democracies is gradually recognizing its perfections.

"The Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States seek not endowment; they love their independence; they seek not power; they prize their purity; they seek not sinecures; they value their high prerogative of usefulness. And thus as saintly men do they pursue their steady way, void of offence before God and Man, approved on earth, and registered in Heaven.



"I am an Episcopalian, or Protestant of the Church of England, by my profession of religious Faith—in this Creed was I born, in this Creed was I baptized, confirmed, and married; and in this Creed I hope to die; it is the prevailing worship of my country; for nineteen years I have knelt by my husband's side at the same Altar; its excellent and indefatigable Minister,\* is our neighbour, friend, and relative; one by one our children have been presented at its sacred font; year by year our sympathies have strengthened, and our trust has been confirmed in its rites and promises; and I can suppose no circumstance to which its principles and its ceremonies may not to me be all sufficient. But I am not, cannot be blinded to the many excellencies of the Catholic Church; and especially as its Institutions regard America; they are, beyond comparison, the best adapted to curb the passions of a young, a fierce, impetuous, intelligent, generous and high minded Democracy;†—to protect the Religion of a Republic from annihilation; to subdue the struggling and discordant interests of an immense Territory into harmony, and to enchain the sympathies of a whole people in one magnificent scheme of morality and devotion. 'They shall be one fold under one Shepherd.'

"The Institutions besides, of this Church, are themselves based upon that very *equality* which their *discipline* so efficiently modifies. There is one common law, and one alone, for all—in the words of the Old Testament, so admirably adapted to the description of the Catholic Faith;—'Here the wicked cease from troubling; and here the weary are at rest; here the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.' These words cannot be said to the same extent of any other Church whatever.

"The celibacy of the Catholic Clergy (a matter about which all this busy gossiping world concerns itself infinitely more than they do themselves,) is another great advantage in the wilds of this great continent, and in her populous cities. No domestic or personal anxieties distract or lead them from their flock; '*Dès qu'un Prêtre se marie, il n'est plus Prêtre?*'‡ observed the Marquis de Talaru, to me one day, upon the Mississippi. And I frequently experienced the truth of the remark.

"I yield this tribute of just and high commendation to the professors of this faith with pleasure mingled with pain; for I owe them much excuse;—I blush for my former weak and contemptible intolerance. I was reared in the vulgar prejudices of ignorance against Catholic teachers and their disciples: in England, I knew

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\* The Rev. John Tobin, of Liscard, in Cheshire.

† "And of that Democracy I am the proud adherent, the faithful advocate, and the devoted admirer."

‡ "As soon as a Priest marries, he is no longer a Priest."

them not;—sought them not;—loved them not; but among the many benefits derived from my visit to America, has been that one of exceeding value, the acquaintance and friendship of the excellent and enlightened Bishop of New York, who holds so high a place in his adopted country.”\*—pp. 483—496.

II.—*A Manual of British and Irish History.* By the REV. THOMAS FLANAGAN, Professor at St. Mary's College, Oscott. 1 vol. royal 12mo. Published by Jones, Paternoster Row, London; and by Wrightson and Webb, New Street, Birmingham. 1847.

ANOTHER history of England! will perhaps be the exclamation of the reader, as he sees the announcement of the *Manual of British and Irish History*. If, however, he has been accustomed to the studies, and still more if he has been engaged in teaching in any place of Catholic education connected with the London University, he will hardly need to turn to the preface of the *Manual*, to be reminded that, notwithstanding the many histories that have already been written, something more was required; a history was wanting far shorter indeed than that of Lingard, yet at once sufficiently ample and sufficiently critical, to correspond with the enquiring spirit of the present day.

We are far from wishing to depreciate the histories that have been so long in the hands of Catholic youth; yet we think that these histories, however valuable as introductions for the young, are but imperfectly suited to the exigencies of the middle of the nineteenth century. Twenty or thirty years of close investigation into the sources of history has not passed in vain, indeed, has produced almost incredible results. It would then be astonishing, if

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\* “I had a favour to ask from him on the behalf of a friend, and called upon him, simply introducing myself as the friend of Dr. Lingard, the Historian of England. It was a matter of the highest gratification to me to find the name of this revered and gifted person as widely known, and his talents and character as highly appreciated in America as they are in England. I have described his person, way of life, and manners, to numerous readers and admirers of his Works throughout my travels; on the noble St. Lawrence, on the lovely Lake of the Hurons, on the beloved Mississippi, in Canada, throughout the United States, (even in Connecticut,) the Americans, with their free and independent habit of praising merit, all ascribe honour to Dr. Lingard.”



works published more than a quarter of a century ago, could be on a level with the present stage of historical knowledge.

It might, therefore, have been supposed, without recurring to the experience of our colleges, that some work, an intermediate step between Lingard and Mylius, was still wanting. Such a want, we trust, has at length been supplied; but upon this topic the limits of the present number forbid us to enter, a more extended notice must be deferred to a future article.

The Manual under review is so compressed, as to contain fully as much matter as three ordinary octavo volumes. Although it contains 970 pages of clear type, it is very far from being a ponderous book, the paper being of such a quality as to combine great thinness with toughness and durability. The work is enriched with fifty wood engravings, five copper-plate maps, and many useful tables. The engravings illustrate the arms, dress, and architecture of the respective periods. The maps represent the kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, with a view of the territories of the Danish or Scandinavian tribes; the French possessions that owned the sway of Henry II; the vast dominions of Britain in Indostan and America, and the British Isles. The tables are of three classes, statistical, genealogical, and chronological; the last serving, at the same time, as a general index.

The work is prefaced with a literary introduction, or an account of the chief sources of British and Irish history, and is "dedicated by permission" to Dr. Lingard. To these brief observations, we will only add that at the recent exhibition at St. Mary's College, Oscott, Dr. Wiseman gave the only copy of the Manual that was then completed, as a prize to one of the students, with the observation, that his only object in so doing, was to give a public testimony of his approbation of the work.

III.—*Manual for Confirmation.* By the Hon. Mrs. H. WELD. Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

A BOOK of this kind was wanted for Catholic children, to assist them in their preparation for confirmation; at least, we are not aware of any which exactly answered the purpose—a book which should be something more than a mere development of the elementary instruction which

they have already learned in the first catechism—which should be simple, and yet meditative and devout. The present work is very complete; it contains excellent short meditations upon the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, thanksgivings, and reflections after confirmation, some good instruction, and abundance of suitable litanies and prayers.

IV.—*The Life and Times of the Roman Patrician Alexis, to which is annexed an account of the Mission founded in Kentish Town, by the Rev. Hardinge Ivers; and a notice of the late disgraceful attempt at Religious Persecution. Inscribed to Pius IX., the Hon. G. S. Smythe, and the New Generation.* By MILES GERALD KEON. Thomas Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby.

WE have given the title page at full length, for there is something stilted and flashy about it, entirely characteristic of the book. This “brilliant effusion from the eloquent pen of Mr. Keon,” (to borrow the words of the Rev. Mr. Ivers,) is divided into two parts; the first fifty pages are devoted to the “Times” and to the “Life and Death of the Patrician,” or in other words of St. Alexis. They ought to contain a world of learning, for a list is given of thirty-one erudite works which have been consulted in their composition; we certainly looked only at the result, which is a dashing sort of narrative, written with much spirit, and in a style rather too romantic for the subject. We have next a glowing eulogy on the Rev. Mr. Ivers, and an account of the establishment and prosperity of the Mission of St. Alexis in Kentish Town, every word of which will be gratifying to Catholic readers; and with which the book might well have concluded, for we cannot think that the “persecutions” justify the heat and vehemence with which they are recorded. The only distinct act we can find out, is that some charge having been brought against Mr. Ivers, a warrant was obtained against him at so late an hour, that he could not find bail, and he consequently spent the night in confinement. This was unquestionably an act of great, but probably of private, malevolence.

The next thing which excites Mr. Keon’s indignation is, that the Protestant clergyman denied that the Blessed Sacrament had been carried in procession, and with lights; he was clearly wrong, and ought to have been better informed before venturing the contradiction: but there



was not, we think, any great harm done. The great grievance of all, however, is one to which many a clergyman has been subjected, and which arose from Catholics, some of whom were "mean enough to hint" that the new Mission might injure those of Somer's Town and Hampstead. Our author's denunciations upon this became so furious, that he found it expedient to explain that the charge did not apply to the clergy of those Missions, and to fix it at last upon those unhappy scapegoats of society, a "circle of old women." Poor old ladies! we should think they must have been far more alarmed than alarming. These, so far as we can make out, have been "the last efforts at religious persecution which the nineteenth century, we trust, will ever witness." (p. 84.) We trust they may be the most mischievous, and shall in that case consider the nineteenth century exceedingly well off.

V.—*Language, in Relation to Commerce, Missions, and Government; England's Ascendency and the World's Destiny.* By EIS ECLECTIKWN. Manchester, Burgess and Co., 1846.

THIS little tract is a spirited and eloquent recommendation to "Merchants, Statesmen, and Philanthropists," to use their ascendancy to make the English the "common language" of our dependencies, and eventually the universal vehicle of thought, "wherever free trade and Christianity prevail;" if this latter part of the project should be considered as Utopian, we at least fully concur in the author's views respecting our own dependencies, India especially, and see the full advantages (which he has put forward very forcibly,) of elevating the minds of our Indian subjects, and securing their sympathy with us and their concurrence in our rule, by teaching them our language, and through it, opening to them all the treasures we possess of learning and civilization. Success then to the Anglo-Hindoo College at Calcutta, "in which it is sought to impart an English education of a high description;" may such institutions be multiplied, especially if it should appear that the English language is indeed the best means of introducing Christianity; that it will serve most effectually to break down the prejudices of Hindooism there can be little doubt. "The editor of the Enquirer," a native paper in Bengal, who was once a Brahmin, is now a Christian, and received his English education at the

Hindoo College, has put on record his testimony in the clearest terms.

“The Hindoo College, under the patronage of Government, has, as indeed it *must* have, destroyed many a native’s belief in Hindooism. How could a boy continue to worship the Sun, when he understood that this luminary was not a divinity, (devatah,) but a mass of inanimate matter? How could he believe in the injunctions of such masters as taught him lessons contrary to the principles inculcated by his lecturer in natural philosophy? The consequence was that Hindooism was battered down. No missionary ever taught *us*, for instance, to forsake the religion of our Fathers. It was Government that did us this service.”

Another newspaper, the “Reformer,” edited also by a native, speaks of the Hindoo College in the following strain:

“Has it not been the fountain of a new race of men amongst us? From that institution, as from the rock from whence the mighty Ganges takes its rise, a nation is flowing in upon this desert country, to replenish its withered fields with the living waters of knowledge.”—p. 20.

We can add nothing to this, except the prayer that beside these “waters of knowledge,” may grow the divine “Tree of Life.”

VI.—*Louisa, or the Virtuous Villager.* A Catholic Tale. Translated from the French for the use of Catholic Schools. Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

THIS is a reprint of a little work which has long been appreciated by the Catholic public. We are glad to have an opportunity of making it still better known, for it is a useful and amusing addition to the library of young people; indeed, at any age it may be read with edification. If we were to find any fault, it would be in a certain hard and stern tone of morality, bordering upon what we have heard described as “Puritanical Catholicism,” and which we certainly object to. It may be said, that it is not easy to draw a line, and that this is a fault on the right side; but we cannot be sure of that,—the conscience of the young is like the rest of their organization; it may be *too* heavily pressed upon, *too* constantly called into exertion; and the mischief is great indeed where this is the case. We are, however, rather intending a general



reflection than any grave censure upon the book, which contains a great deal of incident and a great deal of excellent instruction. Louisa escapes (not altogether unscathed) from the temptations of dances, visits to the patron saint, and other dangers, and leads an exemplary life through all the difficulties and trials of a laborious villager's life.

VII.—*The Twelve Virtues of a Good Master.* From the French of M. DE LA SALLE, Institutor of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and M. AGATHON, Superior General of the same Order. By FRANCIS M. FETHERSTON, Esq. Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

GRAVITY, Silence, Humility, Prudence, Wisdom, Patience, Discretion, Meekness, Zeal, Vigilance, Piety, Generosity: these—no less than these—are the virtues of a Good Master, the qualifications necessary for every man who undertakes to educate children; more especially the children of the poor, whom he must reclaim from vice and ignorance—whose intellect he must open to future information—whose hearts he must (with reverence be it spoken) prepare and cultivate for the fructification of divine grace. Such at least is the opinion of the blessed M. de la Salle, and of the Superior General of his inestimable Order. It is an awful consideration; true it is, that there are many who have been formed in this school, those holy men whom we now and then turn to look after with reverence as they move beside immense processions of young boys, obedient to a look, a word, the slightest gesture of these venerable masters. But what contrasts to these men may be found amongst Catholic schoolmasters! how great is the responsibility of many of these men, and of those by whom they are appointed! We could wish that this little work were in every one's hands; it must open new views of education to many; all might obtain valuable hints upon the subject, and a sense of the great qualities necessary to form a good schoolmaster, and of his inestimable value when found.

VIII.—*Moral and Religious Epistles.* By the REV. JAMES WILLS, A. M. &c. &c. Dublin, Curry, 1846.

FOR a book of poetry, it would not be easy to devise a less attractive title than the above;—it would seem to con-

vey a certain promise of dulness, prosiness, and mediocrity. But, if the reader be not easily daunted by a title, he will find his courage or curiosity amply repaid by the perusal of Mr. Wills's volume. It is perfectly free from what we are in the habit of considering the dulness inseparable from a "Moral and Religious Essay;" and it will go far to redeem the "Poetical Epistle" from its hereditary character for vapidness and inanity. Indeed, though the versification in a few instances is careless and irregular, it contains more of genuine poetry, and what is now-a-days more rare, of profoundly religious poetical feeling, than would reconcile us even to a far more uninteresting form than that in which it is conveyed.

The Epistles, as we learn from the preface, were prepared for the press, and indeed were actually in type, at the time of the publication of Mr. Wills's former volume, already noticed in this journal; but, by the advice of his publisher, he deferred their publication till the present time, and he has added to them several shorter lyrical pieces, which, however, are likewise of a purely religious character. The Epistles are four in number. The first, though not the longest, is in many respects the most interesting. The subject, "The Contemplation of the Heavens," is one which affords full scope for the writer's fancy as well as for his loftier powers; and although the lines directly addressed to his correspondent are somewhat common-place, it contains passages which we have seldom seen surpassed for sublimity and power.

The limits of a notice like the present, preclude the possibility of doing justice to this interesting poem, by any extracts which would adequately represent it. It will be more satisfactory, therefore, to select one of the shorter odes, several of which are extremely beautiful. We choose, almost at random, the following paraphrase of the 136th, (in the authorised version 137th) Psalm.

"By Babel's rueful stream we sat,  
And wept, remembering thee,  
O Sion! in our fallen estate,—  
Our sad captivity.  
Where the pale osiers edged the deep,  
Our harps hung mutely bound;  
No tuneful murmur broke the sleep  
Of all their sacred sound.



“The oppressor came, and bade us break  
 The silence sad and still ;  
 They asked for mirth, and bade us wake  
 The songs of Sion’s hill.  
 Sternly we heard the proud command—  
 O could we sing for them  
 The Lord’s song in a distant land  
 From thee, Jerusalem !

“Jerusalem ! not yet, not yet  
 Art thou forgotten so ;  
 Its cunning may my hand forget  
 Ere I thy love forego.  
 Yet but a moment—in his wrath  
 The Lord averts his look ;  
 But still our woes and tears he hath  
 All numbered in his book.

“Sleep, harp of Sion !—sleep in power,  
 Until thy waking tell  
 The dawn of retribution’s hour—  
 The day of Israel.  
 As shades o’er you, swift waters, go,  
 Our clouds are flitting o’er ;  
 And song from Sion’s hill shall flow  
 When Babylon is no more !”—pp. 103-4.

We hardly thought it possible to throw the charm of novelty over this beautiful yet hackneyed and familiar subject ; but we think Mr. Wills’s paraphrase will bear comparison with any of those who have dealt with the subject before him.

The lines “On the Death of an Infant,” though in a different strain, are yet exceedingly tender and beautiful ; and we regret extremely that it is not in our power to transcribe this, and a kindred piece entitled “Emblems.” We must content ourselves with a general commendation of the volume. For those who have read his “Dramatic Sketches,” the recommendation will hardly be necessary.

IX.—*Chemistry of the Four Seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. An Essay.* By THOMAS GRIFFITHS, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, &c. &c. 8vo. London, Churchill, 1846.

THE researches of recent experimentalists in animal and vegetable chemistry, though the data which they supply

are still far from being complete and satisfactory, yet have led to very important practical results. The discoveries in physiology and in agricultural science to which they have opened the way, have already introduced many a useful revolution in both departments; and in order to perfect what has been begun, it only remains for practical men to extend and apply the principles according to the various circumstances which may arise.

The volume now before us, however, is not of a practical character. It is a popular explanation, by the application of the science of chemistry, of the simple though seemingly mysterious operations, by which nature produces the phenomena of the several seasons—the germination and development of plants, the formation of flowers and seeds, the chemical changes by which these operations are affected, the principles which are brought into action, heat, electricity, moisture, &c., and the principles, special as well as general, by which their action is regulated. It is needless to say a word upon the engrossing interest of such a subject; indeed, we know no more attractive course of popular study, than the application of these principles to the every-day operations of nature. We are already in possession of several most interesting and valuable books upon the natural history and phenomena of the seasons, among which we would specially name Duncan's delightful volumes on the "*Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*." But none of these had taken the precise line which Mr. Griffiths has chosen; and in a subject so large, it is hardly necessary to say, that a subdivision of matter will tend greatly to facilitate and improve the study.

Of the manner in which the author has executed his task, we cannot speak too highly. His essay is simple, orderly, accurate, and solid; while the style is so familiar, and the expositions so popular and so lucid, that even the youngest and least practical student will have no difficulty in following him even through his most complex explanations.

We should add, that the work is illustrated by numerous experiments; and in all cases, the directions for the preparation, manipulation, &c., are so plain and simple, that the merest tyro will be able to reduce them securely and successfully to practice.



X.—1. *Tales for the Young.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. London, Burns, 1847.

2.—*Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles.* London, Burns, 1847.

IF the young generation of the present day do not grow up superior in wisdom, knowledge, refinement, and intelligence, we shall lose our faith in the perfectibility of the human race. At all events, if they fail to realize this expectation, the blame of the failure must not lie with those who have purveyed so liberally, and indeed so prodigally, for their improvement.

Among the friends of the young reader, we know none to whom a greater debt of gratitude is due, than Mr. Burns, the publisher of the beautiful little volumes before us. He is not only one of those far-seeing and enterprising men, who have discovered that literature, like every other material of commerce, must be made accessible to the multitude, if the producer would hope to realize the best profit from its production; but he deserves the still higher praise of having lent all his energies for the diffusion of literature, for the sake of literature itself. Labouring in the same great cause to which the Messrs. Chambers, Mr. Charles Knight, and other kindred spirits in "the trade" have devoted their lives, he has chosen for himself a peculiar department in which he laboured, the first, and indeed for a time almost alone. We need hardly name "The Fireside Library," "The Home Library," "The Cabinet Library for Youth," &c. &c., in order to justify all and much more than we have said; and yet these are but the most recent fruits of a zeal and energy which had for years been directed in the same track, at a time when cheap literature was thought of only to be ridiculed as a fond and foolish dream.

In expressing thus sincerely our sense of the merit due to this enterprising, and we believe, most successful publisher, we must not be understood, of course, to convey an unqualified approval of all that he has published, or even of all that is contained in the different series enumerated above. On the contrary, there are some of the volumes of the "Fireside Library," which in a literary point of view, are unworthy of a place in a series, the merit of which, generally speaking, is so high; but the number of these is small in comparison with the excellent and most interesting

volumes which are comprised in the collection; and even those which are thus deficient, (being, in almost every instance, translations from a foreign language,) are at least useful as specimens of the literature to which they belong.

The volumes before us will need no lengthened criticism. If beautiful typography and exquisite illustrations can make reading interesting and attractive to youth, these little books cannot fail to find readers in abundance. The tales of the well-known Danish writer Andersen, are just of that class of imaginative writings, which stimulate at once the wonder, the affections, and the understanding of the youthful reader. We shall best commend them to notice by transcribing one of the tales, the first in order. It is entitled "The Buckwheat."

"Often, in passing by a field of buckwheat after a thunder-storm, we see it all look black and drooping; we might almost think a flame of fire had swept over it; and it is then that the farmer is used to say: 'Ah, the lightning has done all that to it!'

"'But why has the lightning done all this?' will be asked perhaps by some solitary traveller, who seeks for a natural cause, or, at least, a simple reason for all that nature does. I will now tell you what the house-sparrow told me about it. The house-sparrow had it from an old willow-tree that once stood, and indeed is now standing, close by just such a field of buck-wheat. It is a large, grave willow-tree, gnarled, and rich in years, that seems to have burst in the middle, and from whose gaping clefts grow the grass and the bramble, and seem quite at home there. Its trunk bends over very much, as if it wanted a prop; and its branches hang down to the ground like long green hair.

"Over all the fields about grew beautiful grain—rye, and barley, and oats: yes, the pretty oats, which, when they are quite ripe, look just like a flight of little canary-birds on a bough. The growth of the corn had been blessed; and the heavier it was, the more humbly the good plant bowed its lowly head.

"But there was a field of buck-wheat too, and this field stretched itself out on one side till it reached the old willow-tree. The buck-wheat did not bow its head at all like the other kinds of corn, but towered up in the air as proudly and stiffly as it could.

"'I am as rich as the greatest of these,' it said, 'and much prettier too; my flowers are as beautiful as the rosy-apple blossom, and a delightful treat it is to look at me and my companions. Do you know of anything more beautiful, more noble, or, in short, any thing that can vie with us, you old, dreamy willow-tree?'

"And the mouldering stem nodded its mossy head, as if to say, 'Oh, yes, indeed, that I do!' But the buck-wheat tossed up its



head in pure disdain, and said: "The foolish tree! he is so old, that grass and weeds are creeping out of his body."

"In the meanwhile a very heavy storm came on. All the flowers of the field folded their leaves together, or modestly bowed their tender little heads to the ground, whilst the wind whistled over them. The buck-wheat was the only one that stood saucily erect in its pride.

"'Bend down as we do,' whispered the other kind flowers.

"'What need have I to do that?' said the buck-wheat, who would not easily be taught.

"'Bend down as we do,' cried the corn; 'the angel of the storm is coming; he has wings that reach from the highest cloud to the bottom of the lowliest vale, and he will dash you down before you can ask him to have pity on you.'

"'Once for all, I will not make so little of myself,' answered the buck-wheat.

"'Shut up your flowers, and draw in your leaves,' said the cautious old willow-tree. 'Look not up at the lightning when the cloud opens; even man dare not do so; for when it lightens, they can see quite into heaven, though the light strikes them blind. What, then, would not befall us, herbs of the field, if we, in our littleness, dared to do so?'

"'In our littleness!' echoed the buck-wheat, mockingly. 'No, indeed! I will look straight through into heaven.'

"And he did so in his guilty pride. It lightened so brightly that the whole world seemed to be in flames. As soon as the storm had raged its last, the flowers and the corn were seen standing in the still, pure air, refreshed by the rain, and happy as the spring. But the buck-wheat—the poor buck-wheat!—had been burnt black as a coal in the lightning. It was nothing more now than dead, useless weed of the field.

"And the old willow waved his branches in the wind, and large drops of water fell from the green leaves as if the tree were weeping. And the sparrows said: 'Why do you weep? It is so beautiful here. Look how the sun is shining, and the clouds sailing along. Do you not breathe the sweet scent of the flowers and the bushes? Why do you weep, then, you old willow-tree?'

"And the willow-tree told of the pride and the haughtiness of the buck-wheat, and of the punishment which, sooner or later, always follows upon crimes. I, who now tell this story over again, had it from the chattering sparrows. They twittered it to me one evening when I asked them for some pretty tale."—pp. 1-5

If all "children's tales" were as this one, we would gladly remain children all our lives.

XI.—1. *Confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the Conversion of Sinners.* Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

2.—*Little Office in honour of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary; to which is annexed the Devotion of the Six Sundays to St. Aloysius.* A new edition, revised and corrected by the Reverend THOMAS GRIMLEY. Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

3.—*A Novena for the Holy Season of Advent, by way of preparation for the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; consisting of Prophecies, Anthems, &c., gathered from the Roman Missal and Breviary, set to Gregorian Chants, with an English Translation.* Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

THE first of these little works contains a short account of the institution of the “Confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary,” its rules, and the forms of admission. If we may judge by what we have known ourselves of the great irregularity with which English Catholics take up and lay down these devotions at their pleasure, losing thereby all notion of a *Society*, we should think it would be useful.

The two others are excellent devotions to our Blessed Lady. It is a very good idea to make the prayers and offices of the Breviary more accessible by giving them in this popular form, and with translations; and we think it would have been more completely followed out, if the Gregorian chants could have been rendered into modern music, that all might have joined in singing those glorious anthems, “O Sapientia,” “O Adonai,” and the rest; the mere indications of which in our Directories we welcome with joy, and dwell upon as if the very sound of the words conveyed poetry. The hymns in the little office are well chosen and translated, but we cannot altogether like the litany of the immaculate conception; the titles addressed to our Blessed Lady, of “Strength of Martyrs,” “Virtue of Confessors,” “Purity of Virgins,” “Sanctity of all Christians,” are displeasing to us; we would not controvert the point, being well aware not only that they *must* be, and *are* intended in a proper sense, but how with a little ingenuity this might be made apparent. Still they might prove a stumbling-block even to those reasonable and liberal minded objectors who ought not to be scandalized, and we think there are even Catholics who will



agree with us that the words create a confusion of ideas which is unpleasant.

XII.—*The Virtuous Scholar, or Edifying Life of a Student.* Translated from the French. Richardson and Son : London, Dublin, and Derby.

WE most heartily recommend to all schools and to all young persons the life of this youthful saint ; who was the delight and glory of his college during his short life, and died at sixteen. Nothing can be sweeter than the fervour of his youthful piety ; but it was so simple, so well directed, and so applicable to his state of life, that the most cautious parent might recommend his life for imitation to their children without any qualification. The list of “ Good Resolutions,” which young Decalogne drew up for himself after his first communion, are excellently practical, as well as pious, being the result of the boy’s own experience and sense of what conduced to his improvement ; and, with the comments made upon them by his director, cannot fail to be useful to many young minds aspiring to walk in the same happy path.

XIII.—*Address to the Friends of the Cross.* Translated from the French of the Venerable Servant of God, LEWIS MARY GRIGNON DE MONTFORT. Richardson and Son : London, Dublin, and Derby.

THE original of this “ Address ” appears to have been a sermon ; at least it has all the characteristics of French pulpit eloquence, being, in fact, a vehement and impassioned harangue, an urgent exhortation to obey the words of Christ, and “ take up the cross.” It is needless to say that the matter is excellent, but this style of eloquence requires the fervour of delivery to give it full effect even with its greatest admirers. When read—and read in the form of a translation—it is apt to fail in making a due impression.

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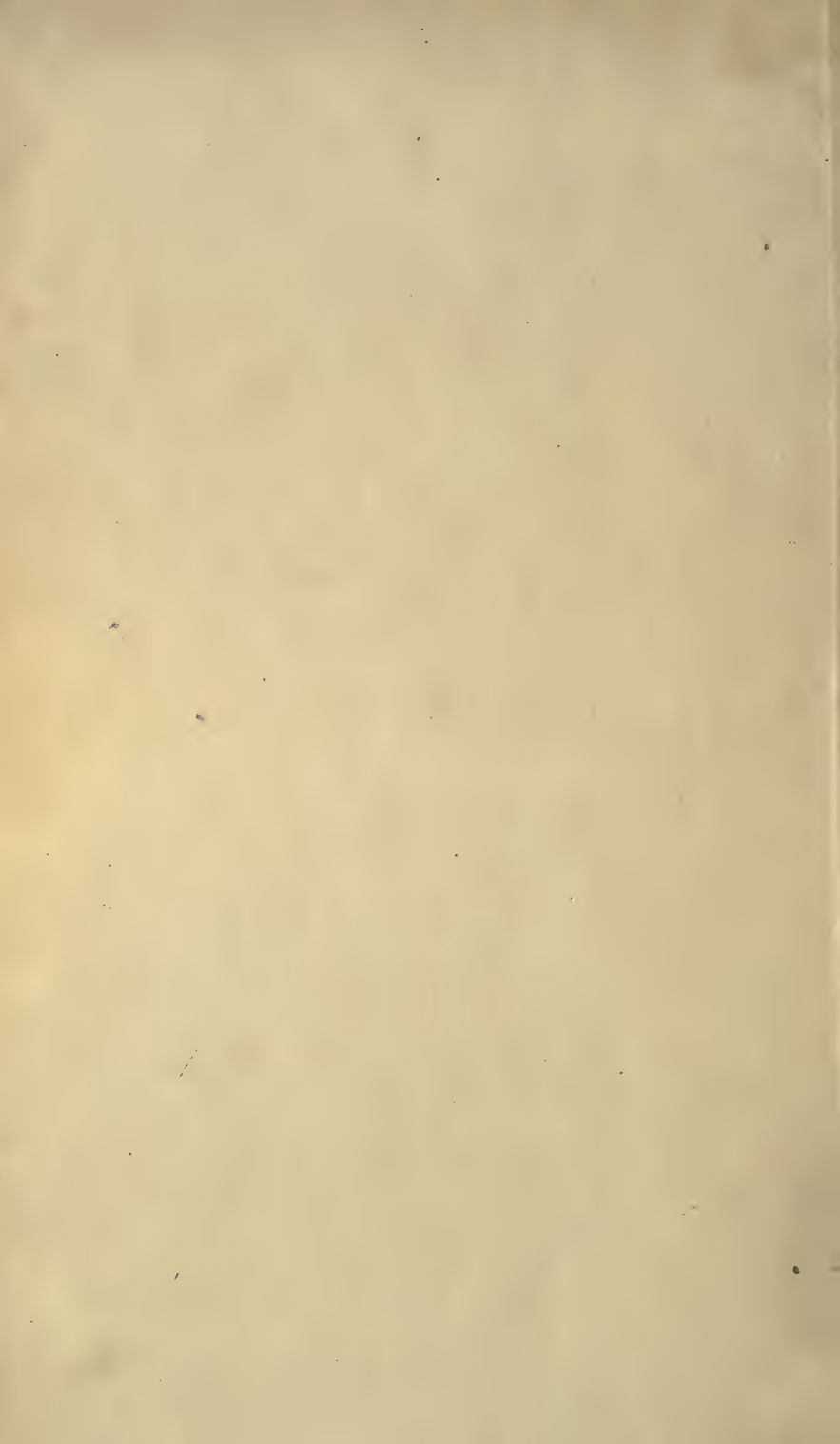
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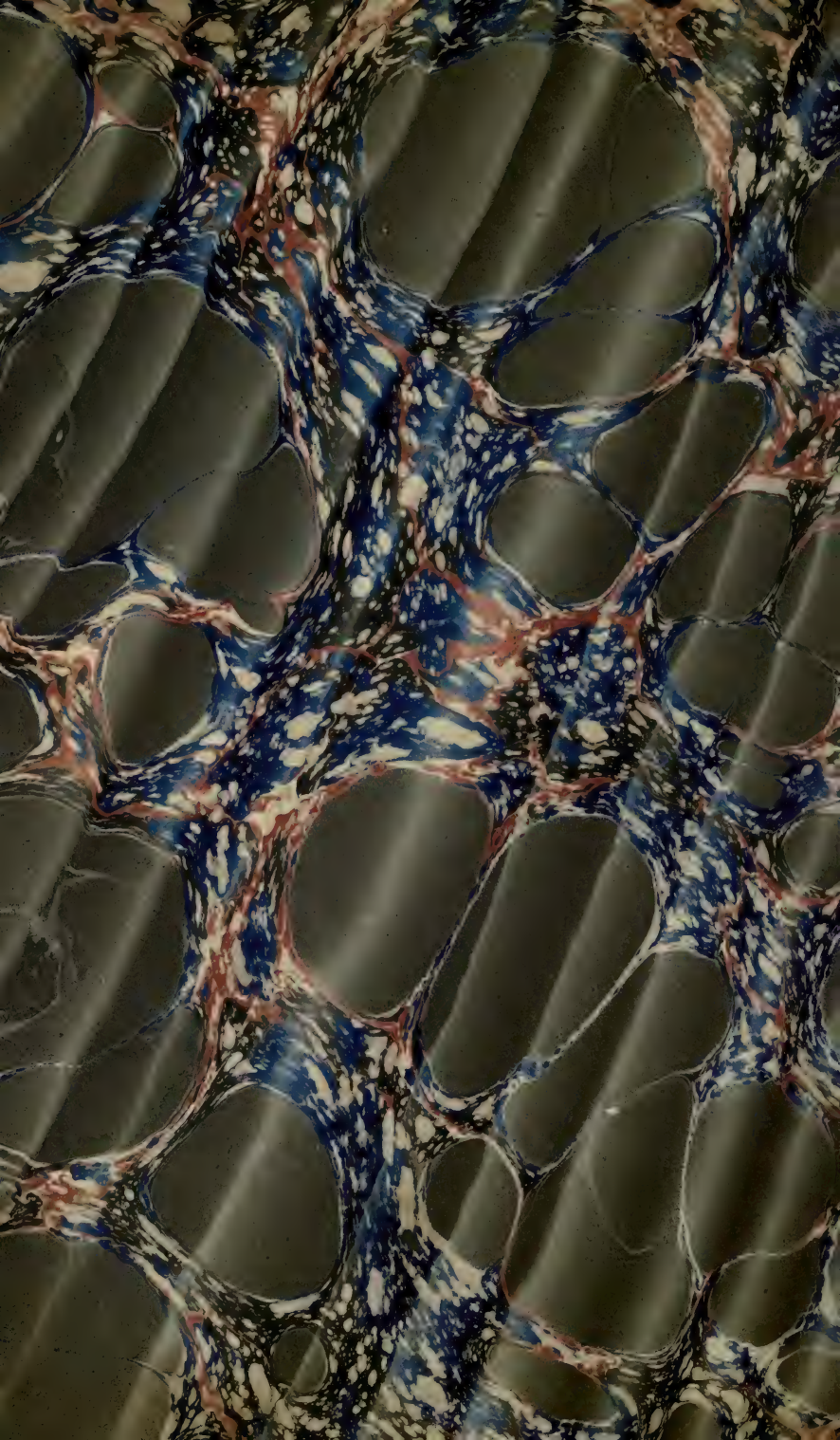




















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